

तमसो मा ज्योतिर्गमय

SANTINIKETAN
VISWA BHARATI
LIBRARY

890.41(T)

M 27

MAGYAR POETRY.

SELECTIONS FROM
HUNGARIAN POETS.

TRANSLATED BY
WILLIAM N. LOEW
[of the New York Bar].

AN ENLARGED AND REVISED EDITION OF THE
TRANSLATOR'S FORMER WORKS:

"Gems From Petöfi," 1881.

"Magyar Songs," 1887.

"Magyar Poetry," 1899.

"Freedom and love
Are dear to me;
My life I give,
Sweet love, for thee,
Yet love I give
For liberty."
—Alexander Petöfi.

Published by the
Amerikai Magyar Népszava, 198 E. 10th St. New York.

PREFACE.

And again I come to you, Magyar Americans and to you English-speaking students of foreign literature, with a new volume of my translations from Magyar Poetry.

I need not repeat here what I said in the preface to the last volume, which was published about ten years ago, that my work in this field is by no means to be ascribed to any ambition on my part to be recognized as a God-born son of song.

As a token of my undying love for my native land, which a residence of more than forty years in the United States has not diminished, I devote my time, — so much as my profession, the practice of law, leaves me unemployed, — to the earnest attempt to make the Magyar's beautiful poetry known to the English-speaking peoples, and to give to the Hungarian Americans and to their children already assimilated by America, a pleasant reminder of the home of their fathers.

This new volume is a new volume indeed. In the light of candid criticism the contents have been carefully revised and the more mature culture of years spent on the new translations.

The seventy odd translations of the first edition and the two hundred and fifty translations of the third, have grown into more than four hundred translations now given.

The "Review of Hungary's Poetical literature", contained in my last volume, I thought best to omit.

At that time, I think, it was the first comprehensive review written in English, — not counting brief reviews in English and American Cyclopædias;

but at best, it was compressed into very narrow bounds and must have been thoroughly biased by my Magyar Chauvinism. To-day two splendid histories of Hungarian literature exist, dealing with Magyar Poetry far better and with superior ability than did I.

One of these volumes is that of Dr. Jur. Emil Reich '(London, Jarrold & Sons 1898)', and the other that of Frederick Riedl Ph. D. '(Edmund Gosse's Histories of the Literatures of the World, London, 1906, William Heinemann').

Now that these Histories of Magyar Literature are within the reach of the student, there is no reason for my review.

This volume is my offering of patriotic love on the altar of my dear old fatherland. The preparation of it has given me infinite joy. Despite my more than three score years of age and my more than two score of life in New York, its preparation has kept me young and caused me to be a "magyar ember" whose heart throbs faster when he hears the Magyar song.

I hope, that this volume will keep alive in the hearts of the Magyars in the United States the love of home; I hope it may cause the English-speaking peoples to recognize in Magyar poetry the beauty, the wealth, the genius of Magyarland's minstrels.

If it does that, "then I have done well; then, indeed I am richly rewarded."

In conclusion let me state here distinctly and emphatically, that this volume is not intended to be an historical anthology of Magyar poetical literature, nor does it dare to claim any degree of completeness, covering the broad field; it has only culled a flower here and another there.

Nor has any chronological order been kept in view. Where are sweet singers of song in Hungary whom I have not cited here, but I believe I have produced an anthology fairly representative.

New York, October 1908.

POEMS OF LOVE

"My heart is filled with tunes I lay,
As lilacs on the lilac spray;
Alike, both songs and heart are filled
With passion strong and love that thrilled."

Julius Rudnyansky.

AT T[REDACTED] SEPTEMBER.

The garden [REDACTED] blossom in the vale,
Before our [REDACTED] poplars still are green;
But soon the [REDACTED] er will prevail;
Snow is [REDACTED] mountain seen.
The summer [REDACTED] and warming ray
Still mov[REDACTED] heart, now in its spring;
But lo! my [REDACTED] ns of turning gray,
The win[REDACTED] to their colors bring.

This life is [REDACTED] fades the rose;
To sit [REDACTED] ee, my darling, come;
Wilt thou [REDACTED] rest dost now repose,
Not kn[REDACTED] -morrow o'er my tomb?
O! tell me [REDACTED] I should die,
Wilt thou [REDACTED] n heart, weep o'er my bier,
Or will s[REDACTED] ce my memory,
And w[REDACTED] n dry the mournful tear?

If thou [REDACTED] widow's veil,
Pray [REDACTED] tomb. At midnight I
Shall ris[REDACTED] forth from death's dark vale
Take [REDACTED] where, forgot, I lie,
And sta[REDACTED] ceaseless flowing tears,
Flow[REDACTED] o hast forgotten me,
And bi[REDACTED] heart, which ever beats,
Ever [REDACTED] the truest love for thee.

POEMS OF LOVE.

FORGOTTEN SONG.

Alexander Endrődi.

A thousand roses bloom around,
Their odor pleasures bring;
The zephyr sighs, the song bird's heard;
I, too, a song will sing.

If I could but remember it,—
The song so sweet and fair,
And yet, alas, I know it not;
I cannot find the air.

The song bird sings again, again;
The bird forgets no lay;
It loves, and to its loving mates
It sings its love all day.

Sweetheart, if thou wert only here!
Methinks I see thy face;
And at the thought the very flowers
Seem sweeter in their grace.

All nature's wrapped in peace and joy;
The clouds, the sun, the shade;
And sweet the breaths of forest rise,
Like incense, newly made.

Methinks this added peace and rest,
Sweetheart, thy shade has brought;
Thou art with me, and lo, I sing
The song my soul has sought.

MAGYAR POEMS.

A FLOWER I WOULD SAY.

Paul Gyulai.

A flower I would say
Thou art to me, but nay,
For though thy fairy face
Shows rose's, lily's, grace.
Yet, thee I call not so;
Can flowers feel? Oh, no!
Dear maid, remain what now thou art,
My loving and beloved sweetheart.

Shall I call thee a star,
Thou eyes bright crown afar,
That watches dreams so sweet,
With secrets fair replete?
I call thee not a star;
Stars cold, though brilliant, are.
Dear maid, remain what now thou art,
My loving and beloved sweetheart.

The dawn thou art, I'd say,
Which, when it brings the day,
To heavenly smiles gives birth,
While dewdrops fall to earth.
But golden dawn, alas,
Too soon, too must pass!
Dear maid, remain what now thou art,
My loving and beloved sweetheart.

Ay, be a flower, which
Makes me thy lover, rich,
A star, which spreads a light
Through my ill-fated night;
A dawn, with joyous tear,
—Dewdrops—for thee, my dear;
Throughout this life, O, let me call
Thee what thou art, my own, my all!

TO A LADY.

Paul Gyulai.

Whoever else may cause my heart to bleed,
I would not feel the pain; 'tis ever sore;
If but, sweet love, it had not been your deed,
Yours, who my guardian angel wert before.

With love I watched your tender childhood days;
A brother—yes, a father was to you;
With joy I saw you at your gleeful plays;
I loved you as a friend, pure, good, and true.

The beaming lustre of your laughing eyes,
Your winsome nature, ever sweet and bright,
To me, — pursued by fate's unhappy guise, —
Oft solace brought, and made my burden light.

You wounded me with mockery and sneer!
Throb not, my foolish heart; sad heart, keep still!
That gentle hands should strike blows so severe;
But you are young, this all my wrath doth kill.

You still but dream, you know yet no deceit;
No deeper sorrow has yet come to you;
You therefore cannot know, how hard to meet
In this wide world a friend faithful and true.

When you have learned life's lessons you will know
That friends and lovers false and base can be.
But no one may, I pray e'er treat you so
As you yourself, my friend, have dealt with me.

IN WILHELMINE'S ALBUM.

Francis Kölcsey.

Every flower of my days
Which the fates may bring to me,
Though sown in grief or joy they be,
Grown in glad or grievous ways,
In love and friendship true,
I dedicate to you.

Every flower of my days
Twine I gayly in my hair;
The sky now dull, shall soon be fair
Spring new roses e'er doth raise,
While with me dwell ye two:
Love and friendship true.

Every flower of my days
At my grave in time shall fade;
When I rest in hallowed shade,
Where no pain or sorrow preys,
Love and friendship true
I then shall find in you.

MY LOVE.

Alexander Petöfi.

An hundred forms my love at times doth take,
 And in an hundred shapes appears to me;
 Sometime an isle around which billows break,
 The seas—my passions that encircle thee.

And then again, sweet love, thou art a shrine;
 So that I think my love luxuriant falls,
 Like leafy bowers, verdant and benign,
 Around the church's consecrated walls.

Sometimes thou art a traveler, rich and great,
 And, like a brigand, on thee breaks my love;
 Again it meets thee in a beggar's state
 And, suppliant, asks thee for the alms thereof.

Or thou art as the high Carpathian hills,
 And I the thunderous cloud that shakes thy heart;
 Or thou the rosebush round whose fragrance thrills
 The nightingale, of which I play the part.

Thus my love varies, but doth never cease;
 It still remains imperishable and sure;
 Its strength abides, but with a greater peace;
 Oft calm, and yet with depths that will endure.

THE MAIDEN'S SORROW.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Ah, God alone can tell
My sufferings how great
My body's and my soul's,
Peace I have lost of late.
Dreams fill my head by day,
The night finds me awake;
I hardly cease, when I
Complaint anew must make.

It is my sighs alone
Which keep my life in me,
Although my anguished breast
They rend most terribly.
I can but pine and yearn
As if it were ordained
That I for that should burn
Which ne'er can be attained.

Ah, if this yearning all,
May but my heart's love be.
Then woe this little maid;
Then, woe, indeed, to me;
Since one who could return
Such love as I bestow,
Faithful in life and death,
Lives not on earth below.

HAIDÉ.**Alexander Endrôdi.**

Haidé, the Sultan's sweetest child,
Strolls in the garden 'neath the trees;
She listens to the streamlet's murmurs,
And to the whispers of the breeze.

To rest awhile she stops just where
A shady bow'r cuts off the lane;
When some one lightly kisses her
And quickly disappears again.

One scream:—"Quick, quick, the daring slave,
Seize him! His cloak is made of blue!"
The chase arouses all. Fell death
To the impudent slave is due.

The Sultan sits upon his throne,
Aroused in him his dreadful ire;
"Lead him in here, the daring dog!
His punishment be swift and dire!"

When he approaches Haidé stands
Nearest her father at the throne;
His cloak is blue—but, oh, his eyes,
Impassioned, lustrously they shone.

His cloak is blue, but pale his face;
Who knows what in his eyes she read?
"Is this the man?" the Sultan asked;
"That's not the man!" is all she said.

O, JUDGE ME NOT.**Alexander Petőfi.**

O, judge me not, fair maid, I pray;
Not from our first and sole salute;
Not always is my tongue, as then,
So ill-behaved, so dumb and mute.

Oft floweth from my lips a stream
Of cheerful speech, and often floats
Humor or jesting o'er its waves,
Like merry folks in pleasure boats.

But when I saw thee first I tried
Some word to say, and tried in vain;
Before a storm breaks out all round
A graveyard quietude will reign.

A storm came up here in my breast;
I speechless stood, charmed by a spell;
The storm broke out, 'mid thunderings
The lightnings of my wild love fell.

How the tornado rends, destroys!
But I shall suffer patiently.
For when I once thy love shall gain
The rainbow of my soul I'll see.

GOOD-BY.**Anthony Radó.**

Another shake of hands—adieu;
Will ever I again see you?
The sweet thoughts in my soul that swell
Will it my lot be thee to tell
Some future day?

As were we strangers, thus we meet;
And cold the speech with which you greet
Me now; but that you must suppress
Your heart's true state, will you confess
Some future day?

Do you not feel with me, sweet heart,
That it is wrong for us to part?
You go!—God bless you!—I remain;
Shall you and I e'er meet again
Some future day?

IN THE FOREST.**Alexander Petőfi.**

Night's darkness o'er the forest creeps;
Of a safe guide I am bereft;
Which path leads from these lonely deeps?
Is it the one to right or left?

Far o'er me, on the arch of sky,
Many a star doth brightly shine.
Taking their course, who knows if I
Might reach the goal for which I pine?

For, brighter than all stars above,
In lustre shone my darling's eye;
I trusted her; false was her love;
Deceived, still o'er my loss I sigh!

I AM WEARY.**Paul Gyulai.**

As weary I as is a stag hard pressed;
My soul doth thirst as summer's torrid plain;
Thy beauty's rays beat down on me with zest;
My youth endures love's ever-bleeding pain.
Under thy tresses' shade let me lie calm;
Heal thou my grievous wounds with fond embrace;
Be my physician with thy kisses' balm,
And bring me to the dawn's sweet dream of grace.
Say, dost thou feel the spring's charm subtly sweet?
The air vibrates, the butterfly flits round.
The swaying flowers their fellow-blossoms greet,
The bird's song like an amorous kiss doth sound.
Do not deny what now thy heart doth feel.
How could'st thou only unresponsive be?
Forget the world of men; hear God's appeal
In nature's every phrase addressed to thee.

IF MY TEARS.**Coloman Tóth.**

If to gems the tears should turn
Which my eyes in secret shed,
Not on clay, that little maid,
But o'er pearls her way would tread.
If my thousand sighs should change
Into flowers round her feet,
Then my little girl would rest
On a couch of violets sweet.
If my love became a sun,
Nevermore would there be night;
O'er my girl-rose would I shine
Everlasting, fervid, bright.

DYING LOVE.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Low burns the flame of love
Upon the sacred shrine;
The flickering light thereof
The faintest sigh would quench.
And never more relit,
The flame has gone to rest.
The blood of love runs white
Within the pulseless breast,
And dead is what in life
Gives man: hope, pluck and light.

The bitter, heartfelt pain
Upon love's sacred shrine,
And tears that fall as rain
No powers can succeed.
A small tear, yet a sea,
In which a life's desire
Is buried utterly.
The tear rolled down, and numb,
And joyless, evermore
The void breast does become.

The beauteous memory stays
Upon love's sacred shrine;
Pictures of bygone days
Repeatedly reflects;
Years pass, the gladsome guest—
These pictures of the heart—
Fades from the fickle breast,
And thou, with heart long dead,
And fearing most thyself,
Of death hast sure no dread?

LOVE SONGS.

Alexander Kisfaludy.

I.

As the stag whose wound is deadly—
From the hunter's shot so true—
Flees too late, his blood runs redly
Till the streamlet takes its hue;
So thine eyes, which, past relieving,
Pierced my left breast, now I flee;
Wet the ground with tears of grieving,
Falls each step most painfully,
All is vain, the farther faring,
Deadlier doth the venom spread;
All the more my heart 'tis wearing,
I but flee to doom more dread.

There, where my early days were spent,
A streamlet issues from the hill;
Full often there at eventide
Happy content my life did fill.
As joyous as its banks between
Gayly that rivulet did flow,
So toward eternity, unseen,
My days of life made haste to go;
Within the bounds of innocence,
Just as the stream its course pursues,
In they flowed;—Alas! all passes hence,
The good, the pleasant, we must lose.

II.

The world, indeed, looks otherwise:
I view it in another way;
Things are transformed before my eyes;
My poems suit a different day.
My feelings find a channel new,
My soul now takes a varied flight,

My being fresh aims must pursue;
 And my whole nature changes quite.
 Because within me love has moved,
 Because I also am beloved,
 For other times have come to me,
 Since now my own, my all, is she.
 Behold this rose! while budding new
 Its breast is closed and folded tight;
 While this one, which in bloom we view,
 Expands its bosom to the light.
 My rosebud sweet, like to the first,
 Thou wert a youthful maiden fair;
 My sweetheart now, to full flower burst,
 In Hymen's garland woven fair.
 The third one, all its petals dead,
 Is full at breast with seeds to shed;
 When thou art like it, thou to me,
 Though rose-bloom fade, most fair wilt be

TO MARY.

Paul Gyulai.

Thou art not with me, though with thee I am;
 In vain do dreams convence; in vain comes night:
 There glows the starbeam of thine eyes so bright,
 So lustrous there it shines, transfusing calm.

Thou art not with me, though I am with thee;
 Vain in confusion, vain in quietude;
 The sweet voice in my heart doth still intrude,
 Till loud it beats in tremor or in glee.

Thou art not with me, though I am with thee;
 With thee in unison and all alone;
 And, in companionship when we are thrown,
 Mutely I love thee, and none other see.

Thou art not with me, though I am with thee;
 And blissful happiness transports my soul;
 Until again great sorrows o'er me roll,
 I curse, I bless, I wither as a tree.

MAGYAR POEMS.

MY WIFE AND MY SWORD.

Alexander Petöfi.

Upon the roof a dove,
A star within the sky
Upon my knees my love,
For whom I live and die;
In raptures I embrace
And rock her on my knees,
Just as the dewdrop sways
Upon the leafy trees.

But why, you surely ask,
Kiss not her pretty face?
It is an easy task
To kiss while we embrace!
Many a burning kiss
I press upon her lip,
For such celestial bliss
I cannot now let slip.

And thus we pass our day,
I and my winsome wife,
Bright as a rare gem's ray
Has been our wedded life.
A friend—my sword—it seems
This love likes not at all;
He shoots his angry gleams
Upon me from the wall.

Lock not on me, good sword,
With eyes so stern and cold,
There should be no discord
Between us, comrades old.
To women leave such things
As green-eyed jealousy;
To men but shame it brings,
And you a man must be!

But, then, if you would pause
To think who is my love,
You never would see cause
Your comrade to reprove.
She is the sweetest maid

POEMS OF LOVE.

She is so good and true;
Like her God has but made,
I know, a very few.

If thee, good sword, again
Shall need our native land;
To seek the battle-plain
Will be my wife's command.
She will insist that I
Go forth, my sword, with thee,
To fight—if need, to die—
For glorious liberty!

THE ROSEBUSH TREMBLES.

Alexander Petöfi.

The rosebush trembled when
A bird on its twig flew;
My own soul trembles when
I think, my dear, of you,
I think, my dear, of you,
My darling, charming maid,
Thou art the richest gem
My God has ever made.

When swollen is the Danube,
Then it doth overflow;
My heart, with love replete,
Doth now for thee just so.
Tell me, my dearest rose,
Art thou to me still true?
Not even thy parents, dear,
Can love thee as I do.

I know thy love was mine
Neath last year's summer sun;
But winter came since then—
Who knows what he has done?
Shouldst thou love me no more,
I pray God bless thee still;
But, if thou lov'st me then,
A thousandfold he will

FROM SECRET SONGS.

Louis Csáktornyai.

I ask of heaven's fair child, the moon,
To bring me reveries,
That I, forgetting all, may dream
Beneath the blooming trees.

Bring consolation unto me,
Ye stars that shine so bright;
So shall I feel that mercy reigns
Above this realm of night.

I prayed the sun to give me, too,
Bright smile and radiant joy;
That in my heart be no waste place
Where grief finds no alloy.

I asked the minster's marble shrine,
On which I bowed in care,
To hearken and to succor me,
Now 'whelmed in dark despair.

The flower, the grass, the leafy tree
I prayed to bring me balm;
And you, so near and dear to me,
My sorrows kindly calm.

And yet, from all the answer comes,
Alas, your prayer is vain; •
No balm may heal a heart betrayed
Nor cool its fevered pain.

GLORY.

Ludwig Dóczy.

Onward! forward! good cheer is mine;
The world is good to me.
My days of sorrow must decline;
Of ghastly nights am free.
A loser I in love affairs,
In game of life I won;
My brown maid no more for me cares;
A blond to me doth run.

This woman fair, dame fortune she,
Betrays a love intense;
She sends her page, fair fame, to me,
To gain my confidence.
Her dainty messenger begins
To play upon my lyre;
With life renewed, I sing a lay,—
One full of hope and fire.

As though I ne'er your face had seen,
Its image seems to fade;
Methinks I see afar a queen,
In cloud and mist arrayed.
What hero tries, with might and main,
To win the palm of victory—
A wreath, instead of rosy chain,
In place of love, glory!

Lost youth of mine, the sparks supply;
The fire shall burn again.
There's work for me beneath the sky;
There's life beyond to gain.
My life's work is yet to be done;
All's well by fate's decree;
I could not gain the love of one,
The millions, though, love me.

And cedar-like I stately grow,
And, like an oak, am strong;
Unbent by fiercest stormy blow,
Admired by the throng,
And tho' death ends my earthly frame;
My name will never die,
For when my strength breaks down, my fame,
An eagle, soars on high.

Proud dream, deceptive thought, I know
My heart does naught but pine;
I feel my sorrow, feel my woe,
Great misery is mine.
My soul to dreamland soon will pass,
From 'neath the tomb I'll cry;
I fought, I conquered, but alas!
Unloved, unhappy I.

A SONG.

Géza Zichy.

When I am dead, I will come back
To the earth each night;
But I will not come as a ghost,
Clad in ghastly white;
With the break of golden dawn, I
Will become a lark.
And my flight above thy head, my
Sweet love song will mark.
Balmy zephyr, gently blowing,
Will be made of me,
Covering with loving kisses
Neck and lips of thee,
Will become the scenting blossom
Of acacia sweet;
Spending odor, fade, and fall then,
Loving at thy feet.

I LONG TO SEE YOU ONCE AGAIN.**Paul Gyulai.**

I long to see you once again,
Beneath the garden's shady green;
Once more to hear your words of cheer.
The rose to pluck with you, my dear,
And happy be as we have been.

I long to see you once again,
As you, on misty autumn days,
Sat rocking me, awake, it seems;
Yet, though awake, you were in dreams,
While tenderly on me you gaze.

I long to see you once again,
As oft before you watched for me.
My pulses then were wont to stir,
And, although calm your greetings were,
Your heartfelt joy was plain to see.

I long to see you once again,
As in the summer's balmy eve
The garden's moonlit paths we tread,
And on my breast you leaned your head
And softly said, "Oh, do not leave!"

I long to see you once again,
As when we at the house-porch said
Each unto each the last good-bye,
And looking back, the first time I
Knew what it was hot tears to shed.

I long to see you once again,
That moment's sight would cure my pain,
My sufferings I could forget,
And cheerfully, without regret,
For you bring back my youth again.

WHAT IS A KISS?

Ludwig Dóczy.

Marietta, draw thou nearer—still more near;
One must not boldly speak, that all may hear.
'Tis understood alone by those who lean
To listen what a sweet, true kiss doth mean.
Therein there is no right, will, or intent;
Exchanging not they mutually present—
Born of a minute, as though suddenly
Two sparks should catch and cause a flame to be.
Sweet is the kiss thou stealest from the deep
And crimson calm of lips that sleep;
But sweeter still if from the pouting lip
Denying and delaying thou dost sip.
But sweetest 'tis when both athirst do feel,
And, giving, each from t'other fain would steal.
Yet, if desire exists where no claim lives,
It dares to take, but feels not that it gives;
Indeed, such kisses, which by hundreds thrive,
Not wedded yoke but sweet love keeps alive.
Even this is sweeter when earth's envious eyes
Like falcon's watch thee and thy honeyed prize.
The moment comes, thou feelest "now or never!"
Arms fly to arms, lips cling as though forever
Each would be first and each be last in bliss;
Each one is kissed and each doth warmly kiss.
Just as a diver to the depths doth leap,
So doth desire plunge in the moment's deep.
What rapture can a brief span not conceive?
If not forbidden, 'tis no kiss, believe!

FAIR MAIDEN OF A VILLAGE FAIR.

Alexander Petöfi.

~ Fair maiden of the village fair,
How love I thy resplendent eyes!
Resplendent? No; the phrase is weak,
And all my warm intent belies.

How often have I written, said:
That I have seen a pure blue sky;
Yet false it was, none such I saw
Until I gazed into thine eye.

Didst thou not mark my raptured gaze,
With what devotion on thine eyes
I hung, as on the crucifix,
Enrapt, doth hang the saint that dies!

And thou couldst my redeemer be
In truth, yet have no need to die;
My ardent breast thou wouldst embrace,
Nor on a pulseless body lie.

What folly is it that I say?
Love I ne'er can have from thee!
Where is the maid her love would give
Unto a poet, poor, like me?

For God hath made the poet poor;
And this is fit, for, mark my words,
No plumage, many hued and gay,
Bedecks the sweetest singing birds.

How can the simple poet, then,
Expect a maiden's heart to gain?
Maids justly love to shine down here;
As stars of earth they wish to reign.

Thou, little sweetheart, art my star,
And none can say me nay that I,
Who may not wear thee on my breast,
Shall yet pursue thee with my eye.

*I with mine eyes shall follow thee;
Through life I will pursue afar;
And if from thence thou send'st no warmth
At least look down on me, my star!*

ALTHOUGH NOT FAIR.

Charles Szász.

Although not fair, by no means fairest; yet
Upon the wide expanse of this world's sphere,
And though thy charms may wholly pass away,
I still will hold thee dear.
Though I may see thee growing pale and wan,
And mark thine eye forego its lustrous hue;
Yea, though the roses of thy face may fade,
This heart is ever true.

Thou still art young, and still within those eyes
The magic lamp of beauty burns always;
Thy locks are like a charmed silken veil;
Thy brow is thy proud praise.
All that is gracious and most fair on earth
Doth follow thee where e'er thy footsteps fall;
These charms I see not; but thy heart,
Most noble above all.

For I well know oblivion surely waits
On all whom earthly charms arrayed;
Death follows close in beauty's wake;
The fairest rose must fade.
But only the pure spirit's lofty flame
Is gilt of heaven, and doth last for aye,
As in the lighthouse high the light, despite
The storm, doth burn away.

REVERY.**Michael Vörösmarty.**

For thy love
My brain would pay the toll;
Each thought of it I bring
To thee on fancy's wing;
I'd give to thee my soul
For thy love.

For thy love,
On yonder mountains high,
I'd be a tree, and dare
My head to storm-winds bare;
Each winter willing die
For thy love.

For thy love
I'd be a rock-pressed stone;
Within the earth, its flame
Shall burn my trembling frame;
I'd stand it without groan
For thy love.

For thy love
My soul I would demand
From God; with virtues I
To deck it out would try
And place it in thy hand
For thy love.

BLUE VIOLET.**Gregorious Czuczor.**

Violet, blue violet flower,
How thy blossom's fair to see;
Shall I pin thee to my hat,
Or wilt thou on my bosom be?

But my hat is mourning black,
And my heart is veiled with woe;
Sorrow girds me as an isle
Round whose shores the waters flow.

Blue the eye and blond the locks
Of my dove who knows not dole;
Thee to her I'll give, perhaps,
With a kiss she may console.

PRETTY GIRL.

Gregorious Czuczor.

Purling streamlet, tell to me,
Doth my sweetheart bathe in thee?
Do thy pearly beads delight
To bubble o'er my love so white?

Velvet sward, O, say to me,
Doth my sweetheart rest on thee?
Doth her heaving, snowy breast
Breathe the fragrant rose with zest?

Gloomy forest, answer me,
Doth my sweetheart roam in thee?
Do the winds that southward go
Dare on her fair cheek to blow?

Birds that in the plain rejoice,
Do you hear my sweetheart's voice?
To her lips do blithely leap
Carols from her feelings deep?

Nightingale that sad dost trill,
Ne'er thy note her ear should thrill;
Did she hear thee, she would vie
With thee, and, heart-broken, die.

REMEMBRANCE.

Paul Gyulai.

I often, often think of you,
Oh, fairest, sweetest angel mine!
And o'er my soul, like stormy waves,
When in the night the tempest rages.
I feel the stress of pain malign.

Mutely and passionately dear
I held you with a fervor true;
With fears and longings manifold,
With feelings sacred, pure as gold,
Such love the heart cannot renew.

A more confiding child I was,
And you but played with me, no more!
I deemed the teardrop in your eye,
The tremulous hand in mine let lie:
A deep and secret import bore.

'Mid brilliant fates my heartfelt songs
You buried with triumphant joy;
Upon my hope you set your feet
And ruthlessly the petals sweet
Of its fair flowers did destroy.

I am alone! I am alone!
With whom in bliss could I abide?
New disappointments, now, in truth,
Cannot affect my heart's lost youth,
Whose future love's deep grave doth hide.

Ah! If I could but weep again,
My tears for you I still would shed,
And, like a pilgrim at the shrine,
Find rest in thought of you, once mine,
And still call blessings on your head.

YEA, BE PROUD.**Charles Szász.**

Yea, be proud, for thus I like thee,
Haughty as the cavern stone;
Bending not to the most plaintive
Prayers of lovers making moan.
As the marble statue's bosom
Never heaves a sigh of care,
Be thou cold, mute as the roses
Woven in thy braided hair.

Yea, be proud, for thus I like thee;
Be not timid as the dove,
Seeking when the tempests lower
Sheltered nest within the grove.
Be a falcon brave, whose pinions,
Wind borne, soar to heaven high
O'er the sea; yet through the tempest
Calm is he with danger nigh.

Yea, be proud, for thus I like thee;
At your feet here let me pine:
Self-willed show thyself and callous;
Let thy weakness none divine.
None must see thee show surrender,
"Heartless" let their verdict be;
Still, my soul, before thee bowing,
Crowns thee ever queen of me.

Yea, be proud, for thus I like thee;
But when we a moment gain—
Free from curious eyes together
When alone we two remain—
Then—then let not pride engird thee
Like a heavy coat of mail,
But to this fond heart which loves thee
Yield thy heart. Let love prevail!

THE TRESSES OF THY JET-BLACK HAIR.**Charles Szász.**

The tresses of thy jet-black hair,
Thy charming smiles and sweet,
The splendor of thy eyes so fair,
Of gemlike tears the seat,
The whiteness of thy forehead high,
The rose upon thy face,
Not from my mind or heart could I,
E'en if I tried, efface.

If dreams the midnights bring, I see
Thy face which they have brought;
My restless soul still turns to thee,
Thou art my only thought.
Thou comest to me while I sleep,
My true love, full of grace;
Wake, to thy windows now I creep
By stealth to see thy face.

The tresses of thy jet-black hair,
Spread over me at night;
Around me weave from sun and air
A veil, thine eyes so bright;
But, when the day doth come, I break
With lute-songs on thy dream;
For tress and veil, as presents take
My love, my lute-songs' theme.

WOE HIM.**Joseph Komócsy.**

Woe him whose heart has never known
The bliss that love imparts;
Eternal darkness is his lot
Who never felt love's darts.

Or like to one who sees the sun,
But yet is ever cold;
Or one who ne'er their fragrance felt
The while the flowers unfold.

Both joy and sorrow have been mine,
And yet, dear God be blessed,
For love, sweet love, its bliss and pain,
All these I have possessed.

WONDER NOT.

Paul Gyulai.

Wonder not, wonder not at me,
Because a child I came to be;
'Tis love who now with me doth play,
With whom I sport from day to day.

Bright butterflies I shall pursue,
And such, dear little maid, are you!
When you on beauteous wings flit by,
Why should I not to catch you try?

Far up where even the bird doth tire,
I'll rear a fairy castle-spire,
And fleet on wingéd steeds unseen,
I'll take you there to be my queen.

With childlike readiness I weep,
When worldly vexing cares I reap;
Yet, great as then my grief may be,
A soothing nurse you are to me!

And at your kiss and in your lap
My smiles efface my tears, mishap;
Your voice doth gently o'er me creep,
As fairy tales that lull to sleep.

A child I always shall remain,
For childhood's bliss doth never wane;
Love, love, who now with me doth play,
Shall do so ever, day by day.

THE KISS.

Joseph Kiss.

The poet, Yussuf, most did love, I vouch,
These three: the song, the maid, the couch.

The maiden must be young, but old
The couch might be, if soft, he told.

The maiden must be full of fire,
And passionate the tuneful lyre.

Such was the wisdom Yussuf spread.
A youth once came to him and said:

"Great master, hear my song, I pray;
Thou shalt but judge, not praise, the lay.

My heart inspired the song! You know
The heart that loves will overflow."

But Yussuf interrupts and says:
"A poem true needs no preface;

Commence." The youth begins and reads;
His voice grows strong as he proceeds:

"Bulbul's sweet secret, say, what is
The sweetness in the loving kiss?

In tree-tops sweetly coos the dove,
But sweeter sounds the kiss of love.

And heavenly bliss descends at night,
On my love's eye-brow to alight.

Consuming thirst of soul, love's breath,
Love's kiss is life, love's kiss is death."

Just then a stir,—the youth doth pause,
By Yussuf's nod he learns cause.

A curtain had been drawn apart,
And Leila, Yussuf's fair sweetheart,

On wings of love flies to his breast,
To kiss, caress, be kissed, caressed.

They kiss and kiss, and kiss anew—
The youth's amazed; what's he to do?

Fair houris fill his thoughts. He seems
As if entranced in lovely dreams,

Until aroused by Yussuf's voice,
Who hides, at first, his love's best choice:

"Great Allah's ways thou seek'st in vain!
Practice the kiss, but don't explain."

HOW I SHOULD LIKE TO DIE.

Johanna Wohl.

How I should like to die!
That I, beloved friend,
Once more could for thee send,
That thou might'st then be nigh
While I glance in thy eye
Ere cometh my life's end.

How I should like to die!
Ere death o'erspreads my face.
My soul flies into space.
To graft such pictures, I
Upon my soul will try
As death shall not efface.

How I should like to die!
If my last earthly bliss
Might be thy parting kiss.
My soul therewith should fly,
Not toward the heavens high,
But in thy heart's abyss.

TO FORGET.

Joseph Lévay.

To forget thy face
I vainly try.
I cannot forget,
Or bid good-bye.
Every tree and shrub
Breathes thy name;
Breeze, flower, and bird,
Repeat the same.

From the clouds above
Thy grief looms o'er me.
In the tremulous dew
Thy tear I see.
The lightning's quick flash,
The meteor's light
Are mirrored within
Thine eyes so bright.

Mountain, grove, and vale
In vain appear.
Every loved spot
Thy face brings near.
On me it smileth like,
A dream of grace,
Seen at morning still
In every place.

Then goest with me
Where'er I go;
When thy footsteps fall
The blossoms flow.
O, heart of my heart,
My Soul's soul, I
Can not forget thee,
Or say good-bye!

A COMPLAINT.**Alexander Vachott.**

She is forever gone,
Who was my all, my own;
The lovely earth-maid stands
Midst angels round God's throne.

What anguish now I feel
To view the heaven on high!
Because I see her home
Beyond the star-sown sky.

The brook I also shun
That glows with cooling gleam,
For plainly her abode
Is mirrored in its stream.

LOVE'S MEMORY.**Joseph Lévy.**

Without each other, once it was that we
Could not of any rapture find a trace,
Till, on a blissful life's far-stretching sea,
Our shallop floating forth, we did embrace.

Hope was the sail unfurled to catch the breeze;
Love was the barque that floated on the tide;
Yet now it is adrift upon the seas,
Yet now its course no ruling hand doth guide.

Both of us stand upon the shore thereof,
So very cold, so quite indifferent;
The flower-chain of the anchor of our love
Lies sunk beneath the waves where down it went.

Thou leanest, happy thoughts at thy command,
Upon thy husband's shoulder, close to him;
I, from the beach before me where I stand,
Mark, o'er the ocean, the horizon's rim.

LENKE'S SONG.

Joseph Bajza.

Near the town 's a forest, .
In the wood a glade,
In this glade a grave lies,
'Neath a poplar's shade.

There a gentle streamlet's
Murmuring is heard;
There where zephyrs whisper,
Sounds the chirping bird.

Odors sweet are rising
From the beauteous scene;
Rosemary and roses
There have plenty been.

O'er the hill the sun dawns,
O'er the hill descends,
Through the woods at sunset,
Still my pathway wends.

Soft winds gentle sighs waft,
Sorrow's soul are they;
In the streamlet flowing,
Float my tears away.

Only I, no other,
Know who's buried there;
Know that she here resteth,
The fairest of the fair.

Gentle streamlet, silent
Move thy path along;
Singers of the forest,
Hush your swelling song.

Zephyrs, sway more gently,
O'er the tree's green breast,
That my love beloved,
Peacefully may rest.

MAGYAR POEMS.

I STILL LOVE.

John Bulla.

I still love the clouds which
Gather up on high
Often, though by showers
Wetted through was I.

Daily, the bright sun
Most lovingly I greet;
Through often, I have suffered
From its intense heat.

Lovingly I look on
Heaven's dome, so vast;
Often, though, I saw it
Dark and overcast.

Woman, lovely woman,
I'll love until I die;
Though more oft' she deceived me
Than cloud, or sun, or sky.

SWEET DREAM.

Julius Rudnyánszky.

Sweet dream and sweet reality;
Rose leaves fall from the rose tree.
With my sorrows sun-rays toy;
I could weep from heartfelt joy.

My heart is filled with tuneful lay.
As lilacs on the lilac spray;
Alike, both song and heart, are filled
With passion strong and love that thrilled.

Ah! Could but this forever last,
Ah! Could we die ere love has past.
Embracing you, my darling wife,
Together enter future life.

TO A YOUNG GIRL.

Andrew Pap.

I do not ask you not to dream;
That were a useless task, I deem.
The sweet song to the nightingale,
The buds and leafage to the spring,
And unto youth its visions bright
I know the gods in season bring.

I do not ask thee still to dream,
However sweet thy visions seem;
The radiant sun must ever set,
But with the morning riseth new,
Just so a maiden's golden dreams
Will run their course and end it, too.

To keep unvexed I bid thee not;
Dreams ever disappoint, I wot;
For all who on the earth now live,
And all who since the first have died,
Have borne this cross and often been
By disappointment sorely tried.

I ask thee not what cannot be;
Enough will come in dreams to thee;
Thine eyes, so beautiful and bright,
Are favored in God's sight, I ween;
And yet their sweet, beseeching glow
Can alter not the world's routine.

Love, dream thy dreams, and from them wake;
Though disappointment thou must take.
My only wish for thee is this:
Long be thy dreaming time increased,
And tardy thy awakening be,
Thy disappointment be surceased.

WHY CONCEAL?**Victor Dalmady.**

Confusion, though the eye is clear;
 Unrest, though the mind's sincere—
 A jealous thought, yet trust supreme,
 Sad wak'ning 'mid a beauteous dream;
 Silence or succinct reply,
 Speech which faltering, can't belie,
 This denial with confession,
 Maiden, this—is love's expression!

The feeling which you guard with care—
 To cope with naught on earth may dare;
 For, though your lips may not proclaim.
 Your face and eyes confess its name.
 Then reveal it; if afraid,
 Speak not; whisper it, dear maid;
 If that be bold, then press to mine
 Your mute red lips—I will divine.

THE DARK EYE.**Michael Vörösmarty.**

Fair past denial is the azure eye,
 Naught would I say its beauty to decry;
 But each glance of the dark eye brings to mind
 The deep, dense night with stars the clouds behind
 Recalls the love oft sung in minstrel's lays
 Refined and fashioned fair in olden days.
 For unto me the midnight bringeth light,
 And in the noonday I am oft in night.

Look at me, sweetest rosebud, now;
 My dark-eyed fragrant violet thou,
 For the dark-gleaming eye I sing;
 As lovely as a raven's wing;
 A mirror 'tis in which I gaze,
 In which my soul's reflection plays;
 And peace is mine as when doth rest,
 A flower upon a virgin's breast.

YE STARS, BRIGHT STARS.**Julius Kéri.**

A star, bright star that shines on high
Love is a shooting star from sky;
Up in heaven, on earth below,—
On hill and vale it causes woe,
The shooting stars cause men to sigh.

I, too, had once a most bright star;
It shot afar one dismal night.
The bells ring out their saddest dole,
Dig deep the grave; flown is her soul;
And now my stars all buried are!

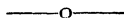
MIDNIGHT HOUR.**Joseph Hevesi.**

Hark! there strikes the midnight bell!
My weariness I can't dispel.
May sleep soon hold me in its spell!

I soon will lie upon my bed,
And lay to rest my weary head;—
Come, dreams, your wings be o'er me spread.

At last I lie in sweet repose;
My heavy eyelids now I close,
And conjure up your face, sweet rose.

And while awake and sleeping, too,
And while your loving face I view,
I whisper low: "I love but you."



HUSSAR SONG.**Gabriel Döbrentei.**

My mother wept that I did once insist,
Though young, among the hussars to enlist;
Weep not, my mother; all is well and right,
I'm with the brave, who for their country fight.

'Twas sad to bid my love good bye;
To feel the pulse that throbbed with every sigh.
Sweet Julia, do not weep; for all is right,
Here with the brave, for our dear home I fight.

It may be, e'en, that now my mother's dead;
That Julia another loves instead;
If this be so, life has no more delight,
Save, with the brave, I for my country fight.

If this be so I can but weep and moan;
And pass my days in sorrow all alone,
Alas! this fate weighs down full many a knight,
My comrades, who with me went forth to fight.

Mother, sweetheart, if you are still alive,
To be of good cheer, then, you ought to strive;
For he you two love best takes but delight
For his good king and fatherland to fight.

Brave I go forth, and on my csáko's band
A laurel wreath be placed by victory's hand.
And may the camp acclaim aloud with joy:
Good and true Magyar fire burned within the boy.

SONGS.

Nicholas Markus.

I.

The sighs we breathe, where do they go?
To no one is it known;
The sharpest eyes shall not espy
To where our sighs have flown.

The sweetest secret of our love
The starry night doth weigh;
The song bird shall not sing of it,
Nor murmuring brook betray.

Let no one know but you and me
What bliss 'tis to conceal;
And even we our happiness
Unconsciously shall feel.

II.

Think'st thou of me, and if thou dost,
Is morning then or eve,
Is it sunrise, is it sunset,
When I thy thoughts receive?

The golden dawn of morning doth
My gilded hopes express;
The sun that wanes conveys to me,
Dear love, forgetfulness.

Beloved one, in thy heart's blue sky,
Am I a rising sun?
Is o'er the day, dear heart, have I
My daily gauntlet run?

APPROACHING STEPS.

Emerich Gáspár.

Approaching steps I 'neath my window hear;
Soul-stirring thoughts they rouse, and hope, and fear.

Now nearer to the hearth I bring my chair;
Of all save waiting is my life grown bare.

A fever stirs my heart into its core;
It lasts until the footsteps reach my door.

Then fainter grow the footsteps' raps;
I shed a tear and into day-dreams lapse.

GOD DOES NOT FORBID.

Julius Szávay.

I look and look and ever try
To find within the starlit sky
The pair of shining stars I lost.
Will them my eyes again accost?
But vainly sweeps my eager eye
All o'er the dome of heaven on high,—
I find, that not a radiant star
Above, as luculent, as are
A certain woman's smiling eyes.

Place, oh, my God, within the skies
Stars, like her own two beauteous eyes;
That when for them my own do quest:
They may my searching look arrest
Into that woman's eyes to gaze
Forbidden is!—a man so says,
And man is master here below
But to admire the stars' bright glow,
Is not forbidden by God on High!

HAIR, LIP, EYE.**Michael Vörösmarty.**

Hair, hair, hair,
Fine and silky hair
Has this maiden fair.
In her tresses' waving flow
Bathes her swanlike breast of snow;
Hair, hair, hair,
Fine and silky hair,
Has this maiden fair.

Lip, lip, lip,
How gladly I would sip,
Her kiss of fellowship.
Her speech 's like nightingale's sweet lay,
Her teeth like pearly gems' display;
Lip, lip, lip,
How gladly I would sip,
Her kiss of fellowship.

Eye, eye, eye,
Like the stars on high,
Is her sparkling eye.
Beauteous as the heaven above,
And, Godlike, therein reigns sweet love.
Eye, eye, eye,
Like the stars on high,
Is her sparkling eye.

SONGS.**Ladislau Inczédy.****I.**

No, not that sorrow kills the soul
Which in smooth song from lip can roll,
The human heart 's not rent in twain
By grief of which it can complain.

That grief howe'er man can't confide,
 Within himself attempts to hide:
 That is the direst of all ills,
 That is the grief that surely kills.

II.

Like dew-drop, on a leaf of rose,
 A word upon thy lips arose...
 I never knew that with one word,
 Bliss, sweet as mine, can be conferred.

Say not the word, let it remain
 Where now it shines, and I would fain
 With kisses sweet to have it won.
 As dew 's absorbed by rays of sun.

III.

If of my love I sing at times,
 How happy I confess in rhymes:
 Fear naught, that I our secret bring
 To light, in songs I gladly sing.

The cooing doves, in cosy nest,
 Beueath a shady shrub found rest.
 In rythmic rhyme, in songs; sweet air,
 The truth to find, who'd seek it there?

SHE WAS BEAUTIFUL...

Géza Udvardy.

She was all beautiful when God above
 Created her, but more so made by love.
 She was all beautiful when I could hold
 Her hand in mine, but more so thousandfold
 When she had disappeared, my darling dove.

I loved her who to me was all divine,
 Her picture held in my soul's sacred shrine;
 I loved her well! Our love a sweet, fair song!
 But ne'er I loved her with such passion strong,
 As when I found she was no longer mine.

LOVE.

Julius Szentessy.

I.

Oh! let me love you though I'm far away,
Into my prayers I your name enclose;
No sinner he, whose heart—resigned as mine,—
With gentlest dreams and purest love o'erflows.

Within my heart bliss and submission reign
Since I, on an autumnal-summer eve,
Beheld your face divine; I still can feel
Each throb and beat; and still my breast doth heave.

The evening of my own summer has set,
Since I have found and seen her, at whose sight
I blissful dreamed the golden dreams of youth,
And spring-tide seemed to be a fairy bright.

A golden hue was cast upon my youth
The while to find you was my highest goal;
When late in life we met at last, ah! then
Autumnal frost had come to my poor soul.

My life's each dream in you alone I dreamed,
And all my reveries on you are set;
I never can efface you from my mind,
Because, my dear, I ne'er e'en kissed you yet!

II.

She comes,—sweet roses on her path I strew,
Beneath her glances I most happy grew;
My soul bathes in her dear eyes' azure blue.
As stars do in the mirror of the dew.

She's gone, and I await her with a song,
She comes, my heart throbs with a passion strong.
When I her tiny hands to touch presume:
Within my heart sweet flowers come to bloom.

Sweet flowers bloom all o'er, and sweet their scent.
Sweet fairy dreams the evening's has sent.
The morning breaks; my tender heart is sore,
For beauteous dreams of love fill it once more.

SERENADE.

Samuel Nyilas.

Upward to thee my longing song ascends,
As to the tepid breeze the flower tends.

My fair one, my beloved one thou!
Beloved one come! the happy hour doth call,
As o'er the earth the playful moon-beams fall,
Come! Come!

The air is full of balm, cool is the night,
The star of love is rising in the height.

Thy casement throw wide open now!
Come out! To thee my tuneful flute-note sings,
And bears my doleful lay upon its wings!
Attend, attend!

And far away from earth, in some fair place,
I long to die in rapturous embrace.

Living anew, upon thy breast,
Though heaven is so infinitely high,
But loving, even there my soul doth fly,...
O come! O haste!

A SWEET SOUND.

Béla Szász.

A sweet sound's resonance
Holds all my soul in trance,
As if the heart-beats of a dove I'd hear,
Or snow-bell's ringing filled the atmosphere.

And like the solemn knell
Of evening vesper's bell,
It makes me feel like kneeling down to pray,
A sentiment of grace holds o'er me sway.

My hands devoutly fold,
An Ave I have told;
And constantly I hear that bell's low toll:
Thy name doth cause the trembling of my soul.

A CITY ROMANCE.**Charles Berecz.**

A carriage speeds,—no,—it does not,
The lazy horses slowly trot,—
Along a fine park's carriage path,
For lovers an auspicious spot.

Within the cab a comely youth
And at his side a girl most fair.
Of course, one of them must be pale,
'Tis e'er thus in a love affair.

And unrestrained they speak aloud,
Or whisper low their vows of love:
"Believe me, dear, my love will be
Eternal as the stars above!"

The driver on the seat, to while
Away the time, all merrily
Whistles a well known tune, it is:
"La donna é mobile!"

THE FLOWERS WITHERED...**Aladár Benedek.**

The flowers wither, droop and fade
The morning dawn had icy been,
And pallid is their cup, as is
My face and your's, my fairy queen.

The zephyr comes and whispers low:
"Why grieve? Your life was one of joy!"
And o'er the faded flowers' lip
A faint smile comes, all shy and coy.

The zephyr mild of memory
Has soothing solace, and our face
Is brightened by one last, sweet smile
When recollecting bygone days.

THERE IS NO HELL...**Gerő Szász.**

There is no hell, no Eden, where
 My soul would not thy feelings share,
 For in thy smiles and in thy eyes
 The most destructive witchcraft lies.

The fates may take thee far away,
 Emblaze thy path with golden ray,
 Far famed couldst be by their decree
 And carried for beyond the sea;

Be faithful or be thou untrue,
 Be pure, or sinful paths pursue.
 Be thou a queen, or go to dwell
 Within a convent's barren cell;

Should sorrow or joy be thine:
 I worship thee and for thee pine,
 My heart and soul to thee are tied,
 Eternally with thee abide!

FAREWELL SERENADE.**Count Géza Zichy.**

Give ear unto my sad farewell,
 The last it may be, who can tell?
 The stars may fall, the sun my wane,
 My heart shall ever true remain.
 Good-bye sweetheart! God be with you!
 This is the minstrel's last adieu!

I think of you with bleeding heart,
 Feel, as if force had torn it apart;
 My sighs, and groans and moans are all
 Like death-knells which my soul appall.
 Good-bye sweetheart! God be with you!
 This is the minstrel's last adieu!

Bless you the Triune God above!
His angels guard you, sweetest love,
And they may keep from you to know
Why I so sad, why my tears flow!
Good-bye sweetheart! God be with you!
This is the minstrel's last adieu!

AH! THIS MOMENT!

Gerő Szász.

Priceless is this moment's worth:
Dearest, sweetest on this earth!

Heart and soul are full of bliss,
Lip meets lip in burning kiss.

Do we dream? Are we awake?
Bliss as our's doth speechless make.

Says the brook: "I'll tell the sea
To which I course merrily!"

Say the lark and nightingale:
"We'll sing it on hill, in vale."

Tree-tops whisper low and sigh:
"We'll betray it to the sky!"

Summer winds that gently blow
Say: "The world this ought to know."

Faded flowers seem to pray:
"May your young dreams last for aye."

LOVE ME.

William Györy.

I care not what the whole world may
About me or against me say;
What man, whom I as friendly know
Or whom I know to be my foe
About me might have in his mind!
My soul forgets all things, I find
Sweet comfort if we two agree:
That I love you, and you love me!

Will treasures rich and great estate
Be ever mine? Or shall await
Me poverty, a straw-thatched hut
And misery to be my lot?
To be poor causeth no distress
And wealth gives only happiness
If, my dear angel, we agree:
That I love you and you love me.

Shall fame and glory I attain
By ardent work of heart and brain?
Shall wreaths adorn me or ill fate's scorn
Press on my brow a crown of thorn?
I care for neither of the two;
Ambition,—hope,—I both subdue
If, my dear angel, we agree:
That I love you and you love me.

No fear or hope had ever given
To me the earth or even heaven,
Not e'en the life beyond the grave
What damns my soul or it might save
What I desired with wish profound
My life's salvation I have found
If you and I, sweetheart, agree:
That I love you and you love me.

THE SUN'S RAYS LOVED HER.**Géza Udvardy.**

The sun's rays loved her, in whose eyes
A brighter ray shone than their own;
The garden loved her, for whose choice
The fairest flowers had richly grown.

The zephyr loved her, from whose lips
In stealth it gathered honeyed sweet;
The lake's smooth face loved her, because
She gazed oft on the silvery sheet.

The dawn loved her, whose wakening
The morning with a smile would hail;
The setting sun loved her, each eve
He wrapped her in his own snug veil.

Heaven and earth loved her, because
The brightest gem grew from her tear;
And God loved her, for at His shrine
Her prayers were the most sincere.

The flowers loved her, at her feet
They trail, or crushed, willingly die;
She was beloved by all, but none
Loved her so faithfully as I.

I DO NOT WATCH...**Nicklas Szemere.**

I do not watch the course of stars on high,
Nor care I nature's secrets to espy:
The bowels of the earth, the air, the sky...?
What cares for them a happy chap as I?

One joy is mine: it is the budding rose,
The goblet full, the maid who with love glows!
One sorrow mine: It's when the flowers fade,
No wine in glass, and cold has grown the maid.

SOUND OF MUSIC...

William Zoltán.

Violin's voice, sound of music 's heard somewhere;
From a window leans a woman, young and fair.
Pale-faced, trembling lists she to the well-known air,
With a sob she clasps her bosom in despair.

Sound of music fills the air; a song is heard;
From a window leans a man, his heart is stirred.
Man and woman moved to heart's core by the song:
"Why to each other we two could not belong?"

SONGS.

Joseph Csukási.

I.

Why will insist to thee to fly
The songs ascending from my lyre?
Thou art thyself a song most high,
Thyself blessed with poetic fire.

I asked thus, and instead from thee,
From my own strings comes the reply:
The doves fly where in joyous glee
Their loving mates they will espy.

II.

When balmy spring, the fairy queen,
Comes in the land, all nature spreads
The fairest flowers she can glean
All o'er the paths o'er which she treads.

Thou art my queen, when I aware
That to my heart thou comest, I
Plucked flowers of song most sweet and fair
Thy road to me to beautify.

SONGS.

Louis Palágyi.

I.

You ask me why I am so sad
 Who just now seemed to be so glad?
 'Tis not a whim, not moody I.
 Beneath my very bliss doth lie
 The thought: I am unfortunate.

Like autumn does one thought devour
 The fairest flow'r of fairest hour.
 The years, like ghosts rise from the tomb,
 The awful years, ah me, but doom
 To death the happiest moment's fate.

II.

If you begin your lost love to forget:
 Shun every place where your great grief arose.
 As long its memory lives the snares are set.
 Beware! the former paths to risks expose!

The ancient woe does never, never cease,
 The soul within its awful depths but sleeps;
 One look into the past: woe's storms release,
 The wounded heart 'gain bleeds, and moans, and
weeps.

III.

The rose bush trembled 'neath the northwind's force,
 And roseleaves covered soon the ground of course.
 I met my old sweetheart, methought love 's chilled,
 But as of old my heart with passion 's filled.

The rose is gone, the rosetree seems decayed,
 But newly it will bloom, again to fade; -- --
 My love was dead, all its desires subdued,
 When now a hundred longings wake renewed!

LONGING FOR SPRING.**Julius Sárosy.**

I love her, whom my heart I gave,
I love her, though she 's in her grave.
The tomb assuages ev'ry ill,
But not the woe my heart doth fill.

She has been laid to sleep below.
Naught of the realm of death we know;
And silent is the grave when made;
Tis silenced by the diggers' spade.

I never did the spring await
In such a yearning, eager state.
The flowers from her grave that spring,
A message of her dreams may bring.

MAUD.**Michael Szabolcska.**

Upon a railway carriage's window pane,
Someone had scratched a name. I see it plain:
"Maud." "Maud." The letters are clear-cut and fine:
Hands traced the name to one heart all divine.

He who that name engraved, my heart tells me:
Had had a heart all filled with rosemary,
With tender love his heart was all aglow,
Remembrance filled his soul, a parting's woe.

And slowly my own soul,—all unawares,—
My thoughts to bygone sweetest memories bears:
To days of glorious spring, I bless them still,
No more shall days like those my poor heart thrill.

The winter came, around me though, with scent
Of roses sweet, the air seems redolent.
"Maud! unknown maid, be blessed by God above!
May'st thou united be soon with thy love."

A SONG.

John Dengi.

I through the thick of woods now wend my way,
To me bend, bow and stoop: branch, twig and spray
Perhaps divine, perhaps they feel my woe;
That for my heaven I lost quietly flow
These burning tears, the trees may even know.

Around a thousand flowers are in bloom.
There was a time I loved their sweet perfume
But all is o'er! sweet Rose is dead! Ah me!
I am disconsolate, by fate's decree:
E'er wretchéd, brokenhearted I must be.

I SEE THEE...

John Vajda.

I see thee yet, 'gain and again
I'll see thee; and until I die
My fondest thoughts with thee remain,
Ne'er will I leave thee, yet—Good bye!

Oh! it was not the cruel fate,
The boundless distance was it not,
Not life, not death did terminate
Our union and severed the knot. — —

The distance has its golden hope,
Death has in memory a friend,
Faith strengthens who with ill-fate cope:
But all this even is at end!

If thou would'st say, that thou art mine:
Prostrate before thee I would lie;
And yet, thy love I would decline
And tearful say: Good bye! Good bye!

And resurrection opes the grave,
And nature groweth young and fair;
Naught is eternally dead; save
What I in thee have lost fore'er!

And yet, I can not let you go
From mind and heart, mute I confer
One glance on thee, that glance of woe
A ghost casts on his murderer.

And both of us have one great pain!
Thine is the sin, th' accuser I!
'Stead idyls, pastorals, we gain
But sights of ghosts! Good bye! Good bye!

HOW I LOVE YOU...

Louis Tolnay.

How I love you, you should not now be told;
You might say flatteries from my lips rolled.
That shallow words but are—you could believe,—
What's sweet, frank, fair and true, would make
me grieve.

...When we shall sit, a pair, in calm repose,—
The time will come, believe me, dearest rose,—
When we count not the moments and the days,
When both but know we'll happy be always;

When gone shall be the first sweet weeks, and I
Know that my secret hope's fulfillment nigh,
When in the garden, where we played so oft,
Two eyes shall smile on us, so sweet and soft.

When courtyard, and the rooms are like a camp,
See broken swords, hear our boy-soldier's tramp,
And flag and drum and horse and gun,—pell-mell,
Of wars, our darling son had fought, will tell;

When to our long, long bliss a time shall come
That to a fancied grievance we succumb,
When really angry we to be profess
And our heart trembleth at what lips express;

When then the heart commands: enough! make peace!
And of itself our disagreements cease;
Amidst sobs we then each other entwine
Each one of us insists: the fault was mine;

And when again the sun's bright glow is seen,
We laugh,—amazed,—that we such fools have been;
And when once, ah! my dear good Lord, on High!—
All this shall be the past, behind us lie;

When we, at our life's eve, shall sit one day
Beneath the old pear-tree, and gently lay
Our hands into each other's; when my dear,
For our great happiness we 've but a tear:

When in another lives what in us burned,
Through him we twice happy to be have learned;
Instead of reveries we'll say a pray'r:
How I have loved you, you will know it there!

YOUR KERCHIEF 'S RED.

John Erdélyi.

Your kerchief 's red as is the rose,
Your eye is bright and starlike glows.
Bless your heart! My darling maid,
Capriciously with me you played.

If my own thoughts were yours, sweet May,
Come, let your lips your love convey,
The happiest couple in this, God's earth,
We'd pass our life in love and mirth.

WHY WERT THOU NOT BORN?**Michael Szabolcska.**

Why wert thou not born
In our hamlet, nigh
To our wayside home?
How glad could be I!

Why not near, and then
Why not penniless,
The most beauteous rose
We at home possess!

Never had I left,
—As we poor lads must,—
Even for a day
That dear home, I trust.

Ne'er had learn'd to read
From the other books,
But from thy fair face
And thy eye's sweet looks.

From these even, I
Nothing else would read,
Then for what our hearts
Lovingly do plead.

IF BY FRAIL MAIDEN...**Louis Bartók.**

Why by frail maiden's act offended be?
Do not resent it with brutality,
Do not the pollen of her love destroy
Because a dust-atom might thee annoy.

She'll understand your sigh, your tears that roll,
She'll humble herself 'fore thy noble soul,
She'll kiss your hands upon her bended knee:
"My life is yours!" will be her true love's plea.

WHEN SHE DEPARTED.

Paul Gyulai.

The hour was short, but long had been
That moment at the pier...
Thy kerchief white can not be seen,
Nor can thy voice I hear.
The wind and wave carry away
Thee, leaving me alone,
That truly I loved thee, sweet May,
The first time now I own.

The wind brings back the sweetest scent
Of tresses of thy hair,
And to the sea's surface hath lent
Thine eye its silv'y flare.
If I the blowing wind could be,
My arms would thee entwine,
Carry thee off bold, proud and free:
To be forever mine.

A long time I gaze after thee;
My soul is by a thought
Carried far out and borne to sea,
As if by current caught.
Do I the last time see thee now,
Shall e'er again we meet?
I feel the first time, I avow
How true my love, my sweet.

Upon the ship's sail, which recedes,
The sunset's color glows,
She too, as o'er the sea it speeds
To tiny black spot grows.
If I the sun's rays could but be,
Smiling my fate I'd bear;
I'd follow thee, bold, proud and free,
Thou would'st be mine fore'er.

BOOK-LORE IS YOURS...

Coloman Tóth.

Book-lore is yours, love is my one intent,
To truly love 's the only thing I know.
Your merit is to be on efforts bent,
While any worth to claim I must forego.
Your mind's artistic brightness shines with you,
A holy flame lights up my God-given soul.
Compared to you I'm ignorant, 'tis true,
But from my heart and lips sweet love songs roll.

You elevate yourselves above the earth,
—What's true is true,—you oft soar in the high.
Your staunch endeavors have of gold the worth,
Who knows, some day you'll build air-ships that fly.
The passions of my heart devour my life,
Moved by my soul though, Phenix like I rise,
Oft even not perceive that in the strife
My burning soul has risen to the skies.

That I know naught you might to me impute,
Your judgment never shall my wrath arouse,
But all your learning must remain all mute
Speak you of sentiment a heart avows.
That I can love,—leave this one thing to me,—
'Tis not a virtue even I concede,
The head and not the heart,—this is your plea,—
Is it from which life's noblest aims proceed.

But I'd not change with you though you excel,
And hundred times I'd be more ignorant:
The glowing sun which in my heart doth dwell
For your moon's artful sheen to change I can't
Your learning sets forth daily a new claim.
What 's good to day, to morrow you deny,
The world of the heart is always the same,
You are always deceived... but never I!

ONLY ME...**Ladislaus Torkos.**

Cease bending low thou tree tops leafy spray,
 To kiss my sweetheart's curls cease to essay;
 In vain you whisper her your flattering lay,
 'Tis all in vain, she little heeds your plea:
She loves but me.

Though ardent breezes stop and to her sing,
 No friendly nod their effort to them bring.
 My sweetheart hates the songs that mournful ring.
 To my triumphant songs she lists with glee:
She loves but me.

Your rays, you royal ruler of the sky,
 To lure her heart from me all vainly try.
 Her radiant face, her beauteous eye,
 Her gracious self—all, all belong to me:
She loves but me!

IF I WERE RICH.**Hiador.**

If I were rich,—as I am not,—I'd buy
 The dearest, finest things I could espy!
 The things most beautiful of land and sea,
 —E'en happiness itself,—I'd buy for thee:
 Did'st smile on me.

If happy I,—as I am not,—and thou
 Would'st say: "I thee with misery endow!"
 My happiness on thee I would bestow,
 And take from thee thy misery and woe!
 Just for thy kiss.

Eternal life if mine by God's decree:
 I'd gladly die to give that life to thee!
 I'd give to thee what heaven and earth and fate
 Make me on earth, or yonder life await...
 Wert thou but mine!

S O N G S.

Julius Rudnyánszky.

I.

Forbearance, goodness You,
Beauteous, kind and true!
To roses, on my way,
Your tears were fresh'ning spray.

My lone life's dawn you were,
A saint, beyond compare!
Each letter of your name
Has thousand blessings' claim.

A thousand times be blessed,
Whose sweet love I possessed!
To your love's springtide may
Ne'er come a wintry day.

II.

The cosy parlor hides us two.
I hold her hand, look in her eye,
My heart beats fast and timid grew,...
My thoughts to happy dreamland fly.

We both, a soothing quiet feel,
Bewitch'd, seem in a hallowed mood, —
Doth love itself to us reveal,
In our enchanted solitude?

And some mysterious boundless woe
Grasps heart and soul. What can it be?
And lo! our tears begin to flow,
The open heaven though we see!

GLORY AND LOVE.

Stephen Rónay.

And do you know what glory is?
A precipitous, craggy hill.
If wounds the feet of who ascend,
The dangers cause their soul to thrill.
When one has reached the top, his fame
To all the universe is known.
He, looking from the height, howe'er
The hollowness of life will own.

And do you know what is that: love?
A quiet, hidden vale below.
A cosy hut within its belt,
With trees to shield from winds that blow.
Beneath the narrow roof, two hearts
Throb as one, held by true love's sway.
The world at large knows naught of them,
Themselves though feel how happy they.

YOU SAID...

Pásztoi.

You said: "Henceforth, I hate you, Sir!"
That soon I shall forgotten be.
Not even Heaven's kingdom would
You as a gift accept from we.
I told you, that I hate you too,
That to forget you would be play....
Days come and go, your memory
Would very quickly pass away.
But in the silent, moonlit night
With stealth I to your window creep;
And hating you, forgetting you,
To ease my aching heart: I weep.
And in the silent, moonlit night
I hear your moan, I hear your sigh,
I hear you call aloud my name,...
Thus to our hatred testify.

ONE YEAR LATER.

Bela Szász.

I.

My wound, I break thee ope again,
Thy poison rankles deep;—I try
My secret woe to hide; in vain!
It is more powerful than I.

Ye lips, in vain you fain to smile,
In truth, you feel more like to groan,
And though you sigh not all the while,
Your sufferings are to me known.

Then why not tell, do I not feel?
It hurts, then why should I not cry?
Why shouldn't my longings I reveal
For rosy lip and smiling eye?

II.

I know, not e'en the right to hope, have I,
Nevertheless:
The question is to love you or to die.

I know, you cling to your good husband's breast,
Nevertheless:
With hot desires my heart is sore opprest.

I know, when once in death my heartthrobs cease,
Nevertheless:
Not even then will end my true love's pleas.

WHAT DO YOU CARE?

John Bulla.

What do you care how old the flower be?
A maiden's age should never bother thee.
She 's born when your love you have avowed,
She leaves you,—and you spread o'er her the shroud.

THE WIND HAS CEASED.**Charles Zilahi.**

The wind has ceased, the tree tops seem to sleep,
And noiseless is the Durance river's sweep.

My heart is sore, yet calm, because each night
My fancy conjures up thy face so bright.

Thou art with me, my hallowed grief is not
Disturbed by speech or unkind thought's foul plot.

To what was dead my heart again does ope:
Thy slave again has faith, doth love and hope.

REMAIN AS THE ROSE...**Louis Csáktornyai.**

Remain as the rose,
Which its full beauty shows
At the dawn of the day,
 Fresh, smiling and fair,
 Sweet and debonnair,
Remain thus for aye!

A tear to your eye,
To your lips heart-born sigh
Shall ne'er have to rise!
 Then keep your heart pure,
 Be sweet and demure,
And—love,—you be wise!

Have you little maid
This lesson obeyed,
You'll be sweet as a rose.
 If your love then is mine,
 In my heart I'll enshrine
You! thus ending my woes.

THE FIRST KISS.

Victor Dalmady.

The zephyr sweetly whispers while it blows,
Upon its lips dwell love and keen desire;
And bashfully bends low its head the rose,
As if too great the bliss the words inspire.

'Tis well beneath the spell of love to be,
Forgotten is all sorrow and all care;
Our soul, so like a bark on angry sea,
—Though injured—saileth on, despite the scare.

Quite close, a lovely maid and I took seat.
Around us deep, mysterious silence reigns,
As if the bliss of hundred hearts would beat
Within our own, such bliss our heart obtains.

The hearts alone beat fast, the lips were sealed,
We uttered not a word,—but dreamed and sighed,—
Just as the flowers, growing o'er the field
The narrow; winding pathway through it, hide.

One kiss! and all emotious of our souls
Confession made,... the maiden understands;
She's ours! Before our mind enflamed, unrolls
A world, a brighter path of life expands.

As were we more than ordinary men,
We proudly look above to startlit sky,
We think to reach what eagerly we scan,
All earthly thought and care behind us lie.

Oh, hour of bliss, most blessed of all hours!
We can't forget into our dying day,
The roses fade... the maid's no longer ours,
But we shall dream of that first kiss for aye!

A SONG.**John Erdélyi.**

What sounds beyond the high-ranged hill?
What than the years lives longer still?
What doth the future bury not?
What still with time increase hath got?
'Tis fame! 'Tis fame! 'Tis fame!

What than the sea is more profound,
Where gem-like pearls grow all year round,
Which now with calm, now storm, is fraught
Holy desires and hallowed thought?
The heart! The heart! The heart!

What than the bird is fleeter far?
What warmer than the south sun's car?
What sanctifies the very heart.
Consoles and bids its grief depart?
The song! The song! The song!

RESIGNATION.**Edmond Jakob.**

I ask for no display of mourning,
No flow of tears, when I shall die;
I've been a beggar all my life,
I'll be a beggar when I die.

My death will cause no awful shock,
And my demise none will regret;
I'll pass away, unnoticed, as
Behind the wood the sun doth set.

What is there when a minstrel dies?
The elements his bones caress...
The graveyard has another tomb,
The world a few songs less.

MY LAST WILL.**Joseph Eötvös.**

When I shall once have trod
My rugged path of life.
And in the tomb am laid.
Where is an end to strife.

Raise not a marble dome
To keep alive my name;
The triumph of my thoughts
Will then assure my fame.

And if you pass the spot
Where in repose I lie,
Then sing above my grave,
And chant most sweet and high.

A stirring Magyar song!
That fills the soul with fire;
Beneath my verdant grave
Its cadence will inspire.

Then drop a sentient tear
After the song is through;
The song is for the bard;
The tear for lover true.

TO FORGET.

Cornelius Abrányi, Jr.

We must not love each other any more;
Not love each other, though, beyond all thought
To part, is all that's left for us in store,
And since, then, to forget each other sought.

And since then, I forget you day by day;
I shun the places where we ever met;
One only thought is in my mind alway:
Learn to forget, forever to forget.

Each day common event succeeds event;
In none am interested I, and yet
My heart doth follow all with close intent;
I simply learn forever to forget.

Extensive travels oft will change a man;
Into his mind and soul new thoughts will set.
I travelled much, impelled by that one plan,
Thee to forget, forever to forget.

If sometime my wild spirits leap with joy,
If woful thoughts bring sorrow and regret,
My joys,, my cares, all but one thought convey,
Thee to forget, forever to forget.

We must not love each other any more, —
We part! We say good-bye with deep regret.
See! faithful keep my word of heretofore;
Do nothing else but constantly forget.

Thee to forget I nevermore shall cease;
Not till the sun of life shall sink and set.
When death, at last, shall bring eternal ease,
Within my grave I'll learn how to forget.

**POEMS OF NATURE, LIFE, FANCY AND
PHANTASY.**

"What than the bird is fleeter far?
What warmer than the south sun's car.
What sanctifies the very heart,
Consoles and bids its grief depart?
The song! The song! The song!"
John Erdélyi.

THE POET.

Alexander Vachott.

A youth, in musing reveries,
Silently clasps his lyre;
A passing blue-eyed maid he sees,
Who sets his heart afire.
Aroused are youth and lyre and soul;
From lip and lute sweet love songs roll.

He casts his glance o'er field and vale,
Sees all in splendor glow;
The spring and midsummer exhale
Sweet scents of flowers that grow.
His heart grows warm and from his soul
Paeans of summer and flowers roll.

Shrouded in clouds on mountains high,
A ruin may behold;
His memory o'er the past doth fly,
He thinks of heroes bold.
His heart aglow and stirred his soul,
From lip and lute stout war hymns roll.

The flight of time brings life's decay;
Life's spring-well soon runs dry;
While strong, he boldly walked his way;
He now feels death is nigh.
Once more aroused, from lyre and soul,
Inspiring lays, sweet swan songs roll.

MY SONGS.

Alexander Petöfi.

Oft am I sunk in deepest thought,
Although my musings bring me naught,
My thoughts o'er all the country fly,
Flit o'er the earth, soar to the sky,
The songs which from my lips then roll
Are moon-rays of my dreamy soul.

Instead of dreaming, better 'twere
If for my future I should care;
And yet I ask, what care have I,
Since God doth guard me from on high,
The songs which from my lips then roll
Are mayflies of my care-freed soul.

But if a lovely maid I meet,
My thoughts to inner depths retreat;
And then into her eyes I gaze,
As on the lake fall starry rays.
The songs which from my lips then roll
Are roses of my love-bond soul.

If mine her love, my joy wine crowns,
If not, then wine my grief well drowns,
And where wine in abundance flows,
There gayety right swiftly grows.
The songs which from my lips then roll
Are rainbows of my misty soul.

Yet, while I hold the glass in hand,
The yoke oppresses many a land;
And joyous as the glasses ring,
As sadly bondsmen's fetters cling;
The songs which from my lips then roll
Are clouds that overcast my soul.

Why do men dwell in slavery's night?
Why burst they not their chains in fight?
Or do they wait till God some day
Shall let rust gnaw their chains away?
The songs which from my lips then roll
Are lightning-flashes from my soul.

IN MEMORY OF LITTLE ELLEN.

Charles Szász.

As if upon the pure, white snow
The color of the rose did glow.—
Thus pale and cold—her earthly clay
Upon a snow-white pall did lay
Sweet Ellen, beauteous, on her bier!

And as a flower in a glass
Bears still its odor, though, alas!
It slowly fades and slowly dies,
Yet holds some beauty for the eyes,
Lies Ellen, beauteous, on her bier!

Her tiny hands crossed on her breast,
Sweet rosemary therein do rest,
Upon her forehead, clear and fair,
A wreath, made of her golden hair—
Lies Ellen, beauteous, on her bier!

Her eyes, once bright, are shaded now,
Nor glance beneath her marble brow,
Her lips are silent, still, and closed,
And seem for kisses to be posed—
Sweet Ellen, beauteous, on her bier!

We weepingly behold her form,
Killed, ah, too soon, by life's fell storm.
We feel the past, the future she.
Heartbroken, bend we to the knee,
So beauteous is she on her bier!

BIRTHDAY THOUGHTS.

John Arany.

Here do I sit, the dreary hours telling,
A dimly-burning lamp my only mate:
And no one earthly passing by my dwelling
Comes in to say, "Good evening," where I wait.

Is it that I no friend have ever cherished?
Wretched, indeed, is he who has not one!
My friends I knew, and not through change they
perished,
As did my happiness, which now is gone.

Narrow my home, with scanty cheer to offer,
And as for the kitchen doth the master feel;
Yet, for a friend or two I've room to proffer;
My heart's warmth will the larder's dearth conceal.

Why come they not with words of friendly greeting,
That I with them may share my scanty store?
My heart, at least, would gladden at the meeting;—
Ah! from the silent grave they rise no more!

Where is the hill whose wooden cross stands holy,
To sanctify this corner of the earth,
Which covers now their ashes lying lowly
Till resurrection gives their spirit—birth?

Was there a hand which, when their last breath over,
Lovingly closed the eyes whose fire burned low?
Was there a sigh which, when the clods did cover,
In silent prayer for rest did upward go?

Or, perchance, came the rage of storm and ocean;—
Men without sympathy and hard of heart—
Their bones unburied, scattered by emotion,
Their bodies rent, are sundered and apart.

What say I? 'Tis a festal day of gladness!
Festal? Ay; but no joy is near.
My birthday—lonely here, and closed in sadness—
To you I dedicate, my dead friends dear.

My soul is like a churchyard, void, neglected;
I see but ghosts in its eternal night;
So in this gloom, to each I have elected
A taper of remembrance now to light!

Pride of the age, let light to thee be given;
Genius, who comest and who goest—where?
Our generation sees thee now in heaven,
Then, comet-like, thou leav'st but empty air!

Oh, after cycles, if again appearing,
Thou comest in another semblance clad,
Forsaking heaven thyself to them endearing,
Abide with them that they may still be glad!



AN OLD STORY.

Augustin Greguss.

There's naught on earth below as love so sweet;
Alas! But even love is oft replete
With base ingratitude. We seldom do
To those whose love to us is best, stay true.

A youth went bravely into war and fell;
His friends bade him a tearful last farewell;
They mourned him for a week, a month his wife.
A year his sister, his mother through life.

Another youth from gory war returns:
He first with some carousing friends sojourns.
Of course, then to his loving sweetheart goes:
A visit to his sister he bestows—
He'll call upon his mother, I suppose!

SOLITUDE.

John Vajda.

Most freely men of their own sorrows speak;
To add to woe and care will ever seek,
And each would wish that all the world might know.
That in the world his is the greatest woe.

And listening mutely to all this complaint,
I felt the more my own heart's firm restraint
I sought the solitude, for 'tis but there
I dare betray my soul's dread cross of care.

Where thickest is the wood, the silence deep,
The wind upon the tree-tops falls asleep,
And Nature seems to meet the realms of Nod,
I fall upon my knees and pray to God!

Hast Thou made nothing perfect here below?
How, then, as perfect can Thy creatures grow?
If finite things are ever incomplete,
May not infinity the same repeat?

And 'Thou, who rulest from Thy throne so grand,
Who giveth life or taketh at command,
The while Thy creatures at Thy feet must crawl,
Canst Thou alone contended be with all?

And lo! a shadow seems to shroud the sky,
A gathering of darkest clouds on high,
And deadly silent is the very air,
And heaven and earth are mute beyond compare.

And then God spake to me. With trembling fear
A sigh, deep and soul stirring, now I hear:
"In all the world like me there's none to find!
I am alone! one heart, one soul, one mind!"

SONG OF SORROW.

Nicklas Markus.

My soul would fly were not its pinions clipped;
My yearning heart I scarce can bear along;
Soon through the hour-glass will the sands have
slipped.

Good-by!

It was my dream that in thy fond embrace
A very heaven on earth should live for me.
As soon the star-course might I seek to trace.
Good-by!

That I, so young, so wretched, hence must go
Bestirs no grief or ache within my breast;
Well have I learned no fear of death to know.
Good-by!

But most it grieves that all which stirs in me,
Living, inspiring heart and thirstful soul,
Deep buried in the tomb fore'er will be.
Good-by!

It vexes me to know, when dead I am,
That I no more can raise my arm in strife;
Alas! there is no bliss e'en in this calm.
Good-by!

To die so, when 'tis passing fair to live,
To die so, when my heart can love so well,
For one brief span Eternity I'd give.
Good-by!

ON THE DEATH OF A LITTLE CHILD.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Thy little play is played out to the end;
Dear child, too quickly did its joyance pass
Thy face hath smiled its last, and death has culled
The fair, fresh rose-blooms that abounded there.
Not solitary did'st thou go; with thee
Went all thy parents' joy, the blossoms rare
Of their most fond and beautiful desire.

Who now will tell thee when the morning dawns?
Ah! who will wake you each succeeding day?
Thy weeping parents cry, "Arise, dear child;
Arise, my love, my pet, my pretty dear!"
All, all in vain! Thou hearest not their voice;
Thou sleepest now, alas, the dreamless sleep,
And morning nevermore shall dawn for thee!

But pain can no more touch thy senseless dust;
Thy death was gentle and thy soul went forth
As the sun's rays returneth unto heaven.
By joy and sorrow we are bound to earth;
We long for, yet we shun and shrink from death;
Thy pathway surely lies beyond all doubt.

O, when on nights most calm and beautiful,
The lustrous stars shall graciously shine forth,
Wilt thou not come to bless thy loving ones,
Each night to visit them in tender dreams,
And shed around the very peace of heaven?

O, come and let thy spirit kiss each face
Of little brother and of sister here!
Thus shalt thou to thy parents dear return
The bright days lost to them from out this life;
They shall renew thy interrupted days,
And while thy grave with loving flowers may strew
Be thou their guardian angel to protect!

LONGING FOR DEATH.

Alexander Petöfi.

Give me a coffin and a grave,
And let the grave be deep and low;
And bury with me all I feel,
All passions strong, all thoughts of woe.

O, mind and heart, twice cursed, e'er have
You been the bane of my whole life!
Why torture me with burning scourge?
Why should not end now all this strife?

Why should this feverish brain inspire
To rise above the stars on high?
When angry Fate hath it ordained
That crawl upon the earth should I.

Why have I not fair heavenly wings,
If my aims soar to heaven's dome?
To carry me into heights where
Immortality is at home!

And if to me this world is void
Of joy, why have I, then, a breast?
Created that of human joys
It be the home, the shelt'ring nest!

Or if there be a heart which flames
And burns in passion's deep abyss,
Why, then, this icy look on me,
Thou God of hapiness and bliss?

Give me a coffin and a grave,
And let the grave be deep and low;
And bury with me all I feel,
All passions strong, all thoughts of woe.

TO MY BOY.

John Arany.

Thank God, the eve has come again;
The day decreased our earthly pain;
One candle only lights our room;
Without the darkness reigns and gloom.
Why sleep you not, sweet child? 'Tis late;
A soft, warm bed for you doth wait.
Now fold your tiny hands and say
The prayer I taught you how to pray.

A poet I; I am but poor;
No wealth can I for you secure.
All that I have, a spotless name,
And, with the crowd, some worthless fame,
That well with strifes of life you cope,
I teach you to believe, to hope;
Now fold your tiny hands and say
The prayer I taught you how to pray.

Faith is a treasure to the poor;
Gives strength to hope and to endure;
So he endures in firm belief
Until his death does bring relief
I crave the fame I had before,
Which often consolation bore—
Now fold your tiny hands and say
The prayer I taught you how to pray.

When you are called to work from play—
Who knows how soon this happen may?—
If you should come to meet with one
Whose love, poor child, you have not won,
Your faith should then bring balm to you;
Wipe from your eye the silent dew.
Now fold your tiny hands and say
The prayer I taught you how to pray.

When you will once the burden see
And feel, which weighs on honesty;
When you will see virtue crushed out,
While sin, with pride, doth stalk about;
When ignorance counts more than brain;
Let faith your comfort still maintain!
Now fold your tiny hands and say
The prayer I taught you how to pray.

When with the years convictions come
That no more is this land our home;
The space 'twixt life and death that lies
Is but the line of centuries;
Then think the Scriptures say, my dear,
"We are but strangers, pilgrims here!"
Now fold your tiny hands and say
The prayer I taught you how to pray.

TRUE POETRY.

Paul Dömötör.

Whatever's beautiful is poetry:
The starry sky, the flower upon the lea,
The sun's bright ray, the gentle, loving eye,
The smiling babe, the cloudlets floating high.

Whatever's beautiful is poetry:
Enchanting words and dainty melody,
The kiss, that lover's star on love's rough way,
The budlike lips of babes that speech essay.

Whatever's beautiful is poetry:
To honor friends while with us they may be,
To do the work that is our heart's delight.
To hear the baby lisp to us, "Good night."

CURSE AND BLESSING.

Alexander Petöfi.

Accursed the earth where once
Grew into strength the tree,
Of which the timber gave
A cradle for poor me!
Accursed be, too, the hand
Which planted it, I say;
Accursed also the nursing
Dewdrops, the rain and ray.

But blessed be the earth where grows
The tree in woodland shade,
Of which my coffin will,
In course of time, be made.
And blessed be, too, the hand
Which planted it; and blessed
Also the rain and ray
Which it with life invest.

FIFTY YEARS.

Charles Szász.

I often think I see you yet—
A tiny baby, with brown hair;
A picture I cannot forget;—
Father and mother both were there.
She languid lay; their hope and prayer
Fulfilled, at first a son and heir,
And now a girl babe, sweet and fair;
'Tis fifty years since, I declare!

Year follows year; the time doth fly;
 From day to day you grew more sweet,
 Just as the rosebud we espy
 When we the dawning springtide greet.
 The child now casts her dolls away;
 She goes to school; and even there
 The pet of all, without gainsay,
 'Tis forty years since, I declare!
 The summer day comes to my mind.
 When you and I the first time met,
 You were quite proud, yet gentle, kind,
 The fairest maid I ever set
 My eyes upon. Your love was mine;
 To kiss you then I did not dare;
 Enough you were in my heart's shrine!
 'Tis thirty years since, I declare!
 Our narrow home, a home of bliss;
 Indeed, we have no other care.
 And when our darling girls we kiss,
 We happy were, beyond compare.
 And yet,—do you remember still?—
 A thought came flashing here and there—
 A boy,—he came by God's good will;
 'Tis twenty years since, I declare!
 The midday of our life is gone;
 We've had our joys; our sorrows, too,
 Weeping we trod the churchyard's lawn,
 Where we our children's tombstone view;
 But time is good; our wounds are healed,
 As sunrays in sweet autumn air,
 Our new-born babe our love had sealed:
 'Tis just ten years since, I declare!
 The evening of our life has come;
 Upon our heads the winter's snow,
 Around us our grandchildren chum
 With us. Our bliss doth overflow.
 O, happy eve! on bended knee
 We pray the Lord our lives to spare,
 Till them in life we settled see,
 The rolling years we bravely bear.

A TEAR.

Joseph Lévy.

Bright, tremulous drop,
Say, what are you?
On violet leaf,
Diamond, or dew?
Or yet heaven's gem,
Fallen down to earth,
Which from the dross
Brings flowers to birth?

Not here thy place,
If diamond thou;
On garden-plots,
If dew, fall now.
If daily rain,
Shed from the sky,
The fields around
Then fructify.

"No diamond I;
Than gems more dear;
Not dew my name;
I am more clear;
I was not born
In heights above;
Lowly the state
From which I move.

Angels love me,
And greet me so;
Bathe their bright wings
In my drops' glow.
What am I here?
A little tear.
Secret I roll,
Within shines clear
A world—the soul!"

SWEET JOY.

Alexander Petöfi.

Sweet joy, I oft have drank of thee;
What of the glass became, tell me?
It broke, the goblet which I drained,
And broken glass alone remained.

And, bitter grief, I drank of thee;
What of the goblet came to be?
It cracked, the tumbler which I drained,
And broken glass alone remained.

The radiant sun the heart enjoys;
The darkling storm-cloud but annoys;
Grief is the heart's dark cloud, I say,
Which rising winds bear far away.

I like a shadow am; as though
About a graveyard I do go,
O, days departed, days gone by,
Ye are the graveyard where I sigh!

And through this graveyard in the night
A firefly is my guiding light;
And o'er the graves of my dead days
My memory like a firefly plays.

The air with motion now is fraught;
A cool, faint breeze is o'er me brought;
And whispering it asks of me,
Is it not better not to be?

○

THE MANIAC.

Alexander Petőfi.

Why bother me? Away!
Be quickly off, I say!
Great work I have on hand just now,
I twist a whip with sweating brow,
From rays of sun, with which I will
Scourge the world till its anguish fill
The air, and I will laugh as she
Laughed, mocking at my misery.
Ha, ha, ha!

For such is life! We laugh and weep
Till death brings its eternal sleep.
I, too, was dead; some years ago
To poison me were mean and low;
Those of my friends who drank my wine,
What did they do? Who can divine?
While I was lying in the shroud,
Embracing me, they cried aloud!
I felt that I could rise and bite
Their noses off, but just for spite
I thought let them their nostrils keep;
When I become a rotten heap
And, decomposed, lie in their way,
From smelling me explode they may!
Ha, ha, ha!

Where did they bury me?
In Afric's sandy sea,
This was most fortunate, for, lo!
Hyena dug me from below;
My only benefactor he,
I cheated him most skilfully;

My limbs he tried to chew and gnaw;
I flung my heart into his jaw,
So bitter was my heart that he
Soon died of it in agony.
Ha, ha, ha!

Alas! this always is the end
Of those who other folk befriend!
But what is man? Tell me, who can.
Some say the root of flowers fair,
Which bloom above in heaven there!
Man is a flower, 'tis true, whose root
Down into deepest hell doth shoot;
I heard a sage discuss these things one day
Who, being a fool, of hunger died, they say;
Instead of cramming learning in his head
Why did he not steal, rob and kill for bread?
Ha, ha, ha!

Why laugh I like a fool here, why?
I should lament and loudly cry,
The world's so bad that even the sky
Will often weep that it gave birth
To such foul creatures as the earth.
But what becomes of heaven's tear?
Falling upon this earth down here,
Men tread upon it with their feet!
—God's tear becomes—mud in the street!
Ha, ha, ha!

A hoary veteran is the sky,
The sun and moon his medals signify,
The clouds, the threadbare cloak he wears,
And thus the brave old soldier fares,
A cross and rag pay for his cares,
Ha, ha, ha!

What means the quail's call in man's tongue,
When chattering in the morning young?
He says of women to beware,
She'll draw you sure into a snare.
Woman is a splendid creature,

Beautiful, though dangerous;
The lovelier in form and feature,
The more of peril she brings us.
A deadly drink she serves in cups of gold,
Love's drink to quaff I often did make bold.
One drop of thee, O! what a heavenly treat!
Yet from one drop such gall can be distilled
As though the sea with poisonous drugs were filled!
Have you seen ocean depths the tempests plough?
They furrow it; death seeds are sown, I trow.
Have you seen tempest, this brown ugly churl,
His lightning flashes o'er the wide sea hurl?
Ha, ha, ha!

The fruit when ripe falls from the tree;
Ripe earth, you must be plucked, I see.
Until to-morrow I shall wait
Then, hoary earth, you'll expiate
Your crimes! a great deep hole
I'll dig in thee, and, on parole,
I'll fill it up with powder dry
And blow the earth up to the sky!
Ha, ha, ha!

SONG IN THE NIGHT.

Charles Szász.

My dainty song, fly in the night;
Where in the poplars' shade you sight
A cozy home, quick hie thee there.
It is my darling children's nest;
But make no noise, do not molest
Their sleep, but gently sing the air—
They should but feel the tuneful guest.

My dainty song, fly in the night;
 As fast as is the arrow's flight,
 As is the swallow on his wing.
 Where, at the close of day, my friends
 Enjoy themselves, there make amends
 That I not there, my lay then sing,
 It is a gift a true friend sends.

My dainty song, fly in the night;
 Go make a weary, sad heart light,
 Find those who on the sick-bed lie;
 While restless on their couch they roll,
 And sufferings oppress their soul,
 Sing then your sweetest lullaby,
 'Tis sweet the weary to console!

My dainty song, fly in the night;
 Go where the sun saw gory fight;
 Where on the bloody battlefield
 The heroes lie, borne down and slain;
 Thy song shall be a glorious strain;
 Their lives who did for freedom yield
 Shall e'er be blessed in sweet refrain.

My dainty song, fly in the night;
 Come back then for my own delight;
 Report what you have seen and heard.
 Bring me the sleeping children's smile,
 The greetings of the friends erstwhile;
 Then from the sick a grateful word,
 The heroes' latest sigh reveal.

A PRAYER.

Daniel Berzsenyi.

O, God, whom no wise man in thought can reach,
 Thou whom his yearning hope can barely trace;
 Thy being, like the sun, pervades all life.
 But human eyes can never see Thy face.

The highest heaven and ether's Uranus
Around Thee in revolving order course;
The very worms unseen beneath the sod
Proclaim Thy wondrous wisdom and Thy force.

The myriad orbs from nothing Thou hast called,
Thy glance brings worlds to life or sends to death,
And measures the swift-flowing tides of time,
Whose ocean-waves are even as Thy breath.

Zenith and Nadir glorify Thy name,
Strong tempests breeding strife o'er sea and land.
Thunder and lightning, dews and flowering boughs,
Alike proclaim them creatures of Thy hand.

In pious guise I kneel before Thy grace;
When once my soul from its abode doth part,
And near approaches Thee, O, then, I know
I shall attain the yearning of my heart.

Till then I dry my tears and simply tread
The pathway of my life ordained by Thee—
The pathway of all good and noble souls,
Until my soul, like theirs, gains strength to flee.

Though awful, yet I view the grave's dark night,
Which cannot all be evil, now in trust,
Because, e'en dead, Thy creatures still are Thine,
Whose gracious hands protect even bones and dust.

A MIGRATING BIRD.

William Györi.

A dainty lullaby; so plain
"The little birds have come again."
The saddest lay we now can hear,
Yet to our lips 'twill ever rise,
A picture sweet bring to our eyes
Of our first baby boy so dear.

Our love awaited it with love;
At last the bird came from above,
"A little bird" we called our child;
His cradle was his nice soft nest;
How blissfully and sweet he'd rest .
In it, as angel-like he smiled.

His tiny arms if he but swings,
It seems a birdy flaps its wings;
His baby voice, so soft and clear,
Sweet music, though yet not a song,
Parental heart, howe'er, don't long
More heavenly tune to hear.

When beauteous spring came filled with song,
The little birds that come along,
Our babe, it seems, were first to see.
The bird awaits its loving mates,
Longingly longs, waitingly waits,
Pining for it, greets it with glee.

We taught our babe the birds to call;
He fed the birds ere he could crawl,
He loved and seemed to know them all;
Within the branches of the tree
Methinks I now can the birds see
As I saw them that fatal fall.

His tiny hands he clapped in glee,
And called the birds from near-by tree;
"Come, pretty birds, come here, come here;
They seemed to understand and came
Ate from his hand, all seemed so tame,
They neither knew nor thought of fear.

Then autumn with its stromy wind
Emptied the nest, the branches thinned—
All parents shall hereafter know
To call their children "birds" no more—
They fly away, leave you heart-sore
When in the autumn storm-winds blow.

Away has flown our baby, too.
A tree nigh to our window grew;
And as our darling's end was nigh
The birds all to that one tree flew,
As if to bid the babe adieu,
As if to bid him their good-by.

New springtime, came, all's balmy, mild,
All lives anew except our child;
The blade o' grass, the flowers, the trees,
All blossom out; the birds return—
When first to fly to us they learn
Their little playmate nowhere is.

Green is the grave on yonder hill,
Fly there, dear birds, and there you trill
Above his grave your sweetest lay.
We never cease for him to weep,
Green will his memory ever keep,
And love him till our dying day.

THE GOOD OLD LANDLORD.

Alexander Petöfi.

Here, in the lowland, where you travel far away,
 Before you reach the hills; here, on the Alföld's
 plain,
 Contented now I dwell, my heart is glad and gay,
 Because, while roaming round, I joy and pleasures
 gain.
 My home is in the quiet village public-house;
 But seldom sounds therein the noise of wild carouse.
 A hearty, good old man is landlord of the place.
 Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

My room is neat and clean, therefor I do not play:
 Ne'er have I been as here, cared for so tenderly!
 My meals are timely served though others be away,
 But, if I should be late, they all will wait for me.
 One thing I do not like, the master of the house
 Quarrels once in a while with his good-hearted
 spouse.
 But what of that? Soon kindness reillumes his face.
 Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

Sometimes, to pass the time, we former days recall,
 Which were for him, by far, the happiest and the
 best.
 He owned his house and farm, had plentiful of all,
 He knew not e'en how many cattle he possessed.
 Knaves borrowed all his gold and fraudulently kept;
 The Danube's stormy floods once o'er his homestead
 swept,
 And thus they grew so poor, the landlord and his
 race.
 Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

For him the sun of life is now about to set,
And aged men may wish to have at last some rest.
Alas, misfortune has, I notice with regret,
Left him oppressed with care, with sorrow filled
his breast;
All day he works, the Sunday e'en is not his own;
Late he retires to bed, and rises with the dawn.
Filled with compassion, him I tenderly embrace.
Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

I often beg of him to be of better cheer,
Say better times will come, ending his misery;
"Ay, ay, it will be so," he says "my end is near,
And, when the grave receives me, I shall happy
be."

This answer fills my heart with sorrow and with
grief;

Falling upon his breast, I find in tears relief.
My dear old father is the landlord of this place.
Grant unto him, my God, the bliss of happy days.

TWO LITTLE STORIES.

Louis Pósa.

A SERMON.

The pulpit filled by hoary priest,
Like an apostle he
Of the "Prodigal Son" of old,
He preaches feelingly.
Devoutly the believers list
The holy man's advice—
Only a beggar woman moans
And heart-rendingly cries.

A WEDDING.

The pulpit filled by youthful priest,
 A bride about to bless,
 God knows His servant's suffering—
 The young priest's great distress.
 With trembling voice his sacred word
 Fastens the nuptial ties;
 The fair young bride alone knows why
 Heart-rendingly she cries.

I AM.

Emil Abrányi.

I am but matter that decays;
 The time will deal its fatal thrust;
 And when my course is run, I will
 A handful be of earthly dust.

But while a spark of life I have,
 While thought my being agitates,
 I live for what is beautiful,
 I live for that which elevates.

I live for what immortal is,
 As is the heaven's dome above,
 Or as the glories of the past,—
 Faith, freedom, genius, life and love.

My body I consign to earth,
 Of other lives to be the meat;
 But on the threshold-stone of death,
 Eternal progress, thee I greet!

AT THE BIER OF A GIRL.

Joseph Komócsy.

Death, I have seen thee in an hundred forms;
The foam of waves set frothing by wild storms.
The fragrance of a beauteous, tiny flower,
The revels of a lust-filled midnight hour;
Hid in the folds of veils that shroud a grief,
Or in a lover's kiss however brief.
And yet I did not fear thy might.

Death, I have seen thee in the stormy night,
The thundrous voice of God from on the height.
When with his mighty sword of fire and flame
He smote the house erected in His name,
And wrathful, when the smoking ruins lay,
Might one not shudder at the dreadful day?
And yet I laughed but at thy might.

Death, I have seen thee on the battlefield,
Where I the blood of my own heart would yield,
And where the onward pressing battle horse
Would tread upon the soldier's mangled corpse,
And all thy awful sacrifices I
Have never heeded and would yet defy,
And daringly but mocked thy might.

O, Death, upon my forehead I have felt
Thy very breath which wild destruction dealt;
And in the depths of thy dark, ghastly eye
My own annihilation did espy.
The awful force of thy strong arms of steel
I oft upon my own weak breast did feel,
And yet in scorn I held thy might.

But now, bent low before this hallowed bier,
 I lift the shroud in trembling and in fear.
 Alas! I shudder now as here I stand
 And see the rose plucked by thy chilly hand.
 My strength is gone, I fall upon my knees
 In agony, I feel my heart throbs cease.
 I bow before thy dreadful might.

AUNT SARAH.

Alexander Petőfi.

Upon the threshold sits, by age bent down,
 Aunt Sarah, bowing low her silver crown;
 An eyeglass rides upon her bony nose,
 I fancy her own funeral shroud she sews.
 Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,
 When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

What heretofore she did in dresses wear—
 The folds and creases—now her face doth bear;
 Clad now in faded rags, her dress I trow
 Must have been new some twenty years ago.
 Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,
 When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

I almost freeze when I behold her head,
 Life's winter hath whereon its white snow shed;
 And like a stork's nest in the chimney there,
 Looks on her hoary head her straggling hair.
 Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,
 When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

Her eyes, once bright, have left their native place,
Sunk in, and beautify no more her face,
They faintly flicker in a ghastly gloom,
As tapers left to burn in some death room.
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

A barren plain, it seems, is now her breast,
As if beneath not e'en a heart did rest.
Her heart, not wholly dead, still pulsates there,
And sometimes does its old emotions share.
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

Youth is a spendthrift, who will freely spend
His wealth and charms, and does not apprehend
The miser father—Age—who will some day
Gather the treasures spent, take them away.
Aunt Sarah, do you still the days recall,
When "Darling Sally" you were named by all?

DEATH.

Coloman Tóth.

Oh, no! That is not death which death we call.
When on our coffin clods of earth do fall;
That is not death, when o'er us shadows creep,
And, mouldering, we are laid in endless sleep;
Nor call that death when for us others shed
Tears, true or false, over our narrow bed.
Ah! that is death and that is death alone,
When we our own existence do bemoan.

I recollect—I knew a happy boy,
 Bright, playful, winsome, ever full of joy.
 Now, for wild honey, he the trees would climb,
 His mother he would tease another time;
 O boundless mother-love! his greatest bliss
 He found in her embrace and tender kiss.
 That boy, so happy once, is dead—alas!
 I was that boy myself, but let this pass.

And then I knew a youth; no human soul
 So passionately loved! His highest goal
 Was love; despising every other thing,
 To him naught else save love could pleasure bring.
 Oh, how he loved! and then this poor youth died;
 For him, alas! most bitterly I cried.
 Oh, could some spring wake him to life again!
 I was this youth; my hopes are all in vain.

There was a man, honest and true, no vice
 He knew. Truth, honor, faith and sacrifice
 Made up his life. Gratitude lives, he thought,
 And that all deeds of men with good are fraught.
 But even this man was poisoned; soon he found
 Base selfishness on all sides to abound.
 Why was his faith so strong? Why did he trust?
 He might be living now, not turned to dust.

Ay, ay! we often die, more often than
 The swift brook-bubbles o'er the pebbles can;
 They burst and, changing form, come forth again;
 Death in the graveyard does not solely reign.
 Even here, in life, to die we oft are fain;
 Feel we have long been dead, yet hand and brain
 Work still and move. This is not life, we know;
 'Twill but removal be when hence we go.

NAMELESS HEROES.

Cornelius Abrányi.

Of nameless heroes sings the minstrel's lay,
 Of nameless heroes, who have fought their way
 On gory field to death, whose ghastly face
 No sign doth bear of death's immortal grace,
 And men of courage fill an unmarked grave.
 Yet this is not the worst, for many brave,
 Returning home, of hearth and limb bereft,
 Find but a beggar's staff to them is left.
 And for these nameless heroes songs of praise
 We often hear; but who did ever raise
 Paeans for journalists? Or find him crave
 For praise, yet he is, too, a hero brave.
 The corps in which he serves a power great,
 Led by a spirit which will never wait,
 Doth onward, forward press, will never cease,
 And constantly achieves new victories.
 His is the second word, "let there be light"—
 To chaos new commands, and all grows bright;
 Without him nothing new can well succeed,
 Of all that groweth in him lies the seed;
 Life-giving sun, air-purifying storm,
 The farmer's plough, what artisans perform,
 The world's great granary—all this is he!
 Of three great marvels of this century
 He is the third, one of the trinity
 Of progress that the earth hath come to bless:
 Steam! Electricity! the Press.

The Saviour, that mankind He redeem,
 Took all upon Himself with love supreme.
 The journalist, that mankind shall be free,
 Himself forever lives in slavery.
 That he may on the world a feast bestow;

Himself all feasts forever doth forego
 That he may others give the place they choose,
 His own indenture, the scribe must lose.
 The torch of intellect he carries high,
 He will maintain the law, you may rely.
 The truth he'll seek and justice must be done,
 He will condemn the wrong and like him none
 Can rouse the conscience of all mankind thus.
 His only shield, it seems incredulous,
 A sheet of paper is—no coat of mail
 Protects so thoroughly from all assail.
 When a colossus shall be brought to fall
 He takes as weapon one small pen withal;
 To which compared King David's sling is great,
 And all Goliaths may annihilate.

For knowledge is the world's great pleasure
 And learning mankind's richest treasure.
 What's more alluring than whatever's new;
 What's sweeter than to feel and know that you
 Are not forsaken, and who does console
 More lovingly than that dear, friendly soul
 Who daily comes to you with words of cheer,
 Who is outspoken, frank, severe, sincere;
 Who tells you all his secrets, all he knows,
 What o'er the world has happened doth disclose?
 This friend, the press, doth labor day and night
 For thee, to bring to heart and mind delight.
 He ever tries to be a welcome guest;
 Works day and night and never takes a rest.
 That we may read in comfort and in ease
 The journalist to toil doth never cease.

We work and work to reach that one desire:
 To earn our rest; no journalists retire
 From their laborious work, but onward go
 Their mission to fulfill, for they must know
 Everything and all, e'en be aware
 That they, so powerful beyond compare,
 Must modest be, nobody be known,
 Though read in hut and read upon the throne.

Though mighty, powerful their sword—their pen,
With other tools more's earned by other men,
And a diploma, by some youth secured,
A more safe place on paths of life procured;
Yet high the torch of intellect, the men
Upon newspapers raise and in the van
March, hold aloft, the world to illumine.
Brave journalist, this is thy work divine.
Of nameless heroes sings the minstrel's lay
Of journalists to sing none do essay.
Yet each newspaper man's a hero brave:
To whom the glory due none ever gave.

TWO BROTHERS.

Alexander Petöfi.

A comrade I possess of sterling worth,
Honest and true he is from head to heel.
When sorrow's chill and windy blasts I feel
He will around me fold the cloak of mirth.

If I, my country's fate considering,
Am sad, depressed and almost moved to tears,
My dear companion forthwith then appears,
Saying, "Cheer up, this is no manly thing!"

"Be patient now," he whispers, "rouse, dear friend,
A better fate will come, and, once again,
Will heaven's good graces and good will attain
It yet will help our poor forsaken land."

If hopeless love has made me sore at heart
 And resignation holds me grieved and dumb,
 My friend then tarries not, but soon doth come
 Saying: "Be of good cheer; a child thou art.

"Loose not thy faith;" such is his soothing way—
 "Although it seems that she, on whom was spent
 Love's capital, is quite indifferent,
 She will all this with interest repay."

This train of thought leads me to think, alas!
 That I so poor, so impecunious am;
 Again I hear the cheering epigram:
 "This hopeless state of things thou wilt see pass."

"Be patient, friend; the time will soon arrive
 When thou cold rooms no more will occupy;
 And when frost's crystal flowers shall beautify
 Thy window-panes, and there on them shall
 thrive."

Thus flows my dear companion's cheering speech
 Till I forget my sorrow and my care;
 And all around me groweth bright and fair;
 My soul hath landed on a happy beach;

This friend, whom I am ever glad to meet,
 A haughty brother has, with laugh and sneer
 For my companion's way of giving cheer,
 Whom he delights most shamefully to beat.

This brother is a stern and churlish man;
 He drives my friend away and smites his face.
 Yet can no usage ill his love efface;
 He will return again whene'er he can.

And must I tell you who this friend may be,
 Whom to possess is now my happy lot?
 "Hope" is his name. Who knows and loves him
 not?
 His sterner brother is "Reality."

THE MINSTREL'S SORROW.

John Arany.

A minstrel mused one gloomy night
Over his sorrows infinite,
In his dark room alone;
Mute as a coffin lies his lyre;
His heart is sad and, filled with ire,
He sees his lute lie prone.

Around the poet now arise
The breath of many melodies,
Wing-clipped, half-uttered songs.
While 'mid these ruins walks his soul,
His thoughts sad memories unroll—
One thought on thought still throngs.

Say, son of song, why art thou mute,
Why touchest not thy charming lute?
Thou wert not so before.
Why is thy heart with sadness filled?
The charms of life thy soul once thrilled,
Bard, lovest thou no more?

Dost thou not loftily rejoice
When loud resounds the silvery voice
Of nature in the spring?
When tree-tops in the zephyrs sigh,
When streamlets' waves flow gently by,
Dost thou know what they bring?

The rising and the setting sun
That oft thy admiration won,
Why dost thy song not hail?
Has night lost all its charm for thee?
Wilt write no more an elegy
On moon and nightingale?

"Leave me to yearnings silently;
 Ah! that my soul were ever free
 Of love, and void of song;
 But as the bush of Moses burned,
 The bard's heart must be ever turned
 To love and passion strong."

"The spring comes and the flowers grow;
 'Tis all from heroes dust below
 That spring brings back to sight;
 The thousand sighs from tops of trees,
 The mournful splash of streams and seas
 Burden the winds of night!

"The sun which dawns and sets again
 Does it for us secure, attain
 Pleasures and hopes anew?
 When e'en night's loneliness is lost,
 The darkness lives with shade and ghost—
 Which these with life imbue."

Say, Minstrel, if thy heart is filled
 With grief, which pain has almost chilled,
 Why dost thou keep so mute?
 Where sorrow and where sadness dwell,
 The sweetest songs did ever swell;
 Sad hearts are like a lute.

"How shall the lyre then tuneful sing
 If gruesome agonies touch the string,
 Instead of grief profound?
 If thou with brutish force wilt knock
 Thy lute against a mountain rock
 No harmonies resound."

Art thou the child of coward time,
 Is thy soul filled with thoughts sublime
 But lacking themes withal?
 • The minstrel's noblest mission is
 To rouse and wake our energies,
 Mankind to duty call!

"Not in a timid age lived I,
But witnessed much, sublime and high,
And understood it well;
The lofty songs the minstrel sang
Of deeds on which whole world's fates hang,
Which history doth tell;

"Marathon's victory I saw won,
The deeds by Sparta's daughters done,
Saw Xerxes's giant might;
Leonidas, the hero true,
The minstrel Tyrtaeus I knew
Whose song inspired to fight."

What marvell! yet thy sweet lute-strings
Speak not of higher, nobler things
At Victory's great feast?
When past the battle's rage and zest,
When heroes on soft myrtles rest,
Sweet songs have still increased!

The battle o'er; no joyous feast
Exists which minstrels praise the least
With song and cup, I wot,
In Cyprian mist the hero throng
Hear not his gratifying song;
They understand him not.

He sings no more. In deep dimay
His voiceless lute he casts away;
In agony he cries:
"Ye mighty bards, great and sublime,
Ye demigods of former time,
Whom nations idolize,

"To live in brilliant, glorious days—
Scenes to remember, hopes to raise
Was your most happy share;
To share the hero's laurel wreath
Or boldly o'er his tombstone breathe
Freedom's inspiring air;

POEMS OF LIFE, FANCY AND PHANTASY.

"The wheels of time which roll so fast
Into the dark mist of the past,
Are clogged with one sweet air;
The history of bygone days
Recorded in your mellow lays
Will live, to perish ne'er;

"All this was yours; upon a weak
Faint lute of grand, strong themes to speak—
This all was given to you.
The braves who were in battle slain
With gods to raise to one high plane,
Bring them to life anew;

"And yours it was, that o'er the grave
Of those who died, new life you gave
Unto a stronger race.
And, like the old bard Amphion,
Your songs brought life to tree and stone
And moved a populace.

"But I, alas! an epoch's days
Behold which constantly decays,
Is void of passions strong.
'Tis late to hope once more to see,
Bloom once again the fallen tree
Or cheer it with a song!"



APOTHEOSIS.

Maurus Jokai.

O'er Osman's land dread night doth brood;
All round is gloomy quietude;
The owl doth hoot, the bat doth cry—
"The land is sick, the land must die!"
Bloodthirsty beasts appear ahead
To claim the body, ere 'tis dead;
The vampire and the owl alight,
Over the nation's soul to fight.
Before the hour of midnight dies,
A ghastly crowd of ghosts will rise.
The diggers did their duty well,
The grave is dug, now sounds the knell.

"The time has come, I will not stay,
But straight will ravish, spoil and slay!"
The demon cries whose name is legion,
"Murder! nay, call it now religion!
O, O!" he cries, "destroy the nation,
Leave it no hope or consolation!
Say that it is my faith's command!
Burn cities over all the land!
Destroy the race, it is but wild,
Kill first the mother, then her child;
A mountain-heap of corpses shall
Proclaim thou hast destroyed them all!"
Ye gods, is this a war where woman's tear
And children's wailing are the nation's call
"To arms!" But, sorry sight! no one is near
To bring about the brutal foeman's fall.

Yet, from his dreams the sick at length awakes
And calls for aid. Who heeds his call? Alas,
Who knows with what emotion his breast shakes?
Who knows what pain and anguish o'er him pass?

Sympathy's only offerings are tears.
 An unkept promise doth a debt remain.
 The fever-stricken man each one still fears;
 Why not? Infection may bring deadly bane.

But see! An ally comes to help the land;
 Unconquerable are his strength, his might.
 Without his aid the nations cannot stand;
 Without his help it is in vain to fight!
 And countless is his army, like the stars;
 And never doth it fail to earn great fame;
 His aid alone decides the fate of wars,
 And "Victory" is his unfurled banner's name!

Kingdoms at his command are oft cast down,
 Or are secured to everlasting fame!
 He makes and unmakes nations, kings doth crown
 And Patriotism is his mighty name.
 Those whom he helps no other aid do need.
 God, who protection grants, is with him still.
 He feels no pain; the wounds are sweet that bleed,
 And resurrection meaneth death's worst ill.
 God's wonders are with him, and him before
 A fiery pillar goes, to plunge again
 In the red sea of Moses, as of yore.
 Pharaoh's great army, now of victory fain!

On the horizon morning nears
 And bright in splendor now appears.
 "Ye brutes and beasts, away, away!
 The night is gone; here comes a ray
 Of sun. Into your dens! Do not
 Forget the lesson you have got;
 There is a God above us all,
 Who is our trust and hope withal.
 This God is One where earth extends;
 From Karpath's hills to ocean's ends
 He reigns supreme. This God above—
 We know him all—is Patriot's Love!"

ON MY OWN BIRTHDAY.

Julius Sárosy.

When first my mother bore me on her breast,
Her bosom with a thousand hopes was filled,
As, thinking on the fruitage she had borne,
Her swelling heart with joyous pride was thrilled.
The fruit of painful sorrow thus was born,
But, ~~ah~~, what in the end came it to be?
Poor mother, if my sorrow she had known—
She would have rued that ever she bore me.

Frost-bound it was when first I saw the world,
Yet did it not congeal my infant breath,
Since my good mother's warmly sheltering love
Kept me from freezing unto silent death.
The tear that often trembleth in mine eye
Came into being when I came to be.
Poor mother, if my sorrow she had known—
She would have rued that ever she bore me.

No sunshine and no light at first I saw
Within the world when I had entered here;
If darker thing than darkness can exist,
A churchyard vault it surely will appear.
In such a place, my father lying dead,
My soul unconscious, yet my eyes did see.
Poor mother, if my sorrow she had known—
She would have rued that ever she bore me.

Soon had the heedless days of youth passed by.
With all their dreams forever unfulfilled.
These dreams developed into anxious cares
Within the man whose soul for action thrilled.
Then came the tempest, and it bore away
My burning soul like as a whirlwind free.
Poor mother, if my sorrow she had known—
She would have rued that ever she bore me.

Although my dungeon door was strait and low,
 Never with sadness did I step therein;
 Conscious at heart that even to be there
 Naught from my laurels could detract or win.
 A firm reliance on the future's store
 Engendered in my heart a rosemary.
 Poor mother, if my sorrow she had known—
 She would have rued that ever she bore me.
 My mother glorified, could'st thou behold
 How faith has made me a believer wise!
 My mother glorified, could'st thou but feel
 How in its dreams my soaring soul doth rise!
 Could'st thou but know how faithfully and well
 My duty as a man I filled on earth
 Thou would'st forget that it might bring thee pain,
 Though once again thou need'st to give me birth.

ADVICE,

Paul Gyulai.

If one thou lovest, or one who holds thee dear,
 Offends, and causes thee to shed a tear,
 Be kind; do not from him forever part.
 When thou hast eased thy heart with tears, just let
 All rancour die, and try to forget;
 Believe me, love's the best balm for the heart.
 Each other we, too oft, misunderstand,
 And those we love we often do offend,
 Although at heart we never meant it so.
 The wound we cause gives us the greatest pain;
 How gladly we would undo and explain,
 But in our pride we dare no weakness show.
 Be thou not proud; rather, be thou sincere;
 Thee will thy friend then all the more revere;
 Suspicion melts, ill feelings dissipate.
 Think! For at any time we may expire,
 And if we part with friends in wrathful ire,
 Beside the grave forgiveness comes too late!

THE UNBIDDEN GUEST.

Joseph Lévy.

"Who is knocking,
What is knocking?
It is a raven black."

—Arany.

The eve has come, my home grows dark and still
Who's knocking there upon my window sill?
No rain doth fall, the wind does not c'en stir,
And all is silent as a sepulchre.
Again a knock, mysterious grows the thing,
Who's there? What's there? My window open swing
When lo!—its like none ever heard—
There flies into my room a jet-black bird,
Pity, pity; croaking bird.

Black raven, then I say, you must get out,
Here, bird, get out; I chase him and I shout.
I don't succeed, the bird but flits around,
As if to mock emits a croaking sound.
And as I chase the bird, over my soul
An awful feeling comes I can't control.
I stop. The moment I the chase deterred
The bird stopped, too, and then amazed, I heard
"Pity, pity," said the bird.

"I beg of you, let me rest here awhile,
Poor raven I; do not me, too, exile,
Ah, do not be to me so merciless,
In misery we are comrade souls, I guess,
In the cold world without but hatred's mine,
The reason of this I cannot opine—
All turn me from their doors, disgusted by
My harsh voice and my mourning livery!
Pity, pity!" said the bird.

"Prosperity and friendship I knew not,
 Nor in the courts of rich, nor at the hut
 Of humble poor; where'er I'd settle down,
 Be it on farms, in forest, field or town,
 Hatred and woe and misery and care,
 Deceitful lying I found everywhere.
 And then, was I not right, that I preferred
 To seek a place where peace was, I inferred?
 Pity, pity!" wept the bird.

"Toward the homes of peasants poor I flew
 From straw-thatched, leaking roofs I took a view
 Around; and what I saw was woe within,
 And misery without; the deathly grin
 Of hunger in the face of man, the heart
 Without a hope, wounded by sorrow's dart.
 That was no place for me, the poor death-bird—
 I felt in going there I greatly erred.
 Pity, pity!" croaked the bird.

"I flew upon the tower of the church,
 The earth's woes did not reach my holy perch,
 A mighty crowd I saw to church to go
 To ease their hearts from sorrow, care and woe.
 Found they relief? Returning home was more
 Acute their woe than ever theretofore,
 Like the swift dart that flies I also stirred,
 To be away from there, I much preferred.
 Pity, pity!" quoth the bird.

"The forest dark and peaceful vale I sought,
 A brighter side of life I'll find, I thought.
 Alas, in vain! The gently flowing stream
 Is filled with human tears; and heroes dream
 Upon its shores in graves where buried lie
 The brave; the grass above them e'en doth sigh.
 Frightened I left the place where sepulchred
 The dead lay; ghastly were the moans I heard;
 Pity, pity!" cried the bird.

"And now I am thy guest. Ah, shall I see
That even thou 'to abject misery
Art sacrificed? With fear and with despair—
Thy throbbing heart of earthly joys all bare—
Thou look'st into the day. Each thought of thine
I read; I am unwelcome, I divine,
I dare not ask to have a boon conferred,
I haven't for thee e'en one consoling word.
Pity, pity!" said the bird.

The window still was open; and with a shrill
Scream he, like lightning flew into the still
Dark night, and I was left alone. When I
Looked out, I saw him rising to the sky,
As were he driven by earth's miseries
And tried to find in heaven eternal ease.
Up in the clouds a tiny spot but stirred,
Methinks, I still these croaking accents heard:
"Pity, pity!" from the bird.

GOOD FRIDAY.

Emil Ábrányi.

The darkest gloom hangs o'er the church,
The bells on high have ceased to ring;
But from the weeping organ 't seems
Super-terrestrial voices sing:
Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

The people come, quiet and mute,
Trembling with fear and filled with pain,
At the Redeemer's grave will they
Comfort or deep new sorrow gain?
Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

A lady, veiled, steps from her coach
 Into the church, already thronged;
 Sadder than all, and trembling more;
 Hath she more than the others wronged?
 Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

She kneels devoutly at the cross,
 While freely flow her burning tears;
 Her face is flushed with fever's heat;
 O, great must be the sin she fears!
 Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

And as she weeps and as she prays,
 With dying and with rising hopes,
 His eyes doth the Redeemer cast
 On her who here in darkness gropes.
 Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

He tells her now in whispers low,
 "Vain are thy tears and vain thy sigh,
 The crime that burdeneth thy soul
 Doth follow thee, e'en here on high!"
 Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

She rises quick and out she hastes
 Her proud and gilded coach to gain;
 A beggar woman, clad in rags,
 Kneels at the door and writhes in pain.
 Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

To beg for alms her bony hand
 She reaches out in manner shy;
 One glance the lady casts at her
 And, frightened, utters wild a cry:
 Stabat Mater Dolorosa!

AT THE END OF THE YEAR.

Alexander Petőfi.

Thou goest; thy course is run, old year!
Well, go! But stay, pass not alone;
Dark is the next world, so one might
Be led astray; my song shall light
The road, and thus thy way be known.

Again I grasp my good old lute,
Once more I touch its tuneful strings;
It has been mute, but I will try
To conjure its old melody,
If still it passionately sings.

If e'er thou sangest sweet, let now
The mellowest lay thy strings outpour;
A song as fair as ever came
From thee, and worthy of thy fame
Shall solemnize this parting hour.

Who looks, who knows? This may the last,
The last song be that I shall hear.
Laying aside the lute to-day,
Wake it again I never may;
To die may be my fate this year.

The army of the God of Wars
I joined, and now go forth to fight.
A next year I may never see;
But yet I hope my poetry
With blood dipped battle-blade to write.

Sing, I beseech of thee; O, sing
In accents silver-clear, my lyre!
Let mild or thunderous be thy voice,
Let it be sad, let it rejoice;
But sing with passion and with fire.

A tempest thou shalt be, which will
 O'er hill and vale with fury sweep;
 A zephyr be, which smilingly
 Lulls with its mellow lullaby
 The verdant meadows into sleep.

Or yet a mirror be, wherein
 My youth, my love, shall meet my eye,
 My youth which dies, but never wanes,
 My love which ever green remains,
 Eternal as the vault on high!

O sing, sweet lute, thy sweetest tunes,
 Give all the song that in thee is!
 The setting sun sheds with delight
 His rays from yonder flaming height
 And spends the remnant that is his.

And if thy swan song it may be,
 Peal it forth mighty and sublime;
 Not to be lost of men with ease,
 But let it over centuries
 Come echoing from the rocks of time.

AT THE HAMLET'S OUTSKIRTS.

Alexander Petőfi.

Outside the hamlet, on the sands
 Of Szamosh's banks, an inn there stands,
 Which in the stream were mirrored clear,
 Did eventide not draw so near.

The night draws nigh, the daylight wanes,
 'And quiet o'er the landscape reigns;
 The swinging bridge is safely bound,
 And darkness girds it all around.

But, in the tavern, hark the noise,
The laugh and shout of village boys.
The sound of cymbals cleaves the air;
The gypsy-player tarries there.

"Come, pretty hostess, darling mine,
Pray give us some of your best wine;
Let it possess my grandsire's years
With fervor such as is my dear's.

"Strike, gypsy boy, strike up! I swear
I want to dance a livelier air—
My money all to you I roll;
To-night I'll dance away my soul."

But some one knocks. "My master says
Too great the noise is that you raise;
Unless in bounds your mirth you keep,
He swears he cannot go to sleep!"

"Bad luck to you!—your master tell
That both of you can go to hell!
Play, gypsy boy, for spite now play,
Even if my shirt the piper pay."

Again a knock comes. "For God's sake,
Pray do not such a turmoil make!
I beg of you now to be still,
My mother lies near very ill."

The boys in silence homeward stray.
Mute has become the gypsy's play,
None answer her. The noise has ceased,
Their passion quickly is appeased.

THE MAGYAR NOBLE.

Alexander Petőfi.

The sword which once my fathers bore,
Hangs on the wall and gleams no more,
Rust covers it instead of gore.

I am a Magyar noble.

I never work and never will,
The thought of labor makes me ill;
Peasant, 'tis thou the earth must till.

I am a Magyar noble.

Peasant, make good the road, I say,
Thy horse doth draw the load that way,
But go afoot I never may.

I am a Magyar noble.

Wherefore should I for science care?
The sages always paupers were.
I never read or write — I swear! —

I am a Magyar noble.

One talent I possess complete,
Wherein none can with me compete:
That I right well can drink and eat.

I am a Magyar noble.

I never pay my tax when due;
Wealth have I, but not much, 'tis true.
What do I owe? Go ask the Jew.

I am a Magyar noble.

The country's cares are naught to me;
I heed not all its misery.
Soon they will pass by fate's decree.

I am a Magyar noble.

My ancient rights and home decay,
And when I've smoked my life away,
Angels shall bear me up some day.

I am a Magyar noble.

THE SLAV STUDENT'S SONG.

Michael Vörösmarty.

When I am full of care,
Because I'm penniless
And shabby is my dress,
My boots show wear and tear;
I only thee adore,
And nothing ails me more,
Thou mighty world,
And glorious world!

How splendid are thy fields,
The mountain and the vale!
What wealth does here prevail!
Rich grain and wine it yields.
These riches great and fine
Are verily not mine,
Thou splendid world,
And wealthy world!

I may go east or west,
Why shall I not? My way
Leads me to cities gay
Where I can make my rest;
Although to God 'tis known
I never raised a stone,
Thou beauteous world,
Magnificent world!

If angry floods arise,
Cyclones and fires prevail
And men their loss bewail,
All danger I despise;

The heaven's dome will not fall,
 Safe is the earthly ball;
 Thou strong world,
 Thou secure world!

Oft hungry, thirsty I—
 Well, others to be sure,
 Live like an epicure.
 This makes me to defy
 All pain. I, too, I say,
 Will have enough some day;
 Thou good world,
 And happy world!

The radiant sun shines bright
 All year around for me,
 Can't I the fair moon see
 When sleepless I at night?
 And when they brightly shine
 Methinks they are both mine,
 Thou golden world,
 Thou silver world!

When weary I of all,
 I know well what to do;
 I turn a patriot true!
 I heed my country's call;
 In speech and in debate
 I make Magyarland great!
 Thou glorious world,
 Thou Magyar world!

And when at last I've won
 Great fame and great renown,
 Am honored by the crown,
 With marvel looked upon;
 None will then think, I vow,
 "'Tis he who's hungry now!"
 Thou beauteous world,
 And glorious world!

THE IMPRISONED LION.

Alexander Petőfi.

The boundless desert is his home no more,
Within an iron cage he now must roar.

He, so debased, the desert's royal king,
To stand thus fettered by an iron ring!

To trifle with his sorrow let us cease;
'Tis desecration to disturb his peace.

If of his liberty he is bereft,
Its memory still be to his heart's ease left.

If to the tree his near approach be stayed,
Let him at least enjoy a little shade.

See in his mien what majesty is found,
And with what grandeur do his looks abound!

Although from him his liberty they took,
They could not take his proud, heroic look.

Even as the pyramid he seemeth grand,
Which towered above him in his own loved land.

His memory fondly leads him back again;
Once more is he upon him in his native plain,

That vast expanse of wilderness where o'er
The wild simoom hath raced with him of yore.

O glorious land! O happy days and sweet!
But hush! He hears the prison-keeper's feet.

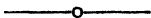
And lo! the world of fantasy hath fled
When cruel keeper smites him on the head.

A stick—and such a boy commands him now!
O heavenly powers! to this he has to bow.

Hath he become so pitiful and poor,
This deepest degradation to endure?

Behold the stupid herd, the gaping crowd
At his humiliation laugh aloud.

How dare they breathe! For should he break his
No soul of them from hell-fire would remain!



IF BORN A MAN, THEN BE A MAN.

Alexander Petöfi.

If born a man, then be a man
And not a wretched grub
That pusillanimously bears
Fate's every knock and rub!
Fate is a cur that only barks,
But fears a manly blow;
A man must ever ready be
To bravely meet his foe!

If born a man, then be a man,
And boast not of the fact;
More clear tongued than Demosthenes
Are valiant thought and act.
Build up, destroy, but silent be
When finished; spare display
Just as the storm that does its work
Subsides and dies away.

If born a man, then be a man,
Hold honor, faith, thy own;
Express them even if thy blood
Should for thy creed atone.
Forfeit thy life an hundred times
Ere thou thy word dost break;
Let all be lost, 'tis not too much
To pay for honor's sake.

If born a man, then be a man,
And bargain not away
Thy independence e'en for all
The great world's rich array.
Despise the knave who sells himself,
The man who has his price!
"A beggar's staff and liberty"
Be ever thy device!

If born a man, then be a man,
Strong, brave and true as steel!
Then trust that neither man nor fate
Can crush thee 'neath their heel.
An oak be, which the hurricane
May shake and break and rend;
But ne'er possess the power its frame
Or giant force to bend!

PALE WOMAN.

Coloman Toth.

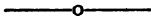
How pale and sallow you have grown.
From rosy faced, hale, hearty maid!
Your smiles have changed into a sigh,
You seem to be a spectral shade.
You changed, but in your beauteous eyes
Still heaven's glories seem to dwell,
Tough even in them I perceive
To burn fell agonies of hell.

Your husband is so kind, so good,
 He is the rock, a flower you,
 You're in the vale and he prevents
 That stormy winds shall mischief do.
 But lo! he keeps off zephyrs mild,
 And warming sunrays from above. — — —
 The woman's heart longs not for rest,
 The woman's heart craveth for love.

Mute and alone you spend your days
 In quiet rooms, in calm repose,
 At most you hear the beatings loud
 Of your heart tortured by its woes.
 Once in a while there comes to you
 My voice, — you tremble like a leaf, — — —
 I loved you once, now pity you,
 Poor woman, gives you this relief?

You can now count the moments slow
 Of your dull days with sorrows weighed,
 Each of those moments is a sigh
 And far off is to morrow's aid!
 Is it your death which you await?
 Hope to be freed 's a likelihood?
 What? Being freed? But wherefore, why?
 Is not your husband kind and good?

An awful curse rests on your head.
 A curse yourself had brought on you.
 Yourself has made you what you are,
 Your vain heart now receives its due.
 I too became unfortunate,
 But I at least, can loud complain,
 While you in secret bear your cross,
 False maid, your womanhood lies slain.



MY WIFE IS DEAD.

Alexander Petöfi.

My wife I loved is dead,
Satis tarde quidem,
All my hopes have fled,
Debuisset pridem.
As housewife she was fine
Cuncta dissipavit,
She hated beer and wine
But semper potavit.
I wish she would return,
Quod Deus avertat.
I'd fast, my meals I'd spurn,
Ut ibi maneat.
I'd hold her in esteem,
Crinium tractibus,
To kiss her, my one dream
Per dorsum fustibus.
Oh! thou most cruel death.
Cur sero venisti?
Where's my Elizabeth!
Quam bene fecisti!
To church I wend my way,
Adibo popinam!
And for her soul I'll pray,
Moerorem deponam!
What am I now to do?
Ducam pulchriorem,
I'll say to the world adieu,
Quaeram meliorem!

VANITATUM VANITAS.

Francis Kölcsey.

Here is the writ to ponder o'er,
 With ripened and with sober brain!
 You find therein the sagest lore.
 Of Solomon: "Ay, all is vain!"
 All wretched, miserable all
 Who live upon this earthly ball,
 The seasons and the dew, snow, rain:
 In life, on earth, all, all is vain.

A tiny ant's-nest is the earth,
 A vision brought forth in a trice.
 And thunder, — lightning, — have the worth
 Of some will o'the wisp device.
 Time and history that fly:
 Are but vibrations of a sigh;
 And all the splendors rich and rare
 Are bubbles bursting in the air.

Great Alexander's famed career:
 Is rabbit hunt, — cross — country run.
 Attila's wildest hordes are mere
 Hurts by the rats and wasp-stings done.
 Matthias's victories sublime.
 Napoleon's conquest and crime.
 The great battle at Waterloo:
 Are fights one can in barnyard view.

And virtue, honor, — all the rest, —
 Are vapors rising from the mud:
 The sentiments in noblest breast,
 But signs of overheated blood.
 The cause for which Socrates died,
 What Zrinyi's death so glorified;
 The heroes all in battle slain:
 In life, in death, all, all is vain.

What have you, thinkers great, achieved?
What 's great and good brought you about?
Naught what Artistotle believed,
Or Plato taught, cleared up a doubt.
Philosophy is ignorance,
A card house built up in a trance,
To system set with great pretense
Still hollow nonsense is science.

The thund'rings of Demosthenes
Are scoldings of the billingsgate,
And Xenophon's persuasive pleas,
Midst spinning wheels to be told, wait.
Old Pindar's flight divine is but
In feverish fancy uttered rut.
And what of Phidias is known:
He wasted time in hewing stone.

What is of life the forceful fire?
A dying ember's spark the thing.
The tempest of our keen desire?
Wind, raised by butterfly's soft wing.
Beginning, — ending, alternate.
Life's only guides compassionate —
Are faith and hope and even they
Are beauteous rainbow's luring ray.

Our bliss is like the moonbeam bright,
And driven smoke like is our fate;
Our world is but a candlelight:
One breath! — and our lives terminate.
Fame, name and immortality
You 're yearning for! fatality!
They are the scent of flowers fair,
The flowers die, — — — and void the air.

Then care naught for this world, believe
Most happy who abhoreth life.
Faith, virtue, fame and greatness leave,
Naught here below is worth the strife.

Be like a huge and mighty rock,
A calm and heartless stony block;
Be sad or rise your spirits high:
To good or evil close your eye.

For let me tell you: let this world
Be bright to you or void of hope,
In starry height your flag unfurled
Or may you in foul darkness grope:
Let fickle fortune come to you
In any shape, in any hue,
On good or bad look with disdain
Tis all the same, for all is vain!

A DREAMY SONG.

Ladislaus Inczédy.

Why could not, by the grace of providence,
In the medieval age live, thou and I?
A proud Miss of the castle thou could'st be.
A careless, dreamy wand'ring minstrel I.

Thy father be a haughty, growling count,
Of forest and of old fort he the lord,
While I would be but poor, have nothing else
Save my guitar and my dear, good, old sword.

Of course it is needless to say, that I
Would love thee best, with passion keen and strong,
Of thee alone I'd sing, to thee alone
I'd send, each day, a love inspired song.

Though far apart, we would kisses exchange,
To mild breezes entrust our loving sighs;
I do not know our sorrow or our bliss
Be greatest, in our fancy's paradise.

When lo! "To arms!" resounds throughout the land.
Unsheathed all the swords, all sharp and bright!
I too must go! Good bye, my love, good bye!
For king and fatherland I go to fight!

I'd fight, as it behooves a hero brave,
Who dangers knoweth not, braves fate's decree
Until a fateful lance shall pierce my breast,
Wherein a loving heart but beats for thee!

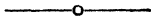
There would I die upon the battlefield,
Thy sweet name whisper with my latest breath.
I know, beloved angel mine, thou would'st
Sincerely mourn for me after my death.

Thy mourning gown would dark be as the night
And freely flow for me thy burning tears.
As in the autumn fades away the rose,
Thus failest, palest thou in coming years.

And then, at some bright, moonlit night, at twelve,
I'd break my prison tomb and fly away;
And underneath thy window I would sing, —
Just as in days of yore, — a doleful lay.

"Oh! drooping flower of my faithful love.
Life has but woes, is cheerless, full of gloom,
If mine on earth thou could'st not have become,
Be henceforth mine! Come with me to my tomb!"

And thou wouldst rise and follow at my call
Where darkness of the night blinds the eye!
A proud Miss of the Castle why not art,
Why not a dreamy, wand'ring Minstrel I?



A BROKEN TOY.

 Julius Vértesy.

Nigh to crib a woman stands,
 How sad, how pale the poor, dear soul.
 A broken toy-horse in her hands, —
 Hot, burning tears from her eyes roll.
 My heart is moved, — unconsciously
 My mind to my good mother's drawn.
 — Why could not death, too, come to me
 In my own childhood's early dawn?
 With brutal hands I would have not
 Her fondest hopes wrecked and she might
 Have o'er an angel on his cot
 Have wept when my soul took his flight.
 And disillusion, cruel, mean,
 Poor mother's life then not destroy. — — —
 My memory would have kept green
 One or the other broken toy.

A FLEETING SONG.

 Ladislaus Buday.

A fleeting song is a little thing,
 Forgotten soon, dissolved in air;
 None know for whom the song you sing,
 To understand it e'en none care,
 A fleeting song is a little thing.
 A fleeting song's a thing most grave.
 Begotten by a hallowed pain,
 For which, part of your heart you gave.
 And leaves it wounded, bleeding, slain!
 A fleeting song's a thing most grave.

A B O O.

Anthony Rado.

Aboo, the saint, — an ancient legend says, —
When in the sandy desert roamed, always
“Allah il Allah” sang, though none were near
His pious song, which never ceased, to hear.

A man once mockingly of him would ask:
Art not a fool for this thy head-strong task,
The Sahara to cross all year around
And sing, while none can hear thy sing-song’s sound.

’Tis true, Aboo replied, that on my way
I rarely meet one list’ning to my lay,
But who can tell, far, far away, might not
I still be heard by one, who weary, hot,

Exhausted, lost on way, nigh to despair
Lies in the burning sand, beneath the glare
Of boiling sun? Who knows, might not the song, —
— A human voice he had not heard so long, —

When reaching him, inspire him all anew?
With hope and faith him then and there imbue,
Build up his strength, his sinews steel, impart
New forces to his almost sunken heart?

Courageously again he onward goes,
To the oasis comes where palm-tree grows,
Where in a faithful Arab’s friendly tent,
Forgets the misery he underwent.

If each three years I save one single soul
With songs, which from my lips constantly roll:
Then glory be to Allah’s holy name,
The song is richly paid fulfilled its aim.

Thou, poet, who had grown disconsolate,
 Because thy songs responsive chords await
 In vain, and fearing thou can'st none inspire:
 Do not, despairingly, discard the lyre.

Who knows if somewhere there may not be one
 Who when he hears thy carol's tuneful run,
 Feels not his heart, — of sorrow full and woe, —
 With love and hope divine to overflow?

And if of thousand songs e'en one alone
 Brings balm to one such heart and lifts its stone,
 Then do not think thy thousand songs are lost.
 That one, for all the thousand paid the cost.

ROYAL WEDDING.

Emil Ábrányi.

The bells ring out. The joyous chimes
 Proclaim: to day the king doth wed.
 Old, hoary earth, that royal feet
 Tread not thy soil, fine rugs are spread.
 In jeweled coach of state, with lords
 And dames in train, the bridal pair
 Like earthly Gods pass. Sight sublime!
 The splendor which the mobs' eyes met,
 Makes them their own rags to forget.

How beautiful the bride! The gems
 And jewels how rich, — a perfect queen!
 Deserves more than the throne, — indeed,
 That truly happy she be seen!
 What's worth the bargained love of thrones?

'T is wormwood in a golden bowl
Paid for so dear! The sacred bliss,
When heart to heart and soul to soul
True loves to each other reveal,
The royal bridal pair can't feel.

Press forward! Push! No circus has
Such grandly gorgeous, brilliant show. — —
I, though, must leave. Out in the field,
Across the wood, I gladly go.
For each sweet flower I have a smile
I greet the birds, and from the spring
With hollowed hands I quench my thirst,
All, all I see does pleasure bring,
And then I reach the blessed spot,
My own dear sweetheart's modest hut.

I, too, had seen a bridal pair. — — —
To lonely church, across the field
The path, the mirthful bride a wreath
Of flowers bore, each one a yield
Of her own garden fair; her gown
A rag, the tresses of her hair
Display no gem; her breast, her neck
Of jeweled ornaments all bare;
But in her beauteous eyes of blue
Of purest pearly drops a few.

No showy retinue in train,
Two white-winged doves flew overhead,
No costly rugs but God-made soft,
Green, mossy grass on which they tread.
Upon their path sweet roses smile.
Like incense sweet their scent ascends,
A laughing sky, it even seems
To them its loving greeting sends.
While every lark upon their way
Their nuptials greets with gladsome lay.

A country priest their union blessed,
 With brave, true hearts their vows they made.
 Returning, each other embrace, —
 From fairy tale the prince, the maid
 They felt, — beyond all earthly care.
 Their couch is but of humble straw,
 But as their lips in burning kiss
 Had met, the open heaven they saw!
 Poor king, poor queen, they never were
 As happy as this beggar pair.

THE WOMAN, COLD.

Andrew Kozma.

She may be beautiful beyond compare,
 The woman cold exerts no spell, and she
 Deserveth not that you give her your care,
 Your shoulders shrug, pass on, and let her be.

Has she no dreams, and grasps she not the song,
 Amidst small children 's not in paradise:
 To spend a heart on her's a sinful wrong.
 A fool alone strews flowers o'er the ice.

If her divine forehead does not betray
 That she with high ideals is inspired,
 She's but a gem, a jewelers fine display,
 She has her price, — by husband bought — or hired.

She can not love and meaningless her kiss,
 Her arms' embrace is like a weighty chain;
 She brings to you no thought of heavenly bliss,
 Her very loyalty is not a gain.

If éer so beautiful, no loving sigh
Shall rise for her who knoweth no amour;
No lyre shall sing, and may to her deny
His songs, all glorious, the troubadour.

Let rather he, when meeting on the way
A girl who fell, because she loved, his voice
Attune to one melodious sweet lay,
That in the song that poor maid might rejoice.

MY OWN STATUE.

Eugene Heltai.

When I shall have become a man of fame
And somewhere they erect my monument,
Freed of the ills of my weak earthly frame.
That statue, virtue's triumph shall have meant:

The stones brought from each corner of the land.
And built by contributions of the mass,
The guards and nursemaids' fore it o'erawed stand,
While wanton boys climb o'er my from of brass.

And when some eve the moon ray's silver light
Falls o'er the shady tree tops on the road
Where my own statue stands erect, I might
Be witnessing a charming episode,

Between a loving pair who near me pass:
A lad a lassie holds in sweet embrace — — —
I then forget, that I am made of brass,
Discreetly smile and turn away my face.

THE TRAGEDY OF A POET.

Edward Pap.

Yes, once upon a time, a poet lived somewhere,
 His lute, to tell the truth, was but a mean affair,
 None listened to his jingle, albeit he persevered,
 And when, at last, was heard, the people jibed and
 jeered.
 He did not care, but jingled and tinkled day and
 night,
 His fondest hopes, his passions soared high in
 fancy's flight.
 Ambitiously he aimed bright glory's paths to gain,
 But woe to thee poor minstrel for 'tis all in vain!
 And when, at last, he found his songs always to fail,
 Upon his bloodless lips arose this bitter wail:
 Fell, cruel fairy fay, deceitful Muse, oh say,
 Shall thy immortal wreath my brow not crown some
 day?
 Why did'st into my heart the flame of longings
 plant,
 But fail'st to give me wings, I want to fly — but
 can't,
 To lights and heights I aim, back to the earth am
 thrust
 I sob into the night, I writhe here in the dust.
 From somewhere in the shade, no, somewhere in the
 night,
 No, no, not e'en the night, but from the starry height
 Stepped forth 'fore him, his eyes to trust he did not
 dare,
 A gloriously radiant nut brown maiden fair,
 An artless, virgin child, a graceful, coy, sweet dove,
 With lustrous eyes full of sweet sympathy and love.
 With graceful sweep she boweth low to the poor lad,
 And then this gentle speech his trembling heart
 made glad.

Deceitful glory thou hast vainly chased, it fled,
The flames consumed thy heart, its best blood thou
hast shed;

Thy wounds of heart and soul to heal be my care now
Instead thy muse, 'tis I who'll kiss thy heated brow,
Suffice, — instead of wreath, — the blossoms of my
heart?

Of ringing fame, my whispers low that mine thou
art?

Great minstrel's fame, — what do we care, — 'tis
but a whim,

Our lives united make to be a glorious hymn.

A splendid song, a magic dream, blissful, serene.

A more inspiring one the world shall ne'er have seen.
Bright as the morning dawn, sweet as the scent of
thyme.

Full dulcet harmony and ripple of laughing rhyme.

The rhythm of it to be the throbbings of our hearts,

And its refrain the kiss which lip to lip imparts,

Let us this song of love exultingly prolong,

Come thou, forsaken bard, and let us live this song.

The poor poet then fell upon the maiden's breast.

His longings for great fame and glory were at rest.

One only aim had he, shone brightly 'fore his eyes:

To love, to be beloved! His heart's most precious
prize

To make thenceforth their lives a mightingale's
sweet lay,

A beauteous hymn of love, a love that lives for aye!

Then tears of joy walled from his eyes, — all happy
he!

This was the lonely bard's delightful tragedy!



D E S I R E.

Michael Vörösmarthy.

Why hesitate, little girl of mine
 To fall upon my breast?
 Thy burning love, with love's tribute, —
 A loving kiss, — attest?
 Why, foolish maid, wilt thou be obstinate,
 Thy charms to hide, and hide thy heart's true state?

O, let me glance into thine eyes,
 Thy rosy, sunlit face;
 Inebriate with love's delight
 Hold thee in warm embrace.
 O, let me have a taste of Eden's bliss,
 Thy ruby lips divine, to freely kiss.

Don't fear what distant time may bring,
 The morrow must not heed;
 To wait for bliss of coming years
 Our life's short indeed!
 The hours roll swiftly on, the day that's gone
 Is gone for aye! and nevermore will dawn!
 The rose, when once it fades and fading dies, —
 Not e'en the bee to it for honey flies.

MAGYAR POEMS.

A QUIET SONG.

John Arany.

Oh Dear! Never mind it
Sweet, beloved friend!
Fear me! ev'ry men lives
Just until his end!
Yesterday, to day, to morrow
We always had, we'll have our due!
Darling wife, why trouble borrow?
Somehow, we'll pull through!

Trouble, our water even
Has been running short,
Let no heart's grief come from
Anything that sort!
We had misery and sorrow
Sickness, cold, and hunger too, — —
Darling wife, why trouble borrow?
Somehow we'll pull through.

Oh Dear! Never mind it,
Sweet, beloved friend
Fear me, all men suffer
Just until their end.
Look! the moon e'en changes; waning,
Growing old and growing new, — —
Darling wife, why then complaining
Somehow, we'll pull through.

A CHILD'S DREAMS.

Alexander Vachott.

What hast been dreaming darling, tell me dear?
 Thou wak'st this moon with smiles soq sweet,
 Hast seen in pasture green the browsing deer?
 Did playful lambs and yews you meet?

Oh, mother dear, in heaven I have been,
 Bright angels took me up, o there
 The rose is fairer than I 've ever seen,
 The stream more pure, more sweet the air.

Then I came back, O mother dear, to thee,
 An angel brought me on its wing.
 All o'er the field wert thou looking for me,
 And joyously to thee I spring.

Oh, let me sleep, yes, just a little more,
 It is indeed too soon to rise.
 The angels may, just as they did before,
 Take me into the beauteous skies!

What hast been dreaming, tell me, darling pet,
 Thou'rt waking now with tear filled eyes?
 No angels in thy dream hast this time met
 To take thee into paradise?

Oh yes, again in heaven I have been
 Bright angels took me up, O, there
 The rose is fairer than I 've ever seen,
 The stream more pure, more sweet the air.

But when I longed, thee, mother dear, to see,
 To come back as I did before
 The angels said: No, no! it can not be!
 I sobbed,— and then awoke heartsore!

M Y O A T H.

Coloman Tóth.

Not 'fore an altar made of stone,
At which self interest, deceit and lie
Have sworn oft in dulcet tone:
Not there I my confession sanctify.

I swear here in the large, free air
Where ev'ry tiny blade — o'grass doth feel:
That all my heart-throbs, thought and care
Shall be forever thine, for woe or weal!

I swear it by the rose, which here
Like thou, all wrapped in blushing smiles, doth grow:
That henceforth and fore'er, my dear,
No other bliss, than thy sweet smile, I'll know.

I swear it by this brook, which o'er
This pasture runs in graceful lines, that I
Just thus entwine for evermore
Thy life with loving care, until I die!

I swear it by this shadow bow'r
Made by the foliage of the twig of trees,
That all through life, with all my pow'r
To guard over thy life I'll never cease.

I swear it by the birds who sing
One only song, the self-same song alway:
My songs too shall have but one ring:
"I love but thee!" shall be my only lay.

I swear it by great Heaven above
By the eternal rays of sun I swear:
That true and faithful be my love,
That thou art mine and I am thine fore'er!

A LAST SIGH.

Paul Bozzai.

It's not the years that make the time
Man groweth old in summer's glow:
The heart still warm, the soul on fire,
He ages with the winds that blow.

Why count the slowly ebbing hours,
And why the seconds running fast?
Thy heart's each throb is but a chasm
Between the present and the past.

And from this chasm, thou canst behold
Thy gloomy fate at thee to stare. — — —
The dawn and sunset of thy life, —
Whilst at thy songs, — are gone fore'er!

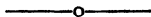
POETICAL IS...

Paul Dömötör.

Poetical is what to mind and heart is fair:
The flow'ry hill, the starlit sky, the balmy air;
The sunray's glowing warmth, the eyes' betraying
love;
The prattling babyhood, the lamb-like clouds above.

Poetical is what to mind and heart is fair:
 Enchanting harmony, sweet speech, a tuneful air,
 The lover's kiss, the songbird's voice, the babbling
 creek,
 The rosy lip of childhood which begins to speak.

Poetical is what to mind and heart is fair:
 To love, honor, esteem the friend, his faults forbear,
 To share his joys and woes; to freely give your
 mite,
 And when your own sweet baby whispers you:
 "good night!"



T H E E N D .

Emil Makai.

I cry my very soul into this lay
 As one who sobs o'er dreams lost in his sleep.
 Of saddest memories my mind the prey,
 And I could weep as do the children weep.
 She, for whom I had lived my life's each day,
 Removes herself from me, away, astray!
 The pure, the saint, whom in my heart I bore:
 My first love shall return to me no more.

I always feared, it might not be the truth.
 Thy tresses' silk, upon thy face the rose,
 The fiery glances of thy eye, forsooth,
 The cruel wakening will bring me woes.
 I treasured glances from thy beauteous eye
 Like stolen gems, the owner might espy.
 Behind me always lurked an awful shade:
 Our love's but fancy's dream, I was afraid.

And yet, — and yet, now that the hour is here,
 My heart is sore as I must say good bye. —
 My eyes are filled with burning, bitter tear
 I stifled feel, to suffocation nigh.
 The dream of dreams dissolveth in the air,
 Our hands meet as if we but strangers were;
 To claim, — to hope, — I nevermore shall dare,
 And parted are our days fore'er and e'er!

Thy life's the light, the pomp and all that's blessed,
 My own's, the daily cares which never cease;
 Thy life's bark long since reached a port of rest,
 My heart weaves still of thee its reveries.
 Poor heart! though wounded, hundred times subdued
 And smitten in the everlasting feud:
 None can this treasure ever take from you,
 Dream heart of mine, your dreams of golden hue!

I AM HAPPY.

Nicklas Szemere.

I am so happy here below,
 Have no desire to reach the height;
 The clouds, the mountain's peak of snow,
 The eagles might thereon alight.
 The greensward home of nightingale,
 The brooklet running through the vale,
 Are what my soul with pleasure fill,
 The eagle follow he who will.

I too, at one time, tried to gain
 The icy summit, and I found
 The alpine rose, which tried in vain
 To live upon the snow-clad ground.

I saw but cliff, abyss and rock,
No trees to which the birds could flock;
Beneath which one could longing lie,
While 'round him flits the butterfly.

Fly not, my soul, beyond the vale,
Rise not to higher loftiness,
Than where the violets exhale
Their sweet perfume which all men bless,
Than where the honeyladen bee
Is heard to hum, and where you see
The brooklet's course. No, do not fly
Past where you hear the maiden's sigh.

MY VERSES

Zoltan Balogh.

My verses do not claim
To be a mighty wood,
Which fiercest orkan's force
Confronted and withstood.

My verses do not claim
To be the stormswept deep,
Which life and death will spread
To ships, that o'er it sweep.

My rhythmic rhyme is but
A chaste "forget-me-not;"
To live, thou must to it
A kiss or tear allot.

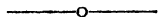
T O H O P E.

Otto Herepei.

To hope! What means it, do you know?
To kiss the hand that struck the blow,
Conceal your cares, woes, sorrows all,
Await till down the fetters fall;
To long, to pine, in darkness grope,
That is to hope, in vain to hope.

To see the sky o'ercast with cloud;
By woes, that burden life, be cowed;
To lie a smile despite our tears,
To bless him who but coldly sneers
At all your aims, your best work's scope:
That is to hope, in vain to hope.

If one the sea to sweep back tried,
An untamed lion had tried to ride,
Consol'st thou him with star on high,
Or giv'st thou him a twig that's nigh?
The star, the twig! with these to cope!
This is to hope, in vain to hope.



REVERY.

Aladár Benedek.

To live here, ah! and then forsaken die, —
Sad, mute, alone, — What mass of horrors hie
Beneath this thought. Our soul doth quake with fear.
Within our brains dark shadows domineer.
And yet, how many with such sad thoughts cope,
How many die, or live without a hope!
... Shall we, who of bliss knew naught here below,
... In the hereafter life some rapture know?

How many love whose true love's purest flame
Is thought to be a false and selfish aim. — — —
How many love and pine through weary days,
And no one: "come, I understand you!" says.
How many roam about on searching bent,
To find none worthy of pure sentiment.
Shall we, who of bliss knew naught here below,
In the hereafter life some rapture know?

To love with purest heart the maid, the friend,
The home and nature's beauties comprehend,
To trod where million traitors walk and where
The hearts and heads of all ideals bare;
Health to regain expect where foul the air,
To fear then that the truth is but a snare...
Shall we, who of bliss knew naught here below,
In the hereafter life some rapture know?

Unkind is life, stepmotherly the world,
Who comes, into a robbers-nest is hurled;
The wealth which is his own becomes a curse,
And is he poor, he seeks to share the purse...
And life is sad, no place 'neath heaven's dome,
On which a pure, true heart can build a home.
Shall we, who of bliss knew naught here below,
In the hereafter life some rapture know?

WHEN I AM DEAD...

Joseph Lévy.

When I am dead I'd be a breath of air
That swayeth o'er the moonlit plain;
Men's painful sighs of sorrow and of care
Which e'en the tomb could not enchain.

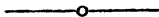
I'd fly and fly on quiet summers' eve
O'er stony fields, o'er cross and grave; — —
Fly o'er the tombs which yon I can perceive,
Beneath which sleep our heroes brave.

I'd fly, I'd fly, to homeless wanderers fly
Who on the ocean sail away;
And from their lips I'd steal their sorrow's sigh,
To loved ones, left behind, convey!

I'd fly into a village home, enticed
By maiden's kiss, by sweetheart's tears.
I too on altar's love have sacrificed,
My soul still shows its awful sears.

I'd fly, I'd fly, — all quiet, — I some day
Would seek the court-yard I know best.
Would gently with a window-pane then play, ...
Within had been my ancient nest.

I'd fly, I'd fly, myself I know not where!
Peace, Rest! will they be mine again?
Men's painful sighs of sorrow and of care
Which e'en the tomb could not enchain———



SMILING.**Emil Abrányi.**

She always smiled, though melancholy all the while,
And joy and tears were softly blending in her smile.

I knew it well how heartrending her woe had been,
A smile more charming though, I never yet had seen.

What ails you? I would ask,—most earnestly implore;
But she remaineth mute and smiles just as before.

She 'd cast a glance at me, her eyes suffused with tear,
And smilingly she 'd say: "No, no", naught ails me,
[dear."

Errant angel like she through this sad world would
And I could see her, smiling glance at heaven's dome,
[roam,

It seemed to me that she, with gently smiling eye,
Sent greetings of her love to friends up in the high.

When last I saw her, 'round her bier men wept heart-
She only seemed to smile, was mute for evermore!
[sore,

A GOOD OLD SONG.**Charles Szomory.**

A good old song, a famous song rings in my ear,
A hoary, far-famed gipsy played it all the year;
The boys, the maidens used to sing it all the day,
And I never can forget that tuneful lay.

That good old song, that famous song is no more
 The hoary gipsy long ago has been interred. [heard,
 No one plays it, no one sings it, new songs came.
 All the world has changed,—this world is not the [same.

THE MUSE.

Anthony Radó.

"I am the boundless ardor, lust untamed,
 I am voluptuous extasy aflamed,
 Take up thy lute, thy best song let me know!"
 "No!"

"I am the wasted life, I am despair;
 I've risen from the grave's polluted air,
 Sing: all on earth is foul and all is woe!"
 "Go!"

"I am the quiet, patriarchal peace,
 The haven of pure hearts, where sorrows cease.
 A loving heart, to you dear muse I bring!"
 "I sing!"

TO MY BELOVED ONES.

John Földváy.

Do not worry because I
 Sad and troubled am and sigh,
 Heavy weigh life's cares and woes:
 This my clouded forehead shows.

If perchance you see me weep,
 You may still your good cheer keep.
 Tried into the sun to gaze,
 Tears the price my weak eye pays.

When in time I shall be dead,
Let for me no tears be shed,
Blissful I, in death's long sleep,
Have no cares, will no more weep.

THE TEARS.

Emil Makai.

The burning tears that freely flow
Cause no such grief we can't control;
The very tears we shed, we know,
But purify the anguished soul.

But painful is the hidden tear,
Which burns the eye and chokes the throat;
But which,—an inner voice we hear,—
We must not shed, and none must note.

PARTING.

Andrew Tóth.

Not the flower it hurts
When from the twig it falls,
The spray which it deserts
Is which for pity calls.
The flowers still with zephyrs play,
God bless thee youthful, pretty May.

'Tis not the brook that dies
When once its banks it leaves.
It is the shore that sighs
And which heartbroken grieves.
The brook finds rose-trees on its way,
God bless thee youthful, pretty May.

'Tis not the birds that weep
When bird-brood leaves the nest,
The nest alone feels deep
To shield no mother's breast.
The bird on wing is ever gay!
God bless thee youthful, pretty May.

No ray is lost that pales,
When in the west the sun,
It is our light that fails
When our day's work is done.
New worlds are lit up by that ray:
God bless thee youthful, pretty May.

My flow'r dropped from its spray,
My brook has found its way;
My bird is flown away,
And gone my sun's bright ray.
Keep still poor heart! I only say:
God bless thee youthful, pretty May!

FAREWELL.

John Vayda.

The hour has come, the clock has struck,
The anchor's raised, and on the dock
All ready are! Farewell! Good-bye.

My last kiss! Oh! I never knew
How deep it was, my love for you,
I feel it now in tear, in sigh.

Your lips so eloquent, though mute,
Are sweeter than most luscious fruit,
They are so sweet, — — but still give pain.

I go away, yet well I know:
My thoughts come back where'er I go,
Like a melodious refrain.

MAGYAR POEMS.

Upon the steamer 's my light load,
My heart is weighty cares' abode;
And o'er the heaven dark clouds roll.

This is the last call of the bell;
Like judgement-day's great call it fell
Upon my poor, woestricken soul.

WHEN ONCE THE GRAVE'S...

Joseph Komócsy.

When once the grave's night hideth me,
Ye roses bloom! What do I care?
Their splendor I no more shall see.

In crown of trees, 'neath which I lie,
Sing bobolink! What do I care?
I can not hear your tuneful cry.

My kiss will no more kiss you, dear,
Kiss whom you want! What do I care?
The grave has dried up every tear.

Mute heart utters no loving plea!
Live as you will, what do I care,
When once the grave's night hideth me.

FIRST MEETING.

Joseph Prém.

Beautiful maid, now that the strife
Dealt mighty blows upon my life,
My longings draw my heart to thee
For solace in my misery.

Thy circle 's free of that fell bane
Which weightily on me had lain,
'Tis thou with whom I might find rest,
With whom with peace I might be blessed.

Within thy circle goodness reigns,
Enchanting tenderness obtains,
Our live's inebriate designs
To shield, thy peaceful home declines,
Who roamed throughout the world like dead
Doth rise, anew by faith is led;
'Tis thou with whom I might find rest,
With whom with peace I might be blessed.

Ask not what caused my misery,
What brought about this tragedy?...
I too possessed a foolish heart
The sun's rays though made my eyes smart...
The will' o' wisp now lures in vain
Thy glance holds me in safe restrain.
'Tis thou with whom I might find rest,
With whom with peace I might be blessed.

Life, with its gilded surface, smooth,
Can not entice me, for in truth
I have abandoned joys which tease;
More safe, dear maid, thy realm of peace.
What spite and malice had undone,
Through thee, — my faith, — again I won.
'Tis thou with whom I might find rest,
With whom with peace I might be blessed.

And who the world's reproach had felt,
In abject misery had dwelt:
Thy soul's bright rays have brought him ease,
He learns to purely love; he sees
That happiness immaculate
'S found but on paths that runneth straight!
'Tis thou with whom I might find rest,
With whom with peace I might be blessed!

A STORY.**Andrew Kozma.**

A youth whose heart ambition filled,
Went roaming through the world,
And as he went all nature thrilled
With love for him and hurled
Its gorgeous glories at his feet.
Camelias and roses sweet,
Blue violets and lilies white.
"Remain with us", with smiles invite.
The flowers vainly intercede.
Their friendly call he does not heed.

And beauties culled from every kind,
Of forest and of field,
And fair ones fashioned for every mind
To him their splendors yield.
The youth tho' sings a roundelay
As he proceeds upon his way.
"Ah! hinder not, ye glorious flowers,
Whose nods 's a pledge of well spent hours!
To my keen longings I must cleave,
The laurel wreath I must achieve!"

And as the youth thus onward sped,
Bent to subdue the world,
His path him to a flower led
And saw her grace unfurled.
A Marygold! What did he care?
To him the fairest of the fair.
Forgotten is the laurel tree,
He sings another melody:
"Sweet Marygold I love but you,
Unto my death I will be true!"

DEEP IN THOUGHT...

Alexander Endrődi.

Deep in thought I sometimes wonder
If my life has any goal,
Whither I, an aimless pilot,
Might direct my drifting soul.

How cold the earth,—how dull the sky—
Oh! if only I could rest,
And like the gushing mountain storm
My tears could flow and ease my breast.

And then my soul all unburdened
Could rise again and soar on high;
In the splendor of the sun and stars
Its pinions freed would flaunt and fly.

But bird bereft of wings, on earth
To wend your way 'tis doomed;
And twigs once crushed and broken flowers
You have already bloomed!

TOO LATE.

Alexander Endrődi.

O, would that I had met thee, then
When still at early dawn thy day,
Had met on beauteous morning, when
Thou lingered still at youthful play,
Thou wouldst not be now so bereft,
Nor I would be thus lonely left.
Perhaps we both would now be free,
And truly happy we could be.

We then together could have dreamed
Again thy chidhood's fairy-tales,
All those sweet hours that cloudless beamed
But now the dark nights' shadow veils.
I could have watched,—tried to avert,—
Thy hands — frail wings — e'er to be hurt;
And guarding thee, with loyal heart,
Would laugh at ill's life's storms impart.

Or if I could with thee have been
At spring-time, when at eventide—
'Round thee the moon's pale silv'ry sheen
The lengthening shadows did divide;—
With longings pure thy eyes then gleamed,
Inspired by fancy dream thou dreamed
A dream thou never grasped, but which
With faith and hope had made thee rich.

We met not in thy beauteous morn,
Nor in thy spring-time's balmy eve,
We met in autumn, weary, worn,
When for spring's splendors gone we grieve.
The flowers fade, no more is heard
In rustling twigs the song of bird,
Thou weepest for the past that's gone,
My own life's bleak spring I bemoan.

Ah, well! but with our great desires
We proudly bear up and endure.
Deceiving fate false hope inspires,
And with that hope us doth allure.
Our true hearts, — while through life we pass,—
Dream but one dream, although, alas!
Of whom we dream we never meet,
Or, at the best, but too late greet.



CONFESSION.

Fruzina Szalay.

Yes, list to my confession bold,
I am not faithful, am not true.
May-time with its magic allures,
But stars on high enchant me too.

Hear you the nightingale's sweet song,
That trills and sobs and trills anew;
And you fear not the nightingale,
While e'en a sparrow frightens you.

That song my soul impresses deep,
I feel my heart to throb and beat,
When nightingales' songs do resound
Within the forest's dark retreat.

I hear with certain dread the songs
With which the forest is replete;
How can it be, you are not moved
By the whispered converse sweet!

I would remind you of the dove,
Which we as suffering captives hold,
Until we e'en forgotten have
That birds have wings they can unfold.

Perchance he too forgotten has
The sweetness, that to fly he knew,
Until some balmy eve in May
When songbirds song and breezes blew

And almost breathing in new life,
The longings old were roused once more,
With spreading wings he took his flight
And flew away to some far shore.

MAGYAR POEMS.

Karlin, beware! That it come not,
— Like to the dove, — to me some day
That suddenly I spread my wings.
Rise high in air and fly away.

What are you laughing? Pray, beware!
Do you not all these splendors view?
The magic of the May allures,
But stars on high enchant me too!

MY SHARE IN LIFE.

Daniel Berzsenyi.

I landed on the shore; my sails I furled;
A dreadful tempest bravely I withstood;
Through Scylla and Charybdis dangers dread,
My brow did sweat.

Peace is my portion. I have moored my boat;
No fairy dream shall lure me to cast loose;
Place of retirement, to thy breast receive
The aspiring youth.

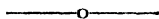
Although my meadows be not fertile as
The famed Tarentum or Larisso fair,
Nor through my lonely hills does any stream
Like Tiber flow,

I yet have vineyards and far-reaching fields
Of golden grain; while love and liberty
Dwell in my house; and from my gracious God
Shall I ask more?

Wherever fate shall cast my lot in life,
If I am free from penury and care,
Always and everywhere in calm content
To heaven I look.

Gentle Camena! be thou still with me;
That there thy hands shed gifts my life to bless
So that the deserts change to smiling glades,
Charmed by the song.

Place me 'mid Greenland's everlasting snow,
Or in the desert's burning sand to dwell—
There, O, Camena, thy warm breast protects,
Here thy cool breath.



TEACH ME.

—
Iduna.
—

Songful spring which newly dawns,
Verdant forests, fields and lawns,
Blade o' grass and tiny leaf,
Bird nest built upon the reef;
Teach me to hope.

Pale-faced moon with silver ray,
Mirage I amazed survey,
Shadows darkling o'er the plain,
Flock of the migrating crane,
Teach me to dream.

Beauteous velvet leaf of rose,
Which of love's confections knows,
Tree-tops sparkling with the dew,
Doves which in the forest coo;
Teach me to love.

Shining, bright star in the sky,
Near the throne of God on High,
Lightning-bug, whose tiny light
Never ceases to be bright;
Teach me to pray.

Mowed-down grass, whose sweetest scent
 To our souls sweet thoughts had sent,
 Low-bent head of violet,
 Lingering smile of sun now set;
 Teach me to remember.

Sere leaves which in autumn fall,
 Raging organs which appal,
 Falling stars, extinguished fires,
 Thunder crash which awe inspires,
 Teach me to die!

COME DEATH.

Julius Rudnyánszky.

Come death! I long to live at last. How vain
 To wander here where woes and sorrows reign,
 Though tears be flowing or the sweat of brow
 Cold hearted men will tramp it into slough.
 For moment's life the millions expiate,
 And from the fierce onslaughts of cruel fate
 The slavish mob bends to the yoke the knee;
 Come death! Oh, how I long I could be free.

Bliss, happiness,—what ever one may know,—
 To-morrow disappears as melted snow.
 Coarse cloth or silk, they turn to rag withal,
 The heroes corpse the prey of worms that crawl.
 Love, honor, gratitude, are they not lies?
 The good and true are fools, the idle 's wise.
 Where is it, where, for which tis worth to cry?
 Come death! For life eternal would I die!

O! truly happy he whose earthly clay,
 Death rocks to dreamless sleep an early day,
 His faults and vices us no longer teen.
 'Tis not oblivion that the tomb doth mean.

It speaks the triumph of the soul, its flight
 Into a glorious, eternal light
 Which sheds its rays over the moss-grown grave.
 Come death! That life beyond I seek, I crave!

There is in me some learning and some worth,
 But hazy 's all upon this barren earth.
 When on my dreaming soul, by grace divine
 The light eternal of the sun shall shine:
 Of what 's mundane of me I shall be freed,
 My soul, all purified, receive its meed;
 Ne'er more by doubt shall it be overcast,
 Come death! O, how I long to live at last!

AT NIGHT.

Julius Varsányi.

I roam about the humid might,
 Deserted is the street,
 Despite my tortures must move on
 Though weary are my feet.
 The rain and tears my face have drenched,
 And chilly is the air,
 My heart is almost breaking — — — but
 Why should any one care?

In yonder curtained casement, I
 Perceive a burning light.
 Its rays my heart pierce like a dirk
 Yet, as a magnet might
 It draws it on. Within that room
 Awaited me a fair
 Young maid, — — The old, old story — — — but
 Why should any one care?

In truth, the window 's dark. The light
 My fancy only sees;
 Oh! faithless love, heartbroken, I
 Endure keen agonies.

Where are you now? in whose embrace
Hide you your golden hair,
Exchanging kiss for kiss — — — but then,
Why should any one care?

Like thorns within a wound, the thought
Of you my heart keeps sore.
Had I not loved you, I would not
My very life abhor.
Convulsively I hold in hand
A weapon, my despair
Will in a moment end — — — but then,
Why should any one care?

A WHITE DOVE. .

Joseph Lévy.

A white dove soars above me high,
My sweetheart goes away, good-bye!
Who knows how far shall fly the dove,
God knows when I shall see my love.

A bright thread to its wing is tied,
My life's good cheer it signified;
As if my soul it took away
To unknown fields of foul decay.

I look, I look, but see no more
The bird above me high to soar;
Or is it that I can't see clear
Because my eyes suffused with tear?



IN A GRAVEYARD.

Joseph Lévay.

An old church 's to the graveyard nigh,
 Its spire no longer towers high;
 Still, to my soul, methinks, it showed,—
 Beyond the grave,—the heav'nly road.

The spire looks on the graveyard stone,
 The gravestone sees the tow'r lie prone;
 One seems the other's guard to be,
 Two milestones to eternity.

They speak to each other, I trow,
 Their secrets, whispering, avow;
 However, if man passes by,
 Their speech upon their lips doth die.

They, sometimes, even speak to thee,
 When in thy thoughts with them may'st be;
 But what they say in whispers low,
 Thou knowest not, nor e'er wilt know.

And hast thou left them all alone:
 On goes that language of their own;
 Of which howe'er none hears a word,
 Expect who in the grave interred.

VISIONS.

Iduna.

It is this which at night I dreamed:
 From heaven above, to me it seemed,
 The stars rolled down, star after star,
 And rolled, and rolled, and rolled afar..
 When in the morn I woke, I saw
 My garden flowers adorned with thaw.
 In every flower 't seemed to me
 A radiant, shining star to be.

I nightly see two stars on high,
 Within the blue and cloudless sky.
 Behold them through the ether glide
 Ever constant, side by side.
 Why, faithfully, the two adhere
 While coursing in the heaven's sphere?
 I'd like to know. Lo! from above
 It seems comes the reply: "true love!"

Springtides' buds with sweet scent break,
 Gleefully the songbirds wake.
 Green the forest, gay the brook,
 Earth and heaven as smiling look.
 Grass is waving, breezes blow,
 Golden hues the cloudlets show.
 All the day with passion gleams,
 Night alone brings sweetest dreams;
 Bliss and life to all they bring! — — —
 Nothing heals my suffering!

LET THEY RESPOND...

Andrew Tóth.

The forest's mystery shall give reply,
 The sunset, which bequeaths a darkened sky,
 The songbird, which within the crown of trees
 Sings to the mate, sweet, longing melodies:
 They shall reveal
 What I do feel.

Let you be told by irate, pleading rill
 Which flows, 't wixt rock and bush, down from the hill
 To stony deep, where it, forsaken, played
 As if it were a wandering fairy maid:
 When you ask, why
 I, — heartsore, — cry.

Let whisper it to you the wind that blows
 And o'er the prairy sweeps, what do disclose
 To them the broken twigs, in moonlit nights,
 When of their woes to speak, the wind invites:
 They'll tell you why
 In mourning I.

And may tell it to you the fragrant rose, —
 A thoughtless hand had plucked, — without repose
 On zephyr's wing is borne the grieving leaf,
 Into the vale, — to woodland, — or to reef,
 Why suffer I
 And moan and sigh!

And if you find such rose leaves on your way,
 Lovingly pick them up and save them, they
 Will tell you of what sweet enchantment I
 Became the sacrifice; will tell you why
 My tuneful lute
 Is henceforth mute.

MORN AND EVE.

John Arany.

I love the morn,
 When o'er the summits of the poplars tall
 The rays, new born,
 Of the golden sunlight fall.
 When clear the distant lea,
 When colours, sounds and air with perfume rife
 Are wafted up to me,
 Mine is the day, and mine is life.

And ah! the eve returns!
 Aweary body and brain!
 For its home now yearns
 The soul in bitter pain.

The leafy shadows lengthen,—I fear... I fear,
O errant wind, what bring'st to day,
That on the morrow my heart can cheer?
"Rejoice, once to look back upon this day!"

THE WINTER.

Charles Szász.

I.

The winter comes, cold days we feel,
The wind is bleak, the snowflakes fall,
Frost-flowers upon the panes congeal
A fair day-dream to paint for all.
Untouched by wind or frost am I;
My heart, my room are warm and dry.

A good fire burns upon the hearth,
A cheerful light upon the board;
Of kiss or word I know no dearth;
My knee supports my love adored;
I sing her songs and in return
My soul with passion she makes burn.

Our hearts, our rooms, now let us close,
Because the world without is chill;
And if its ice-breath on us blows
Our very hearts the cold may fill,
Till on thy lips fond words will freeze,
And on my lips the jocund glees.

Without the warmth of sun and mirth
This world, indeed, were good for naught;
The darkening sky enshrouds the earth;
Night's gloom o'er all will soon be wrought.
No other lamp have I for night
Than my heart's ever ardent light.

II.

Art cold, my little one? Stay; on the fire
 Fresh logs of wood I speedily shall throw;
 Watch how the flames pursue each other higher;
 Hark how they roar! Like waving tongues they go.

Now lay your little hands in mine, my dear;
 How cold your fingers; how benumbed they feel!
 Deep in my breast, now let us place them here,
 And soon the warmth its ardor will reveal.

Thy forehead droops and bows continually,
 Fair like a lily swaying its pure crest;
 Sleep surely now is overpowering thee;
 My angel, say that thou a space wilt rest.

Why should'st thou now exert thyself to wake,
 When heavy grows thy weary little head?
 A pillow of my shoulder let it make;
 No one can see thee, therefore have no dread!

Thus calmly, gently, here my jewel sleep;
 My soul's sublime, now peaceful, resting star;
 How like to a pearl beneath the sea so deep,
 A gem by mother-pearl inclosed afar.

And while thou sleepest I shall try to solve
 The riddle which I think of, viewing thee:
 Can'st thou about whom fairy worlds revolve,
 Bear love so warm, so truly deep for me?

A LAUREL TREE.

Emil Abrányi.

Lo, how the little garden is laid waste;
 How still and sombre seem all things around;
 Each plant is withered or to rankness grown,
 While deadly light doth batten on the ground.

Like flowing tears the petals of the rose
Continue still to fall from off the tree,
As if a soft entombment to prepare,
Where soon its head must surely come to be.

The pointed spirals of the lily's stem
Lie bent and sadly broken everywhere;
The lovely tulip's cup now empty droops,
Missing its need of daily skill and care.

A burial place for all its beauteous blooms
This pleasant garden has become at last;
And o'er the tombs as stones the bare trees stand
In mourning for the glory that is past.

One tree alone in all its green array,
The verdant laurel, still uprears its head;
In vain decay makes slow but sure advance,
The laurel is not numbered with the dead.

Undaunted by the hand of age or time,
It lives, majestic, earnest and secure,
While all around it every other growth
Is either dead or doomed not to endure.

Thus ever stands the poet's deathless fame,
While every side the world's delights decay.
And like neglected flowers, wither there
And one by one in silence fade away.

Glory and wealth and pomp and name pass by;
All soon are dust and are entombed in night;
Only the poet's name for aye endures
And grows, forever green, forever bright.

THE CAPTIVE STORK.

John Arany.

A lonely captive stork doth stand,
 With courtyard walls on every hand;
 Fain would he wing his flight afar;
 Across the sea
 His way would be,
 But pinions clipped his soaring bar.

He stands upon one foot to dream;
 Then shifts it; weary he doth seem.
 Thus changing he the time doth spend—
 Naught else to do
 The whole day through,
 Save shift and change without an end.

His head beneath his wing he lays;
 Into the distance would oft gaze;
 In vain; four walls are round about.
 Four walls of brick,
 So high and thick,
 'Tis vain to strive to pierce without.

True, he could look up to the sky,
 But no desire directs his eye;
 Free storks above fly far away,
 Fair lands to see,
 While vainly he
 Doth long to end his doomed stay.

He waits, waits ever, longs in vain,
 That his maimed wings may grow again,
 That he once more to heaven may soar;
 There, where his way
 No limits stay,
 Free homelands he can travel o'er.

MAGYAR POEMS.

The country glows with autumn sheen,
But no more storks at all are seen,
Save one poor loiterer, who doth dwell—
A captive left,
Of freedom reft,
Immured within a narrow cell.

The cranes have not yet made their start.
But even they will soon depart.
He sees them not; he only hears
Too well above
The notes thereof—
The birds of passage in his ears.

Once and again he even tries
Upon his crippled wings to rise;
Ah! they would raise him up on high,
Nor hold him low,
Were it not so
That they were clipped so cruelly.

Poor orphan stork, poor stork, 'tis vain;
Thy pinions ne'er will grow again,
E'en though the winter should be o'er;
For if they grew,
False men anew
Would clip them even as before.

ON THE DANUBE.

Alexander Petőfi.

Tell me, old stream, how oft thy bosom strong
Is cleft by storms and ships that glide along?

How deep and wide these rifts! On heart of man
Inflict such wounds no grief or passion can.

Yet, when the ship is gone the storm is o'er,
The stream rolls smoothly, showing rifts no more

But when the human heart is cleft, no calm
Can heal the wound or bring it aught of balm.

VILLAGE HOURS.

Michael Tompa.

In pastoral bliss, all undisturbed,
Fair nature on thy breast I live;
Each moment comes with added joy,
Like laden bees that honey give.

Together with the lark I rise;
I walk the field and plain, so sweet;
I feel the morning zephyrs cool
In narrow pathways through the wheat.

I see the wood-dove, hear the finch,
By pleasant streams in leafy glades;
Now on the hillside bleak I rove,
Now turn to seek the forest shades.

Then to my flowers with pleasure new
I turn; how perfect they will be!
This one I water, that I prune,
And tend my garden lovingly.

I loiter o'er my trivial tasks
Until the heat drives me indoors;
Labor and wisdom are my friends,
And every hour fresh joy outpours.

With sages old do I converse,
Who all their lore from nature drew;
As on their lives and thoughts I muse,
The golden age dawns on my view.

Or to my favorite bards I turn—
Poets with whom my soul claims kin,
I seek the portals of their minds,
I open wide and enter in.

I turn the page and close the eye;
Into my chamber steals a breeze,
And o'er me slumber softly falls,
Lulled by the zephyr and the bees.

Bridelike, her lover to surprise,
A rose-spray through the casement blows;
My dreaming soul her beauty sees,
And straightway fairy visions knows.

Awaking, I my playmate call,
Bright fancy, who with me doth fly
Hither and thither, till the chimes
Tell us calm eventide is nigh.

The flocks from pastures wander home;
The young fowls early seek their rest;
'Tis evening, and the lute is heard,
Sweet to the joyous and distressed.

Vague pictures of the past revive;
The open vista old scenes brings;
Wanting remembrance, what were you,
Oh, heart. A harp without its strings!

With pious thoughts my bosom swells;
My soul more tender grows at eve;
Those who have wronged me, I forgive;
Forgiveness I would fain receive.

O'er me thus dreaming, calm doth steal,
Till, like a child, by sleep oppressed
Ere half way through his nightly prayer,
I quietly subside to rest.

EVENSONG.

Francis Kölcsey.

Gently the evening steals
 Over my garden close.
 The sighing zephyr soft
 Over my flowers blows;
 And while it softly sighs
 Over the flowers fair,
 The tear-dew from mine eyes
 Falleth upon them there.

Dost thou not see, my pet,
 The shades that lure to rest?
 Come, walk therein and pluck
 My flowers to deck thy breast;
 So that mine eyes' tear-dew
 From off the petals fall,
 And trickling to thy heart
 Its chrystal source recall.

Gently the streamlet flows;
 The nightingale sings near;
 And o'er my head, love's star
 In heaven shines bright and clear.
 What see'st thou, that thine eye,
 Sparkling, now smiles on me?
 Ah, take me to thy heart,
 And thus my soul set free!

My sacred secret lies
 Deep hidden in my breast;
 Hence bleeds my heart beneath,
 And heaves with such unrest?
 In shadow round about
 Cool quietude doth reign;
 Altho' a burning flame
 Doth penetrate with pain?

Thy flame, in truth, I feel
 Within my bosom now;
 Hail to thee! hail for aye!
 To golden love I bow;
 Happy is he who dreams
 Above thy waves so fair,
 And to thy shores secure
 A bosom true doth bear!

AUTUMN DAYS.

Coloman Tóth.

These are the autumn days. The sunrise is less
 bright:

Far from their nests the birds have taken flight;
 Happy is he who flies with friends held dear;
 But sorrowful am I left lonely here—
 All lonely here!

Restless, my room I traverse to and fro;
 The silence hears my footsteps as I go.
 Now dies the fire whose fagots once flamed free,
 I watch it; ah, how it resembles me—
 Resembles me!

My youth, alas, no longer doth remain;
 I look around for solace—but in vain!
 All ties that heretofore availed to bless
 Are burst asunder all bonds of happiness—
 Of happiness!

From out my casement gray, dull sky I see;
 I ask of it, shall I yet happy be?
 Cheerless and quiet falls the autumn rain,
 And each drop seems to answer, "Not again—
 Ne'er again!"

THE BUSH AND THE WIND.

Edmund Jakab.

A bush, that near a roadway grew,
Asked once the wind that fiercely blew:

"Since spring, O wind, I have not seen
You; tell me, now, where you have been."

"I've traveled to," the wind replied,
"Where aught of earth doth yet abide,

"And when I choose to rend the air
I, I alone was master there.

"I caught the ancient forest's crown.
And kings of forests tumbled down.

"I swept the mighty ocean's waves
And mighty ships sank to their graves.

"O'er Afric's sandy sea I rode,
Reft caravans bestrewed the road.

"Yet naught more freely I enjoyed
Than seeing towns by fire destroyed.

"I've told you of my glorious run;—
Now, tell me, bush, what you have done?"

"Tis naught indeed, that I have done;
I lived, I bloomed, enjoyed the sun.

"A cosy nest I gave a bird,
And in return his carols heard.

"The wanderer I welcome made
And offered him my cooling shade;

"And when he had enjoyed his rest
He gratefully my branches blessed.

"And this is all. Believe me, though,
To change with you I would forego."

THE CLOUDS.

Paul Gyulai.

I oft will gaze up to the high;
I love to gaze on clouds in sky;
How they overspread the heaven!
Their forms so strange,
They ever change,
And by the winds are ever driven.

Gathering darkly o'er the hill,
The sun-rays whiten them and fill
The sky with transcendental gray—
The little lambs roam
On heaven's dome—
The white-fleeced lambs that rove and play.

The wind will oft, poor cloud, molest
You just when you would like to rest;
Flying, like a wind-tossed fleet,
A dragon then,
One ever can
You in unnumbered guises greet.

But whereto now? Going to war?
The lightning shoots, the storm-winds roar,
The tempest blows, but soon relief
Will come; we'll sight
A rainbow bright,
And blended are sweet joy and grief.

How beauteous is the sky when fair,
 One or two cloudlets all its care;
 They soon assume a roseate hue;
 Like memory sweet,
 They smile and greet,
 And hearts with pleasant thoughts imbue.

The morning dawn and eve's dark shroud
 Are both quite friendly to the cloud.
 With crimson hue 'tis overspread;
 The dawn is fair;
 Her golden hair
 Throughout all nature lustre sheds.

And when the evening sets, my cloud
 Appears a fairy palace, proud;
 A mighty tower, it rears its head;
 And from its door
 Gold glories pour—
 The beck'ning spirits of the dead.

I oft will gaze up to the high;
 I love to gaze on clouds in sky;
 For hours and hours I view them oft.
 And, like a child,
 I'll dream so wild,
 While musingly I gaze aloft.

SPRING SONG.

John Erdélyi.

Here in a field I stand:
 Heaven's peace doth now expand
 My heart, and in my ear
 Low murmuring I hear.

As when the people raise:
In church their voice of praise,
Even thus now moved am I
To holy thoughts and high.

In springtide's field I stand;
Above sigh zephyrs bland;
I feel as though I trod
The very House of God.

VOICES FROM EGER.*

Alexander Petöfi.

Snow on the earth, clouds in the sky!
Who cares? Let it be so.
None need to marvel, for this is
The winter's daily show.
And by my faith, I could not tell
When winter came,
Did not a glance into the street
The fact proclaim.

I sit here in this cheerful room
With faithful friends around,
Who fill my bowl with "egri" wine.
Such as but here is found.
The friends are true, the wines are good;
Who would have more?
I now enjoy such happy days
As ne'er before.

If my contentment had but seeds,
I'd sow them o'er the snow;

* Eger, a city in the comitatus (county) of Heves,
famous for its wine.

A rosy bower then would bloom
 And in the winter grow.
 And if to heaven I then might cast
 My joyous heart,
 To all the world it, like the sun,
 Warmth would impart.

From here the mountain I can see,
 Where Dobó once his name
 Inscribed with sword and Turkish blood
 Upon the page of fame.
 Ah! until such a man as he
 Again we see.
 Much water will the Danube bear
 Into the sea.

Ah! long is withered now and dead
 The Magyar's blooming spring,
 And apathy inglorious
 Doth to the nation cling.
 Will ever spring again return
 Into our land?
 And will once more our plains and fields
 In growth expand?

Tis joyless thought; but seldom I
 Enjoy a feast so rare.
 So let us not our pleasure mar
 By memories fraught with care;
 And, after all, do sighs abate
 Or temper grief?
 The minstrel 'tis alone who find.
 In song relief.

Let us our country's cares not heed
 For this one day alone,
 And each sad thought of her let us
 Now, while we drink, postpone.

Fill up once more! Another glass
Of glowing wine;
And still one more to follow that
None should decline.

Well, well! What do I notice now?
A cycle means each glass;
My mind now in the future roams,
While I the present pass.
And in this future I once more
Again rejoice,
For now throughout my fatherland
Rings freedom's voice.

AUTUMN SONG.

Joseph Bajza.

Mists arise, the crane soars high,
Shrieking through the air,
Longs for far-off warmer home
In the Southland fair,
Where no winter on the hills
Whitens everywhere.

See the flowering branches turn
And the tree-tops fade;
What thou see'st on every side
Change has always made;
While the earth-bound soul desires
Home's more blissful shade.

Heart, sick heart, the autumn now
Deprives thee of hope's leaves
Nevermore will bloom on earth
That which it bereaves.
Be not sad, for happier hour
Soon the soul relieves.

IN A VILLAGE.

Paul Gyulai.

I have tired of the noise of Pesth,
Where vanity doth all infest
My soul can't bear it any more.
Hide me, ye vale, ye forest's trees,
Cheer me, ye grass, scent, flowers, breeze,
And bird, thy cheeriest song outpour!

Upon the greensward let me lie
For one day to forget I'll try
My pain, my sorrow, and my woes,
The rank and pelf of haughty man
Politeness' toll and fashion's clan,
The maudlin sweethearts and their beaux.

Let me not see the crowd's blank face,
The ancient sin, the new grimace,
The forced smile, the deceitful tear,
Malicious tongue, whose slanders pain,
The selfish heart, the crazy brain,
Let me forget them all while here.

Let me not see hands that applaud
The artist, who is but a fraud;
From poets, statesmen, all, I fly;
Let me be rid of party strife,
And leaders who each other knife,
And venal newspapers, that lie.

Hide me, therefore, vale and forest;
Gentle breeze, rock me to rest;
And when the evening star shall gleam
In unsullied sky, when nature sleeps,
The nightingale all doleful weeps,
Then bring to me bright, golden dreams.

Let me rest from my many cares,
Forget the world and its affairs,
The past which long has dormant lain
But let me, pray, life's brighter side
Sweet memories that e'er abide
With me, in my dreams see again.

AT HOME.

Alexander Petöfi.

Beautiful home, upon thy wide-spread plain
Expands a waving field of golden grain,
Whereon the mirage plays, O, country dear,
Knowest thou still thy son, now pining here?

'Tis long ago since welcome rest I found
Beneath the poplar trees I yet see round,
While, through the autumn sky high overhead,
Migrating cranes in V-shape southward sped.

When on the threshold of our house, with tears,
Heartsore, I bade good-by to all my dears,
And when dear mother's last and parting sigh
On gentle zephyrs' wings away did fly;

Ah, many a line of years, since then begun,
Their course completed, to their death have run,
While on revolving wheels of fate I passed
Through various scenes in which my lot was cast.

The great world is the school of life, I trod
Through which I plodded with perspiring brow,
Because the road I trod was hard and rough,
And, from the start, I traversed wastes enough.

I know—and none knows better than I well think—
To whom experience held her hemlock drink,
That rather I would drain the cup of death
Than the black chalice which she proffereth.

But now despair and grief and bitter pain
Which swelled my heart nigh rending it in twain,
Are gone; their memory e'en is washed away
By holy tears of joy I shed to-day.

For here, where once I lay on mother's breast,
Drank in her honeyed love—to me the best—
The sun shines smilingly from heaven's dome
Again on thy true son, O fair, loved home!

THE BEAUTEOUS FLOWER.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Is there a savage breast
That loves not each fair flower?
A fair flower is my world,
And fills with joy each hour.
Its hue shows innocence,
Its petals are snow white,
And virgin love's abode,
Its heart so roseate bright.
Hope is the glow serene
Of fragile bough and green,
Thus blooming, it doth seem,
My all, my life, my dream.

Joyously flits a bee
Around a flower there;
Blithely it hums above,
Dwells on its bosom fair,
Rests on a leaf at eve,
Wrapt in a happy dream,
Drinks of its honeyed dew
At the moon's rising beam.
Noon sends a gentle breeze,
Its midday heat to ease,
And when the storm draws nigh,
Its shelter leaves supply.

Friends of my daily life,
 Feel not reproachful ire,
 If now my heart is mute,
 Conceiving no desire.
 The one it had has fled
 Into the blooming mead.
 I call, but 'twill not come;
 The flower enchains its need
 Turns my desire, the bee,
 'Blonde maid, my flower, to thee;
 Could e'en a beast of prey
 Love to this flower gainsay?

BIRD VOICES.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Thus saith the lark in upward flight
 While circling to the heavenly height;
 "I greet thee, breeze, that sweeps the lawn;
 I greet the beauteous golden dawn;
 The wintry snows are at an end,
 Bright is the sky, glad fields extend;
 The grass grows green, and I will there
 My little nest soon build with care.
 Soon will the new-born earth appear;—
 A well decked table set with cheer.
 O, joy and pleasure,
 Joy and pleasure,
 The meadow lands are ours for pleasure."

Then comes the sparrow, hungry, spry,
 With busy chirp around doth fly;
 "Chirrup, cheep,
 Chirrup, cheep,
 Leave the fragments of your store;
 If 'tis plenty, then no more.
 For I'm a marauder free,
 Hungry everlastingly;

Ploughing, reaping, none for me.
 Yet as much, in faith, have I
 As the bees that toil and ply;
 Let the others work; I'll eat,
 Stealing where I can my meat.
 Chirrup, cheep,
 Chirrup, cheep,
 Little in my life I need
 But the peasants' stray-sown seed."

Then the choristers appear;—
 The robin and the blackbird, the linnet gay, *
 The bobolink, with note so clear;
 And wheresoever spring prevails,
 In mountains, meadows and in vales,
 Their songs, so glad and fair,
 Fill the sweetly scented air.

Yea, all are joyous through long days;
 Until at length the warm days end
 Their happy and their blithesome lays
 From quivering lofty tree-tops blend.
 But one chief chorister—
 The gentle nightingale,
 Close by the rivulet
 Singeth a mournful tale.
 So great the pain,
 Her heart doth cry;
 A tithe such grief
 Would make men die.

 "Where are my nights,
 My days, O, where
 My love's delights,
 My joys so rare?
 Alas, in lands far, far away.

My sorrows and my joys are bound
 To one who faithless roams around,
 And on a light love's wing doth stray.

Who now can hear
 My plaints so drear?
 This spot so calm
 Brings my heart balm.
 The rocky cliff re-echoes every tone
 But I receive no answer to my moan.
 Were I an eagle free
 When my heart such passion bore
 Soon on strong wings I'd be,
 Approaching heaven's door.
 And from the sun I would gain fire to burn
 The callous leaves that coldly from me turn.
 I can but voice
 My dolorous cry;
 Alas, poor bird,
 Can only die.
 O, break, my heart and cease as doth my song;
 What art thou but my song so sadly strong?"

The nightingale, the forest's very heart,
 Thus to the world her sorrow did impart;
 And when the wood thus speaks the world is still
 And listens how her heart with woe doth thrill.

IN THE EVENING.

Coloman Tóth .

O, that evening would have come,
 And all the stars shone out above;
 More than all things else on earth
 The darkling eventide I love;
 But 'tis not simply for the stars
 That makes this season one's prize;
 'Tis that I now rejoice to know
 Another bitter day thus dies.—
 I would that I were dead.

Enough, indeed, I now have seen,
 At last in peace mine eyes can close.
 These eyes are like a constant stream,
 Heavy with tear that constant flows.
 And this is what the storms of earth
 Bring to our eyes: felt by one man,
 Unfelt by one; which is the fool?
 Answer this question if you can.—
 I would that I were dead.

Virtue and honor's motto still,
 Are weakly holden here and there,
 Even the poet's sacred song
 Is born of vanity and air.
 Greatness and littleness are one;
 By different names but one part play;
 The dross of earth is erst called dew,
 And dew is then called dross next day.—
 I would that I were dead.

All sentient circumstance is one;
 Sorrow and joy are but the same,
 As is the moisture of the eye.
 From whatsoever source tears came.
 Both things are other than they seem
 And underneath, we may believe,
 That like the stream that hides the rock,
 So all our deeds do us deceive.—
 I would that I were dead.

O, 'twill be otherwise I think
 Above, with you, there on the height,
 Ye heavenly garden's beauteous buds—
 Ye stars so passing fair and bright.
 How in your brightness he believes
 And hopes who constantly doth gaze;
 Who, while on earth, in bitter tears
 And suffering passed weary days.—
 I would that I were dead.

WHAT USE?

Alexander Petőfi.

Of what avail to plough the earth
Without the seed that brings to birth?
Neglecting this but weeds will grow,
And all your work for naught will go.

Believe me, fairest, sweetest rose,
Beneath thy glance my poor heart glows;
And as the plough the ground upheaves
Thy glance my heart in furrows leaves.

Thy glance in vain cuts deep my heart
But sorrow from its depths will start;
But if thou sow with love, then fair,
Sweet-scented roses blossom there.

SONG OF THE DOGS AND WOLVES.

Alexander Petőfi.

I.

How fierce the tempest blows—
The winter's cruel twin:
The chill and freezing snows
To reign outside begin.

What heed we who enjoy
The kitchen corner snug?
Where masters kind supply
Straw and a cosy rug.

For food we have no care;
When masters gorge their meat,
The remnants are our share,
Which we may freely eat.

Full oft we feel the log
 That hurts, but then, we own
 That nothing harms a dog—
 A fact too widely known!

When master's wrath is o'er,
 And he has ceased to beat,
 Grateful we crawl before
 And lick his gracious feet.

II.

How fierce the tempest blows—
 The winter's cruel twin:
 Chill rain and freezing snows
 To reign outside begin.

Empty the country is,
 Our home this barren space;
 Not e'en a bush affords
 To us a hiding place.

Without 'tis bitter cold,
 And hunger fierce within;
 Relentlessly pursue
 These foes of ours, born twin.

Besides those foes, a third—
 The loaded gun—we dread,
 When the milk-white snow
 Is stained with bloody red.

We freeze, we starve, we feel
 The shot wounds in our breast;
 Hard is our lot, but yet
 With freedom we are blest!

NIGHTINGALE'S SONG.

Charles Szász.

A small, brown nightingale sings there,
In coverts hidden—Who knows where?
Here no one listens save I alone,
And my heart throbs at every tone.

Upon the velvet grass I lie;
Beneath a shady tree, close by,
The bird doth still her lay prolong;
I listen to the charming song.

The breeze now bears the tune aloft,
But in my heart 'tis echoed soft;—
Yea, it is echoed in my soul
As sad as lovely in its dole.

And thus the little bird doth sing—
"Life but one summer hath to bring,
And when this summer fair doth wane,
Sere leaves and sapless twigs remain."

THE FOREST HOME.**Alexander Petőfi.**

Just as the heart its primal secret holds,
A cottage small the circling hills conceal;
If raging tempests bear it down the vale,
The frail and straw-thatched roof no harm doth
feel.

'Neath foliage dense of whispering forests cool,
This straw-thatched roof doth nestle in the shade,
While on the trees the piping bullfinch swings
The wild dove coos and sighs throughout the glade.

And, as hunted chamois, swift doth run
 A little brook down from the hills above;
 Like maidens coy, who in smooth water gaze,
 Fair flowers bloom on either side thereof.

Unto these flower-maidens gallants come;
 With ardent passion do the wild bees haste,
 Enjoy—yet in the stream how many fall,
 Intoxicated with the love they taste!

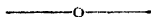
The sun and zephyr pity as they see;
 The kind breeze bears a loose leaf from on high,
 And when the lover-bee has gained his raft,
 The sun with gracious ray his wings doth dry.

The she-goat, over on the mountain's brow,
 With udder full and sportive kids goes round;
 From her and from the wild bees' golden store
 All that the cottage table needs is found.

The piping bulfinch and the plaintive dove,
 They fear no traps by any dweller there;
 Those who inhabit scenes like this, know well
 How sweet and glad is Liberty's pure air.

No serfdom here; no tyranny there is
 To give command with harsh and thunderous
 word;
 Only, at times, the heaven's artillery loud,
 Reminding people to fear God, is heard.

And God is good; He is not wroth for long;
 Since, when the ominous clouds their ire have
 spent,
 He smiles forth in forgiveness once again
 In the arched rainbow where all hues are blent.



FOR WHOM THIS MOURNING?**Stephen Rónay.**

All nature seemeth into mourning thrown,
As if some deahly grief had caused its moan.

The hill and vale are clad in bright array,
Yet ne'er the birds have trilled so sad a lay.

A restless storm doth linger in the air,
To join with shrieks and wails all earth's despair.

The sweetest blossoming rose bends low its head.
As one who knows what fates the gods have said.

Upon each leaf there hangs a dewy tear;
They mourn one loved upon her bier.

Great is the grief by nature to be borne,
That daily, nightly she must moan and mourn.

The stars themselves do omens ill betray,
And tremble from their erstwhile lustrous ray.

Sighs fill the air; the earth itself doth thrill;—
Or can it be that but my heart is ill?

THE RUINS OF THE INN.

Alexander Petőfi.

Oh, beauteous, boundless strength of lowland plain,
My glad heart's pleasure ground dost still remain,
With hills and vales, the broken highland seems
A volume that with pictured pages teems;
But thou, where hill succeeds not hill, my plain,

Art like an open page, whereof I gain
 The knowledge at a glance, and over thee
 The loftiest thoughts are written legibly.
 'Tis sad; I cannot pass by happy chance
 My life upon the puszta's wide expanse.
 Here would I dwell amid these valleylands,
 As the free Bedouin on Arabian sands.
 Puszta, thou art the type of liberty;

And, liberty, thou art as God to me!
 For thee, my Deity, alone I live,
 That once for thee my life-blood I may give;
 And, by my grave, when I for thee have died,
 My curséd life shall then be sanctified.
 But what is this,—grave, death, what do I write?
 But marvel not, for ruins meet my sight;
 Not ruins of a fort, but of an inn;
 Time asks not to what end the house hath been;
 A fortress, or a tavern, 'tis the same;
 He treads o'er both alike, and when he came,
 Walls tottered, crumbling, iron e'en as stone,
 And nothing, high or low, he leaves alone.

Of stone how came they this old inn to rear,
 When all the lowland shows no quarry near?
 A town or hamlet, nestled here at first,
 Long ere the Turkish rule our land had cursed.
 Poor Hungary, my wretchéd land; ah me;
 How many yokes have been endured by thee!
 This ancient town was sacked by Osman's hordes,
 Who razed each house therein, except the Lord's.
 The church remained, a ruin, it is true,
 Still of our loss a mourner left to view.
 For centuries it stood thus; stood to mourn;
 Until at last, by sorrow overborne,
 It fell, and, lest its stones should scattered be,
 They built the wayside inn which here you see, —
 From God's house build an in! and wherefore nay?
 One serves the body, one the soul, I say!
 Each in our being has an equal share;

On each we must attend with dutious care,
From God's house build an inn, and wherefore nay?
Our life can please our God in either way,
And purer hearts within an inn I've known,
Than some who daily kneel before God's throne.
Inn, fallen inn, when yet within thy door
The travellers rested and enjoyed thy store,
My phantasy builds up thy wall anew,
And one by one thy transient guests I view;
The wandering journeyman with staff is here;
The puszta's son in greasy cloack stands near,
There, with his long beard, is a peddling Jew.
The roving Slovak tinker, with a few
Who drink; the smiling hostess, young and fair,
Flirts with a merry student debonair;
The wine has made his head a little light,
His heart more loving to the hostess bright.
The aged host! in rage why starts he not?
He calmly sleeps beside the stack, I wot!
Then, 'neath the haystack's shade, now, in the tomb,
Where, too, his fair young wife had long found room
All have returned, long years since, dust to dust;
The inn hath fallen a prey to age's rust.
The wind the covering from its head did tear;
The roof, whereof dismantled, it stands bare,
As though its master, time, it stood before,
And prayed for better usage than of yore.
In vain the suppliant prays, day after day;
Crumbling, it falls, until one cannot say
Where was the doreway, or the window where;
It was the dead's last hope before it fell;
The cellar is ruin; there is the well,
Whose hoist, one day, some passing vagrant stole,
Leaving behind the crossbeam and the pole,
On which a royal eagle came to light,
Because the puszta yields no loftier height;
Behold his look and mien, so full of pride;
His memories seem with ages gone to bide.
The sun, that heavenly lover, flames above;

He burns, because his heart is filled with love
 For "Déliabáb"* the puszta's fairy child,
 Whose fond eyes gaze at him in yearnings wild.

STREAMLET AND STREAM.

Alexander Petöfi.

The streamlet's waves roll on in gleeful ways;
 Their merry splash is as a silvery voice,
 In such a tuneful current did rejoice
 The mellow accents of my youthful days.

My soul was then a streamlet, pure and clear,
 A mirror of the laughing sky above;
 Sun, moon and star in this sky was my love;
 The lively fish, my joyous heart, leaped here.

The streamlet has become a swollen stream
 Its whispers, silver clear, are heard no more;
 And o'er the storm is heard its mighty roar;
 And overcast is now the heaven's bright gleam.

Bright sun, look not upon the stream just now;
 Thou wilt not see in it thy shining face;
 The struggles of the storm its waves displace;
 Upheave its waters from the depths below.

What do the stains upon the waters mean—
 The bloody stain, shown by the angry sea?
 The wide world cast its anchor into thee;
 My blood—blood of my heart—is now here seen!

*Fata Morgana.

'TIS NIGHT.

 Alexander Petöfi.

'Tis night, the night of peace and rest,
 While moon and stars light up thy sky,
 My fair-haired child, with sky-blue eye,
 My pearl, what do thy thoughts suggest?

Around me hover sweetest dreams,
 Though sleep did not me overwhelm;
 Each dream of mine a splendid realm,
 The crown of which thou art, it seems.

Could I but steal—a thief to be,
 Though wrong—I'd gladly go to steal
 My dreamland's each and every weal,
 Enriching poor reality

THE BIRD TO ITS BROOD.

 Michael Tompa.

How long, ye birds, on this sere bough
 Will ye sit mute, as though in tears?
 Not quite forgotten yet are now
 The songs I taught ye, surely, dears;
 But if for aye are vanished quite
 Your former cheer, your song so gay,
 A sad and wistful tune recite—
 Oh, children, sing to me, I pray!

A storm has raged; our rocks apart
 Are rent; glad shade you cannot find;
 And are ye mute, about to start
 And leave your mother sad behind?
 In other climes new songs are heard
 Where none would understand your lay
 Though empty is your home and bared
 Yet, children, sing to me, I pray!

In memory of this hallowed bower,
 Shady and green, call forth a strain,
 And greet the time when soon in flower
 These barren fields shall bloom again;
 So, at your song, anew shall life
 Wend quickly o'er this plain, its way,
 Sweetening the day with sorrow rife—
 Oh, children, sing to me, I pray!

Here in the tree is the old nest
 Where you were cherished lovingly;
 Return to it, and therein rest,
 Albeit among the clouds you fly;
 Now that the storm has laid it bare,
 Would you the traits of men display?
 Leaving this place, your home transfer?
 Oh, children, sing to me, I pray!



THE CHILD AND THE RAINBOW.

John Arany.

One-half heaven in grievance wept;
 The other laughed in glee;
 A double rainbow spanned the land
 As if from sea to sea.
 Its gleam against the cloudy sky
 Was noticed by a child,
 A dreamy, winsome, blonde-haired boy,
 With wistful eyes and mild.

"O, what a splendid bridge is that:
 A heavenly bridge!" he thought.
 "Methinks the angels tread it now,
 Whom I so long have sought!
 Yes, I will run and see them there,"
 He cried, the rainbow's charm
 Moving him. "Angels surely can
 Do little boys no harm!"

"It cannot be so far away;
It is behind yon tree;
Before the evening has set in
At heaven's gate I'll be.
O, God, how beautiful must be
The paradise within!
O, God, if only into heaven
A brief look I could win!"

So saying, he sets out to run,
And soon is far away;
His anxious mother calls to him;
He hears not nor will stay;
And hunderd flowers call to him,
"Sit down, thou little boy."
The birds say, "We will sing to thee,"
He hears not their delay.

So slippery is the path, he falls,
But soon doth rise again;
Thorns tear his dress and fain would try
To hold him back in vain.
And then another barrier comes
Before him; 'tis the creek;
This, too, he crosses; on he runs;
He is not tired nor weak.

He from the creek does not recoil;
Heeds not the slippery way;
He stops not at the wild, rude thorns;
On, on, without delay!
Pleasure or danger stop him not,
Though he encounters each;
Up to the rainbow still he looks;
That goal he fain would reach.

Travelers and peasants, passing, hail —
"Lo! stop thou little one;
Tell us what is thy urgent haste;
Where dost thou quickly run?"

"O," he replies, still, hurrying on,
 Regards not those who ask,
 "To reach that bridge and to return
 Ere evening is my task."

"O, foolish child! where is that bridge?
 Thy race had better cease;
 A rainbow 'tis, the ends of which
 Arch over distant seas.
 The empty clouds it fills anew
 With water, bringing rain;
 But, if you disbelieve us now,
 Run on; 'twill all be vain."

"Be it a rainbow or a bridge,
 Reach it I must ere night!"
 Thus said the boy, and on he runs,
 Viewing the lovely sight.
 And now a bushy by-path leads
 Into the forest glade,
 Where it would seem that, for to-day,
 Nature her rest hath made.

A rustle here, a whisper there,
 Mystery all around;
 Something e'en snatches off his cap;
 Magic doth here abound!
 Gray, heavy boughs fall in his way,
 But tireless on goes he;
 He sees the charming rainbow shine
 Bright above bush and tree.

And pilgrims meet him, who inquire
 His quest; he answers fair.
 "O, little fool, 'tis useless quite;
 None ever may get there.
 Many and divers tales are told
 Of heaven's prismatic bow,
 But what it is none of us all—
 Not one—can say 'I know."

But still the boy is not content;
"I want to know," he cries;
Leaving the wood behind he gains
The hill, and on he flies.
He falls, he wounds his little feet,
But nothing stops him now,
Until, exhausted quite, he falls,
Reaching the mountain's brow.

E'en when exhausted, lying there,
With pains and aches that tire,
He casts a glance at heaven's arch,
Yearning and full of fire.
The rainbow now begins to lose
The splendor of its ray;
Slowly more dim and vague it grows,
Turns gray and dies away.

"O, golden bridge or splendid arch!"
Sounds his piteous cry;
"I love thee, whatsoe'er thou art;
Leave me not; do not fly!
If I may not, like angels, walk
O'er you to heaven's dome,
Let me your glory see until
I reach my final home."

By an old hermit this is heard,
With age and care weighed down;
A long, gray beard flows o'er his chest,
White locks adorn his crown.
"What ails thy mind, what ails thy heart,
What ails thee, little waif?
Why dost thou wish, being so young,
So soon to reach thy grave?"

"Thy heart's desire and earnest wish
Lies in a realm unknown;
Naught but an empty shape it is,
A fairy dream, alone;

A ray 'tis of the sun's bright eye,
Which doth victorious fall,
Breaking through clouds and showing us
God's glory; that is all."

The sage with grave concern went on
To teach the boy his lore;
Taught him the wisdom which unlocks
Nature's most secret door.
Full of compassion, then he took
The lad into his care,
And to his parents safe returned
Their boy with golden hair.

And afterward the boy would view
Full oft the golden bow;
And then, beholding it, his heart
Would melt in tears and glow,
That it was but a picture void,
No bridge into the sky,
That it was but a fairy dream,
Caused him to wail and cry.

THE BITTER CUP.

Michael Vörösmarty.

If thou hast lost thy manly heart
Unto a woman fair,
And she has by her wanton art
Thy happy life made bare;
If her false eyes now seem to smile,
Now shed a feigned tear,
With yearning filling thee a while
Then causing wounds that scar;
Then while you quaff the bowl,
Think still the world doth roll;
That bubbles burst, though fair,
And leave but empty air.

If thou hast on thy friend relied,
Who as thine own soul was,
Thy secrets did'st to him confide,—
Honor and country's cause;
And he, with soft and murderous hand,
Hath stabbed thee to the heart,
Thy ruin skillfully hath planned
By treason's baleful art;
Then while you quaff the bowl,
Think still the world doth roll;
That bubbles burst, though fair,
And leave but empty air.

If for thy country thou dost yield
With toil thy sacred thought,
Or on the perilous battlefield
With blood her fame hast bought
And if, deluded, it should spurn
Thy efforts true and high,
Or, led by rulers base, should turn
And sacrifice decry;
Then while you quaff the bowl,
Think still the world doth roll;
That bubbles burst, though fair,
And leave but empty air.

If still within thy aching heart
Doth gnaw the worm of care,
And thou forsaken wholly art
By men and fortune fair:
If all thy pleasure, hope, delight,
Are killed by poison's bane,
And hope for future days more bright
Is all too late and vain;
Then while you quaff the bowl,
Think still the world doth roll;
That bubbles burst, though fair,
And leave but empty air.

And if despondency and wine,
 United in thy brain,
 To thee the picture should define
 Of thy life's barren plain,
 Think of some brave and noble thing
 And for it risk thy life.
 He is not lost who still doth cling
 To faith, and braves the strife;
 Then while you quaff the bowl,
 Think still the world doth roll;
 And while it yet doth stand
 Structures and wrecks are planned.

DEATH.

Géza Zichy.

"And here, last night, you say, a woman died."
 The careless stranger mutters and doth pass.
 The neighbours sigh, "A woman good and tried,
 But the hand of death finds all; alas, alas!"

"A true and faithful soul," the priest declares;
 "An interesting case," the doctor drones.
 Her husband on the coffin-lid but stares;
 "My all, my all is gone," he moans, he groans.

FROM AFAR.

Alexander Petöfi.

A house stands by the Danube far away,
 To me so fair, I think of it all day;
 The fond remembrance of that spot so dear,
 Will ever make my heart swell with a tear.

Ah, had I never thence set forth; but man
 'Is always moved by some ambitious plan,
 And falcon-wings grew to my heart's desire.
 I left my home, my mother, and my sire.

How great my mother's grief I cannot tell;
When bidding me, 'mid sobs and sighs, farewell,
The pearly dew, that showered from her eyes,
To quench her burning pains, did not suffice.

Still do I feel her trembling arms' embrace;
Still do I see her haggard, care-worn face.
Oh, had I then my fate at all foreseen,
Her dear entreaties vain had never been.

Seen in the rays of hope's bright morning star,
Our future days enchanted gardens are;
Only to our delusion do we wake,
When in the devious pathway of mistake.

But why relate how hope's enticing ray,
Though cheering me, misled me from my way?
How, wandering o'er the bleak world's barren sod,
My faltering feet on myriad thorn-spikes trod.

Some friends have started toward my home to go;
What of the truth shall I let mother know?
Go to her, countrymen, if you come near
The house wherein reside my parents dear.

Pray, tell my blessed mother not to fret;
Say that her son is now fair fortune's pet.
For should the loving soul the plain truth hear,
Her tender heart, alas, would break, I fear!

LOOK NOT ON ME.

John Arany.

Do not thus darkly look on me,
Companion of my life, so dear;
It is as though the valley here
Obscured by autumn lights could be;
Look gently, smiling, as you can;
Life's cares devolve upon the man.

If faithless he who once was true,
 And no light word be on his tongue,
 If hard fate's rising storm has flung
 The gloom thou see'st his face imbue;
 Thy heart shall not regard this ban;
 Life's cares devolve upon the man.

The heavy rainstorm rears and blows;
 The scarred cliff casts an awful shade;
 But gentle is the plain's fair glade;
 The valley's streamlet sweetly flows,
 Which through green pastures ever ran;
 Life's cares devolve upon the man.

Look not thus darkly then on me,
 Although the storm may rage outside,
 Our pleasant cottage shall abide,
 Untouched shall stand for me and thee;
 My heart its burden carry can,
 Life's cares devolve upon the man.

MEMENTO.

Alexander Szabó.

When aimless I through forests rove,
 I am pursued by one sad song;
 The tree-tops whisper it above,
 "Thy pall we will provide ere long."

Sweet flowers in the field aglow
 Regard me with a fearful eye;
 They bend to me and whisper low,
 "A wreath we'll make when thou wilt die."

The earth, on which I suffered pain
 And woe, which tore and racked my breast,
 My steps re-echo, saying plain,
 "Within my bosom thou wilt rest."

IT IS NOT THEN.

Victor Dalmady.

It is not then that thou art worn,
When with toil's sweat thy brow is wet,
When heavy burdens thou dost bear,
And hindrance in thy path is set;
But when thy soul has lost its peace,
And cannot call it back again,
Tought, wear and woe o'er master thee,
And, resting, thou dost muse on pain.

It is not then that thou dost rest
When thou can'st freely breathe once more;
When thou can'st wipe thy brow at ease
And feel content, thy labor o'er;
But when in grief profound thou art,
And wandering in an evil plight,
Some sympathetic soul divides
Thy care, and makes thy heart's weight light.

TWILIGHT.

Alexander Petöfi.

The sun is like a withered rose,
Which, drooping, bends her weary head,
Her leaves, just like his pallid rays,
With sad smiles o'er the landscape spread.

Mute and calm the world around me
I hear the distant curfew bell;
From heaven or dreamland come the sweet
And distant sounds, I cannot tell.

Attentively I list; I love
 Sweet reveries' adagios;
 God knows what I feel and feel not—
 And where my mind, God only knows.

A GRAVE.

John Kiss.

Somewhere—long, long ago, somewhere far hence,
 A grave was opened near the churchyard fence;
 The tombstone fell; neglected, it doth lie;
 Who rests beneath none knows save only I;
 Save only I.

Though never there, yet blindly I could fly;
 And though unseen, I could the place espy,
 Some secret instinct planted in my breast
 Would lead me thither; tell me where to rest;
 Ay, where to rest.

Thou sleepest there, my mother, dear and good
 In dreamless sleep the long night's interlude;
 And when I ponder o'er my fate and years,
 Relief I can obtain but in my tears;
 But in my tears.

WOLF ADVENTURE

Alexander Petöfi.

'Thou'st eaten, comrade; bloody are thy fangs,
 While we around here suffer hunger's pangs.

"The howling tempest blows, while far and near,
 The land lies waste; the winter is severe.

"No trace can we espy of man or beast;
 Come! tell us quickly, now; where was the feast?"

A pack of hungry wolves thus seek to learn,
Where one—their fellow—did his prey discern.

Without delay, the wolf that hath fared well
Proceeds the following narrative to tell.

"A shedherd and his wife a hut maintain,
Which I sought out, down there in yonder plain.

"Behind their hut, I knew there was a fold;
Hearing the sheep bleat, I to sup made bold.

"To this abode last night did softly hie
Two stealthy wanderers—one young man and I.

"He had a sweet tooth for the shepherd's wife.
I, for the sheep, was bound to risk my life.

"The lover sneaked around; I could not sup
On mutton, so, instead, I ate him up!"

THE EVENING BELLS.

Gustave Lauka.

Most doleful toll the vesper bells,
"Your evening prayers say!" it tells.
That those, who went before us might
Find grace divine, peace infinite."

Ah! many suffered long and keen,
Most unhappy on earth have been.
Let us to God on High then trust,
He'll bless with peace their earthly dust.

And when their souls, freed of their frame,
Before Him come: Praised be His name!
His grace their poor souls overwhelm,
Receive them in His blissful realm.

THE CYPRESS.

Michael Tompa.

The dog-wood, alder and cypress
Whom secret hope t'another zone
Allured, had left their garden home
Of old, of which they tired had grown.

While wandering, to parting ways
They came, three roads before them see.
Which shall we take? they ask themselves;
These are the musings of the three:

I long, thus runs the dog-wood's speech,
To reach the hills and mountains high,
To live on pathless rugged hills
Where freedom reigns, nigh to the sky.

There greens the pine-tree, it is there
Where all the mighty oaks upshoot,
Whom raving storms and angry winds
Do try, but never can uproot.

The alder-tree continues thus:
I seek a home on river's shore,
And in the water's mirror face
I can my own picture adore.

In cooling waves I lave my feet
Beneath the poplar tree, which there
His beautiful crowned head of green
Lifts proudly in the cloudy air.

The cypress said: with vanity
Is filled of both of you the soul;
To live upon a river's shore
Or mountain high, is not my goal.

I left the garden where so sweet
Scent flowers fair and blooms the tree,
Because within the garden walls
A cypress can not happy be.

Why shall I chose a blissful spot?
On mountain high or near the sea?
The pine-tree is forever green,
The poplar always laughs in glee.

Pleasures and joys I never knew,
My relatives are woe and gloom;
The place most fit for me is near
The graveyard 'round a lonely tomb.

And if there be some poor dead's grave
O'er whom no loving soul sheds tears:
My drooping foliage at least
Shall prove my sympathies sincere.

ON AUTUMN EVE.

Michael Szabolcska.

My own good God! for one thing I do pray:
Let me on such an evening pass away
As is to-day, a beauteous autumn eve,
The setting sun the cloudless sky to leave
My last breath when I heave.

And when his last rays last time see depart,
Let their impression rest within my heart.
I take it with me into that great night,
That nightly I be overspread with light,
In new sunrise delight.

The autumn leaves that silent fall, then may
 To me a last, great dream-picture convey:
 The vision of a spring which lasts fore'er,
 Forever live the light, the flowers fair,
 Hope turns not to despair.

THE BLESSED HOUSE.

Edmund Jakob.

Far, far away, a little house is found,
 Acacia trees the cosy spot surround,
 In summer's days upon its snow-white walls
 The shade of ivy thereto clinging falls.

'Tis there where you have been a girl at play,
 And you and I were constant playmates gay.
 Upon each tree that round that house doth grow
 Almighty God His blessing may bestow!

Upon its roof the storks shall build their nest,
 Beneath its rafters swallows shall find rest,
 When angry winds it to onslaughts subject,
 May near-by crown of trees the house protect.

Whoever moves into that house, O may
 He happy be unto his dying day;
 And should his heart be void, may God above
 Fill it with sentiments of blissful love.

If mournful days follow his days of mirth,
 Let all the bitterness of his on earth
 Be but as much as I left in that house
 From whence I took you to become your spouse.

WHEN ROAMING IN THE FOREST.

Louis Bartók.

While roaming in the shady wood,
That painful thoughts you might forget,
Avoid the roads and lanes and paths
Where you and your love ever met.

With heart all cold and void, your love
Forever to forget you aim;
One spark, and lo! sweet memories
Arise, once more your heart's aflame.

What once you breathed in with her,
With flowers of the spring to tarry seems,
The flower's scent she had loved best,
And poisoned is your kindled breast.

A zephyr soft might play with you,
A sigh might in the tree-top stir,
And all your wounds are ope again,
For all your heart's-thoughts are with her.

Here is the flower she plucked with glee,
With joyous song twined in her hair,
This brook her mirror was, the thirst
Of your soul it can't quench howe'er.

And here she sat,—you turn your face
As were she e'en now at your side,
To her sweet lips, in one mute kiss,
Your own heart's secret to confide.

But hind the trees the sun hath set, . . .
You are alone, left all alone
To gloomy clouds of dismal night,
Your mournful sorrows to make known

SERE LEAVES.

Julius Száway.

The autumn's ill hath to the forest come,
And one by one the rustling leaves succumb;
The gentle whisper of the falling leaves
'S a lullaby to my poor soul that grieves.

My soul thus rocked is into golden dreams,
With flowers of the spring to tarry seems,
With blooming roses in the garden set,
With gleaming of the blue-eyed violet.

Sweet Violet! the flow'ry queen who art,
A venom now, then balm to human heart.
Within my sweetheart's eyes your color burned
When to your pearly dew her eyes she turned.

But woe! since then my mind is not at ease,
My soul clings but to things that fade and freeze.
I'm partial to the bare, cold wintry days,
Myself am like a tree leaf which decays.

THOU VALE.

Louis Bartók.

Thou vale, where warmer is the sun,
And sooner melts the snow,
Where winter makes a faster run,
But summer's flight is slow,
To where the laughing brook flows from above:
'Tis thou, oh vale, who taught me what is love.

Thou rock, precipitous and high,
Who see'st the tempest's ire,
And wrathful lightnings in the sky
To fill the air with fire,
Forsäken, barren though, but thou art free!
Majestic rock! thou thunder'st "Liberty!"

IN THE CAMPAGNA.

Anthony Radó.

When one a sweetheart has in dear old Rome,
The Sundays he with her joyously spends
In old Campagna's fields, they greet as friends
The ruins they behold, while thus they roam

About, I, too, with my sweet Marian,
One sunlit, wintry morn had joined the throng,
Upon her lips there rose a tuneful song,
In soft, melodious Italian.

To reach a lonely inn was our design.
By noontime one can reach its friendly gate,
Few hours to spend there in sweet tete-a-tete,
Contentedly then sip Chianti wine.

When to the via Appia we came,—
Where in long rows the sarcophags lay 'round,—
On wings of wind there came a flute's sweet sound,
We could not, though, make out whence rose the
same.

We heard a zuffolo's saturnine tone,
A tiny shepherd-flute it was, we thought,
The sort roving Italians had brought
To us and played to join their bagpipes' moan.

It seemed a poor song and monotonous,
Yet we were touched, we felt ourselves oppressed.
The melody so quaint and it possessed
The force to move the heart of both of us.

We went our way. Above, no leaflet stirred.
All quiet all around, this only song
Resounds, now no more faint but somewhat strong,
The dreamy, solemn melody we heard.

Whence came the song? To know we still at loss.
 When entering a narrow, shady way,
 We saw a man upon a flute to play,
 While on his bended knees before a cross.

Age bent his patriarchal, snow-white head,
 He wore a ragged cloak, had broken shoes.
 To all else lost the crucifix he views,
 And piety and pride his face o'erspread.

The poor fellow so ravishingly played,
 As if an artist great he were, around
 Whom lists the crowd with bated breath profound,
 Whose hearts and souls he with his song had
 swayed.

He gave us not a glance of his big eyes, . . .
 As if beneath Saint Peter's dome, my soul
 Was thrilled by list'ning to the organ's roll,
 I seemed to feel the incense odors rise.

The picture on the cross—crude work of art,
 Receives, it seems, with grace divine the hymn,
 And saintly Mary smiles benign on him,
 As does the Infant held close to her heart.

To me the Christ's no Son of God, but I
 Was by the scene wrought up to that degree
 Of piety, that I fell on my knee,
 And prayed devout to my own God on High.

And both of us felt an ecstatic bliss!
 The beauty of the world we saw revealed,
 And splendid e'en the grass on which we kneeled.
 The sky, it seemed, a-smiling sent a kiss.

Emotions lofty held my soul,—in truth,—
 Enraptured by delight beyond compare,
 With eager keenness breathed I the air
 Which you exhaled: Love, Poetry and Youth!

When after pray'r we left that hallowed place,
 We felt our blood to throb fast in our vein.
 From all around I thought to hear it plain:
 "Blessed be, belovéd ones; with love and grace!"

When one a sweetheart has in dear old Rome,
 The Sundays he with her joyously spends
 In old Campagna's fields, they greet as friends
 The ruins they behold, while thus they roam

About. I, too, with my sweet Marian,
 One sunlit, wintry morn had joined the throng;
 Upon her lips there rose a tuneful song
 In soft, melodious Italian!

THE EVENING.

Alexander Petöfi.

The daylight wanes,
 And quiet reigns.
 'Mid breezes driven,
 Cloudlets riven,
 The moonlight plays
 In varied rays,
 As ruins o'er
 Might fancy soar.
 The city wight
 Has no delight,
 Seek in the field
 What pleasures yield
 The eves.—All gay
 Two lovers stray,
 Sing on their way.
 Their song is heard
 By many a bird.
 From forest's shade
 To lad and maid
 Comes the mournful tale
 Of the nightingale. . .

From the garden borne
 The sound of horn,
 Where the herdsman tends
 His fire! It extends
 Far, far around,
 And then the sound
 Of the horn's sad note,
 In the air doth float.
 While all around
 O'er the dewy ground
 And rich, green grass
 His herd doth pass.
 Then soft the gate
 Is opened, elate
 The herdsman heeds
 The sound, and speeds.
 Kiss follows kiss
 And all is bliss!
 Who went there, who?
 The lover true!
 How blessed ye two!
 All joyous be!
 But why of ye
 I cannot be?

NIGHT AND STAR.

Michael Vörösmarty.

I am the night, thou art a star
 Which shines with lustrous glow.
 And dark and dreary is my life,
 Unbearable my woe.

Thou causest it, that I am wrapped
 Into this doleful gloom;
 Above this gloom, howe'er, I see
 Thy face divine to loom.

I slumber not, thou gleaming star,
Because of thy fair beams;
And yet, amidst my painful woe,
To thee ascend my dreams.

I'd fain to carry up to thee
The sacred secrets sweet
Of love, which cause earth's children's heart
Tumultuously to beat,

To carry up the vows, which lips
Have not dared to reveal,
The thoughts, which night and grief insist
Forever to conceal.

To thee my mournful, doleful face
I'd bear, that thy bright beam
Athwart my sombre, ghastly face
Might all the brighter gleam.

And as more doleful, mournful, I
Most willingly would be,
Thou couldst be dazzling in the high
The more resplendently.

I long my own brightness to lose,
If thou but shinest bright!
If once, yea only once, for this
Thy flames to feel I might.

WINTER TWILIGHT.

Charles Szász.

It's cold and hazy, all alone
I sit at home, a weary grown.
Upon the hearth
The embers die,
I look intent
And ghosts espy.

Into the past musingly gaze,
 Before me lies its every phase:
 All I have felt,
 Hope, joy and pain,
 Beloved ones dead
 I see again.

And one by one they all arise,
 Each one though long in his grave lies,
 Each one, who still
 Alive, appears,
 An echo of
 The vanished years.

And now, no more alone am I,
 For when the last flames flick'ring die:
 From out the hearth
 Shades, ghastly, drear,
 Seem coming forth
 To meet me here.

Though old acquaintances they be,
 Still they are fright'ning, chilling me.
 Around me flit
 In spectral flight,
 Hear ghastly sighs
 Pass into night.

Without, the street lamp burneth bright,
 It sheds into my room its light;
 And spectre like
 Awaits the morn,
 By dim lamplight
 The shades are torn.

The wind against my window blows,
 And on the panes the hoarfrost glows.
 Flowers of ice,
 Dread winter nights
 Are of my past
 The shades and sprites.

IN THE FOREST.

Louis Palágyi.

O, forest, forest; what are thy retreats,
If thy fair charms no dreamer ever greets?
For vainly blossom all thy charms concealed,
If to a poet's heart they can not be revealed.

In vain the wind will through thy foliage blow,
If there be none the murmuring tones who know;
Here chirps the bird, its mate doth answer send,
But none the harmony can comprehend.

Although the near-by vale is men's fair home,
None there abide who care to thee to come;
All in their lowly huts remain concealed,
And each one ploughs his narrow little field.

They've built up petty huts down at the base,
But there are none who long to see thy face,
From youth to hoary age near thee they dwell,
But none come e'er beneath thy magic spell.

Thy verdure dark, fadeth from year to year,
Thy open shrine awaits the pilgrims here.
New songs, unceasing, swell and onward roll,
But thou await'st a poet's kindred soul.

And in the wind's voice, to the vale below
Th' inviting flute an hundred time doth blow;
They feel the wrath which in thy tempest rolls,
No meaning though it bears to their dull souls.

In loneliness, thou forest, here wilt stand,
Till once a poet comes from some far land:
In spirit converse you each other greet,
Two lonely ones akin, as comrades meet.

THE WIND.

Alexander Petöfi.

To-day a soft, mild, whispering breeze am I,
 As gently o'er the greening fields I rove,
 Breathe kisses on the faces of the buds,
 My sweet, warm kiss, the pledge of my true love.
 "Bloom, bloom! fair daughters of the balmy spring!"
 Soft whispering in their ears "bloom! bloom!" I
 say.

Then, as their coverings thy shyly ope,
 In bliss upon their breasts I faint away.

To-morrow though I am the shrill-voiced wind,
 The bush in fear shall tremble in my path,
 Beholding in my hands the whetted knife,
 It knows I shall deprive it of its green.
 "Ye foolish, trusty maidens fade away!"
 I hiss unto the flow'rs and withered, sere
 They fade away upon the autumn's breast,
 While cold and scornful I but laugh and jeer.

To-day a meek breeze I, as o'er smooth streams
 I peacefully and calm float through the air,
 Observed but by the little, weary bee,
 Who, flying homewards from the meads, doth bear
 Her burden at her side,—the gathered sweets
 For honey-making,—culled from flowers bright.
 The tiny creature on my palm I bear
 And thus assist her in her weary flight.

To-morrow, once again, the tempest mad!
 O'er angry seas on my wild steed I'll ride,
 Cause in my wrath their dark-green locks to shake,
 The lord like, who by stubborn child's defied.
 I'll sweep the sea, and if a ship I meet,
 Her wings, the flutt'ring sails I'll wrest,
 And with her mast write on the waves her fate:
 "No more wilt thou in any harbor rest!"

END OF AUTUMN.

John Arany.

Forth to the fields; do not resist the might
Of these most beauteous days full balmy air.
The truant spring regrets—it seems—her flight,
Again is there.

Invigorating sun, with vernal ray
Clothes all the blue of heaven in rich array,
And white-robed clouds on high their tribute pay;
What fine display!

In boundless azure, we can hear the voice
Of the migrating birds; "farewell" they sing.
We have—without their caprice—all the joys
Of summer and of spring.

No fitful days, like sick men have, who weep
O'er fleeting joys; we have no sultry air,
No clap of distant thunders, rolling deep,
Have not the lightning's glare.

In dewy meads, where laughing brooklets flow
The green grass fadeth not by foul decay;
The field and wood with lustrous hue aglow,
Are young again and gay.

THE COMFORTER.

.. John Arany.

What to the home the heartstones thought to be,
And what the flower is to busy bee;
What is the morning dew to thirsty ground,
To painful wound the balm love will compound;
What lighted lamp is in the night's dark hour,
Or what in torrid noon's a shady bower,
What all, for which no word, no thought may be:
All that, O pocsy, thou art to me.

If rugged is to be my path of life,
 Is to be fraught with grief, with woe and strife;
 If all around me chilly winds shall beat,
 And I be covered by cold winter's sleet:
 Ah! here and there fair flowers still in bloom!
 This throweth light into the darkest gloom;
 For, in these sweetly scenting flowers, thee,
 Joy of the Woods! I must embodied see.

And if my ardent heart at times shall long
 For fellowship and seek the human throng,
 Soon, sick and weary unto death, it yearns
 For its own solitude; anon returns.
 A pillow soft thou hast for me, and my
 Nocturnal rest sweet dreams will beautify;
 While with the thorns of truth I must forbear
 Thou causeth bloom for me the roses fair.

Thou makest all my joys be felt more deep,
 And kindly lullest all my woes to sleep;
 So great the joy which now for me in store,
 That now the burning wounds I feel no more.
 In tears, which from my eyes, like pearly dew
 Roll down, thou playest in bright rainbow hues;
 E'en my complaint, is it in song confessed,
 Is evermore more noble and more blessed.

THE WEST.

Ladislaus Torkos.

The West, the West! migrate out west!
 Oh! there I longed to be!
 Sweet recollections lured me on,
 A-calling tenderly.

To eat and drink I did not care,
 Nor for nocturnal rest.
 "The devil take me,"—then I thought,—
 And now I'm in the west.

Ah! 'tis the west, but not repose,
For I am roving still,—
From mountain summits to the vale,
From valley to the hill.

And like a Turk, with folded arms,
Eastward I turn my eyes;
Unconsciously on my lips
Rise most heartbreaking sighs.

And if soon all this doth not cease,
My fancy's constant flight,—
I think I even might become
A Turkish Islamite.

I feel as if I had to list
To the great Prophet's lore,
And to his Eastern shrine I'll fly,
As in the days of yore!

THE DESERT WILLOW.

John Arany.

Who planted me here in this desert land,
An everlasting plague to roving wind?
Who buried deep my roots in burning sand,
My lonely life to bloomless night consigned?
Ah! may accurséd be
The cruel hand, that here hath planted me.

'Neath verdant hills, on tender brooklet's bank,
Joyous my youth was passed. The crystal dew,
While shielded from the wind and sun,—I drank,
Breathing the air of heaven and mountain blue,
And on each blessed morn
Saw gleaming pearly beads my boughs adorn.

With smiles had greeted me the rising sun,
 As he beheld me in the morning breeze;
 He said farewell to me each eve, when run
 His daily course. At noon, he would, to please,
 Behind clouds hide his face,
 That I might not faint in his hot embrace.

Beneath me, soft and thick, the turf of green
 And bright and beauteous meadows spread
 Gay insects swarmed on my leave's silver sheen,
 And in my drooping boughs bird songs resound,
 Sad Philomel to me,
 Flew nightly, not to near-by proud oak-tree.

Whenever in the burning, whitish glare,
 My branches would the water's mirror meet:
 All swiftly,—just to wet my tresses fair,—
 A million wavelets lave and bathe my feet,
 And tiny whirlpools pressed
 The floating flowers up, towards my breast.

That in these waves she lave, there came a maid.
 In shame, her beauty white grew red and warm.
 Then thoughtful over her my arms I laid,
 Into my leaves I wrapped her slender form.
 I shielded her with care,
 That none might view her beauty fair and rare.

Then came the youthful shepherd,—sad and slow.
 The reed from my own branch, of which he made
 A lute, I didn't regret, for of his woe
 He then in plaintive, mournful accents played.
 Ah! sad indeed his lay!
 But some of his great grief it bore away.

Alone now on the dreary waste I stand,
 The hoarse-voiced locust is my only friend,—
 In sultry heat, gaze o'er the mirage land,
 Whose airy streams to my thirst tortures lend.
 Would but a spring be here!
 But not one drop my burning thirst to cheer!

My scattered foliage is sere and brown;
The fainting wanderer a place of rest
Doth seek, but finds it not. He raineth down
His curses o'er my leaves. "Nevermore blest
With green again thou be!"
A fruitless curse! Since new springtides I see.

Near by, one sees an old, abandoned dike;
None cross it now; the bridge is gone; who cares
To cross it when the stream and deep, alike
Are gone, and no dividing way is there?
Ah! e'en the clouds on high
Bring no relief, but slowly onward fly.

AT A VINTAGE.

Paul Gyulai.

Is this a vintage or a wake?
Silent with wine our thirst we slake.
Like autumn gales that 'bort us beat
We now and then must heave a sigh.
'Tis well that here we took our seat,
Where dry-dead leaves about us fly.

It was not thus long, long ago,
And every one will tell you so.
For then, the hearts beat high with life,
The mount was full of joy. Now sore
Our hearts, the mounts no longer rife
With bliss, e'en swords we have no more.

With earnest mien the ancient host
Doth sit, his happiness all lost.
The old cloak o'er his shoulder falls,
And on his lips a curse doth rest;
For good cheer reigns not in the halls,
Nor on his lips, nor smile, nor jest.

The gypsies still their music play,
 But no one leads to dance to-day.
 So they pass on, and as they go
 Their song re-echoes from afar.
 Where are they gone? Ah! who doth know
 Where youthful spirit, ardor are?

On yonder hillside, 'neath a tree,
 There sits a maiden, musingly,
 Her tears are rolling from her eyes.
 A promised bride she long had been.
 But none know where the bridegroom lies,
 And none his grave have ever seen.

Monotony doth us unite,
 We sit together where glows bright
 The flame; we talk of days gone by.
 Our speech by soys 's oft broke in twain;
 While o'er our souls old memories fly,
 And we but stir the fire again.

Night on the hills, mist in the vale, . . .
 Our half-spent fire is growing frail,
 Amidst the clouds high overhead
 Are shadows dark, the moon grows pale.
 Perchance at midnight walk the dead,
 For countless graves lie in the vale.

TIME FLIES.

Julius Ruduyánszky.

Time flies, its current carries far away
 All happiness, and also all the woe,
 All that has been surcharged with lustrous ray
 Of pomp, to everlasting death must go.
 The boy doth soon strong manhood's age attain,
 To lines of care then change the smiles he bore;
 The future's days my eyes seek all in vain,
 And twenty years of age I'll be no more.

Oh! how delicious were my dreams! Each dream
 Was full of bliss; and light my heart has been.
 As good and true I held in high esteem
 The world, myself was good and true and clean!
 It an enchanted scene had seized my eye
 And all unnoticed onward moved the shore,
 I thought it followed me, would never fly, . . .
 And twenty years of age I'll be no more!

The wicked's fall, and virtue's victory
 Devoutly I believed and preached. Bestow
 Thy help 'gainst secret risks protectingly,
 Good Lord! I'll brave myself the open foe!
 When in a lonely wood I had to rest,
 More soft had been my couch,—the stony floor,—
 Then now on silks I toss about depressed . . .
 And twenty years of age I'll be no more!

While boundless have been all my proud desires,
 To joy enflamed I've been by smallest share.
 The heart which is content is which inspires;
 In atoms of the world to be aware!
 And where are friendship, glory, fame and power,
 Our early path of life's springtide of yore?
 I weep because to seed is gone the flower . . . ;
 And twenty years of age I'll be no more!

The woodworm furrows slowly in the oak,
 The lightning, though, shoots down with sudden
 might,
 Rash, thoughtless deeds but thought and care
 provoke,
 Too heavy is the crown of thorns I wear,
 Long winter chaseth short summer's delight.
 The storm undid the laurel wreath I wore;
 Impatient I become and nigh despair . . .
 And twenty years of age I'll be no more!

'Tis true! The worth of youth we only then
 Appreciate, when youth's no longer ours;
 At each day's setting of the sun, I can
 Note how another hope's gone with the hours.

And although with my ancient zeal I strive,
The precious pollen of my soul's no more!
A cherub doth me from my Eden drive . . .
And twenty years of age I'll be no more!

EVENING SONG.

Fruzina Szalay.

The flowers fade, the flowers pale,
The trees' leaves fall by frost-king kissed.
Come autumn, spread o'er hill and vale
Thy hazy mist.

Throughout the noisy, busy day,
Men ceaseless worked, had weary grown.
Come night, and o'er the whole world may
Thy veil be thrown.

The day is o'er, yet many wake,
With burning tear filled many eye.
Come dream, and kindly undertake
Their tears to dry!

AUTUMN GREETING.

Agost Greguss.

The magpies come, the swallows go,
The eve is short, the dawn is slow.
Beneath, more leaves than on the tree,
The autumn's here, 'tis plain to see.

Life's autumn came also to thee,
Thy hair is turning gray, I see;
And what is living in thy soul?
Sweet memories, not hope control.

And thy poor heart is full of fear . . .
 Too soon the winter will be here.
 Ah, wait! Again the spring will ope,
 Will bring new leaves, and bring new hope.

THE SUMMER'S EVE.

Victor Dalmady.

The summer's eves will come and go,
 But none so sweet as one,—below
 I spent, beneath acacia trees,
 Recalled by sweetest memories.
 My sweetheart's joyous face I still
 Behold, and feel a blissful thrill—
 Acacias at the garden gate:
 To bloom twice be your happy state!

She was all good, that darling maid,
 Her presence sweetest bliss conveyed.
 She would with kindness smooth my brow.
 I feel the ease it gave e'en now.
 And as she softly touched my hair
 She drove away all woe, all care.
 Acacias at the garden gate:
 To bloom twice be your happy state!

At first my forehead she would kiss,
 And then my lips enjoyed the bliss.
 The happy minstrel's was the first,
 The second quenched the lover's thirst.
 Twice every single kiss I felt,
 As doubled joy her kisses dealt:
 Acacias at the garden gate:
 To bloom twice be your happy state!

The silent nights which mute had grown,
 Us two, to be awake had known.
 Yet those, who dreamed through all night'
 hours
 Dreamed not of happiness as ours.

We dreamed of happiness sublime
Which ours will be, some day, some time.
Acacias at the garden gate:
To bloom twice be your happy state!

It was here that she said to me,
That happy in a hut she'd be.
It was here that she said her love
'S eternal as the stars above!
And here it was where tears she shed,
When I to her good-bye had said:
Acacias at the garden gate:
To bloom twice be your happy state!

Of blossoms full were then the trees,
They spread their perfume in the breeze.
I plucked two small twigs from the tree,
The one for her, and one for me.
Forever's gone that sweetest eve,
The blossom's left with me to grieve.
Acacias at the garden gate:
To bloom twice be your happy state!

Such summer eve will come no more,
Be summer henceforth evermore.
Whene'er of that one eve I dream,
My anguished soul to calm doth seem.
Acacia trees, which could the soul
With sweet remembrances console:
Acacias at the garden gate:
To bloom twice be your happy state!

IN THE FOREST OF VAAL.

John Vajda.

In the centre of the forest yon,
Where shrub and tree keep out the sun,
There, in the vale, far off the road,
A cosy, shady, sweet abode.

How good it were could I live there,
Forever breathe that balmy air;
Live in that cosy, homely nest,
Do nothing else but peaceful rest!

Of thousand cares of fate's decree,
Of all the worldly cares be free!
And, undisturbed, but give my thought,
That soon will come what I had sought.

On mountain side, in balmy air,
In sunny spring's sweet morn, to stare
Upon the clouds that fly on high,
O'er past and future cast the eye. . .

At last, to feel the time has come
All unconsciously to succumb
To that great end that endeth all!
And from the dry life-tree to fall!

And then forever sleep!—to die,
Then in an unmarked grave to lie;
There to enjoy, what's sweetest, best,
Eternal rest! eternal rest!

THE ALFÖLD.

Alexander Petöfi.

Rugged Carpathians, what is to me
The wild romance of thy pine forests old?
With admiration I can view thee e'er,
But without love; nor does my fancy stray
Aloft to thy fair mountain vales. But there
Below, in alföld's sea-like region, there
Is my own world, my home! My eagle soul
Springs from its prison bonds, when I behold
The bound'ry of the plain. And so, in thought,
Upward to thee I fly, amid thy clouds,

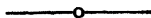
When smiles upon me then, the image fair
 Of that dear plain, from Danube's waters spread
 Unto the Tisza's distant shore. Tinkle
 Beneath the sky of the mirage, the bells
 Of Kis-Kúnság's hundred fat herds, at noon;
 While by the well with the long windlass, waits
 The double trough, and galloping, the steed
 Snorts in the wind, and stamps the ground. The
 colts'

Low whining, too, is heard, and of the lash
 The cruel sound. There waveth in the field,
 Unto the gentle breeze the green, sweet corn,
 Adorning with the emerald's glowing tint,
 So glorious, the place. The wild ducks come
 In the ev'ning's twilight, from the neighboring cane.
 Soaring affright, to an aerial path,

If but a zephyr sway the reeds. Then there
 Far in the centre of the plain, lonely
 An inn is standing, with its chimney, old
 And crumbling, where the thirsty peasants come
 For goats' milk, as they journey to the fair.
 Near the inn is the dwarfed poplar wood,
 Yellow is the sand with melons rich;
 There where the screaming hawk her nest doth
 build,

Where, undisturbed by children, she may rest.
 There grows the sad, sad "orphan's hair" and blos-
 soms

Blue, of buckthorn, 'bout whose cooling stems
 The parti-colored lizards wind themselves
 To rest themselves in noonday heat. Beyond,
 Far, far away, where earth and heaven meet
 The summits blue of fruit trees dimly rise,
 And farther still, like a misty column pale,
 The spire of some distant village church is seen.
 O, Alföld! fair, at least to me; for here
 Was rocked my cradle; here, too, I was born.
 May here the dark pall wrap my slumbering form;
 In this dear land, I fain would find a grave.



SWAN SONG.

Andrew Pap.

The happy one's afraid to die,
His moments to prolong he'd fain.
The years that still before me lie
I'd just as lief let fate retain.

The thought of death to me is sweet.
Why not? Do I not full well know:
Enough of woe on earth we meet,
We've rest but in the earth below.

To whom I lost my doleful heart
And youth,—the maiden I loved best,—
Will find, when I this life depart,
The verdant grave 'neath which I rest.

The flow'rs which on my grave will grow,—
Their roots within my heart,—she will
Wear on her breast, when then, I know,
With loving thoughts her soul will thrill.

Pluck all! pluck all! it's mockery
That o'er my grave fair flow'r should bloom.
With all my life it doth agree:
Bare as it was, bare be my tomb!

AUTUMN SCENE.

Michael Tompa.

The scene betrays the autumn's reign,
Now autumn sun, now autumn rain.
The picture bright,—the dying plain
Arouse in me a hallowed pain.

The sere leaves fall, mute are the songs;
 The thought of spring my mem'ry throngs,
 And at the thought, I see more clear
 How ill this season of the year.

Is it this field that was so fair?
 So beautiful beyond compare?
 This country with the hill and vale . . .
 Where now the graveyard's awes prevail?

The sun will soon have gone to rest . . .
 Saint land of dissolution blest!
 With sweet and burning passion strong,
 My yearning soul for thee doth long.

The charm these signs of death unfold
 Upon my soul take strongest hold.
 E'en if myself had now to die,
 I'd love thee still with love's strong tie.

The scene is mute and pale its face,
 The smiling sun lights up the place.
 Attractive, beautiful this death,
 Where smiles adorn the dying breath.

Sweet dream, I feel upon my eyes
 Thy burden sweet, a treasured prize;
 That soon I, too, my head bend low,
 The falling dry leaves whisper slow.

The tree-leaves gently, slowly die,—
 They fall without pain's woe or sigh.
 No sign of strife 's encountereth!
 Who knows of a more beauteous death?

FROM THE GRAVE.

John Vajda.

O, loved one still alive, my sweetheart dear,
 Restful I sleep in this spot, free of fear;
 Thou canst not know what quiet reigneth here.

MAGYAR POËMS.

One thing I'll tell—why 'tis I cannot say—
I dream of thee, and but one dream away;
One beauteous dream doth ever with me stay.

These fields are quiet; I hear the breeze
Above, and with the flowers speak at ease;
The swaying grass, too, murmurs lullabies.

O, thou, my love, my life that knows no end,
To thee one message only I can send—
Naught ails me here, naught can hurt extend.

Nor head nor heart ache any more with pain;
But O, my dove, depart not yet; remain!
To place beneath me some support now deign.

The blood, which from my heart did freely flow,
When first it felt my dagger's self-aimed blow,
Is cold i' the wound and makes me shudder so.

Ah, but that blood forever saith to me,
That thou wert faithless; and if true it be—
God knows—Come let it be wiped clean by thee.

Enjoy thyself, roam in the sunlight clear,
Be faithless—but a span it is; so near
The time draws on when thou, too, shalt lie here.

And then, ah, then indeed, thou shalt be mine;
That thou wilt love me here I well divine;
When burial shroud's cool covering will be thine.

O, come, let dancing up there soon be o'er;
Of goodliest dreams, my dear, the grave holds store,
From which we twain shall waken nevermore.



FROM THE "CRICKET SONGS."

Alexander Endrödi.

I.

We roam about in springtime's flow'ry days,
Rest 'neath the richly leafy trees;
Upon, around us leaves and blossoms sweet
Fall, shaken by the mildest breeze.

Yes, let this shower from branch and twig and spray,
'Tis glorious,—upon us rain,
To-day sweet life, sweet scent are ours,
To-morrow snowflakes clothe the plain.

II.

The pomp of glorious dawn surroundeth thee,
The magic charm of new-born earth.
Dost see the trembling leaflets of the trees?
Dost hear the songbird's voice of mirth?

All nature is aflame, in sunrays bright
To live, love and to hope's her call.
In our dreams fairy forest all alone
The tree tops sigh, the tree leaves fall.

III.

Once in a while I wish they would come back:
The tempests wild of days gone by,
The angry clouds, the waves a-rolling high,
The storming shades which in our dreams hie.

Once in a while I wish they would come back:
Life, aimless, passive and submissive,
Love with its train of worry and of woe,
And then—then the forbidden kiss.

MAGYAR POEMS.

GOD BLESS THEE.

Paul Gyulai.

God bless thee, little tree,
The beauteous rose that bore.
For years shall Mary see
Thee blossom as before!
At day's dawn and at eve
We met beneath thy bow'r;
To God's own care I leave
The rose-tree's beauteous flow'rs.

God bless thee, little room,
Thou cosy, white-walled spot.
Good angels shall resume
To guard the dear old hut.
Within thy walls, care free,
We had our friendly chat:
God's blessing be on thee,
Dear room, wherein we sat.

God bless thee, little bird,
Which chirps in cage of gold;
Thou would'st have much preferred
"Thou art free!" to be told.
Thou sang'st while I caressed,
Our kiss for kiss thou heard:
Saw'st lip to lip be pressed;
God bless thee, little bird.

AUTUMN SONG.

Alexander Endrödi.

"Be happy, and God bless you, dear!"
Your cheering words ring in my ear.
But God has long my life deserted,
God has left me broken-hearted.

The tree-tops sigh, the forest darkens,
To winter's call, all nature hearkens;
As summer dies its blossoms fall
And autumn's chill blows over all.

And I, I go my ways, alone,
Dream of your sweet self I had known
In bygone days! Ah! then I long
To weep, or end my grief in song.

ON A RAILROAD.

Alexander Petöfi.

I am in raptures, happy, gay;
Glorious scenes now greet my eye.
Only the birds ere now could fly,
But men can also fly to-day.

Fleet-winged thought or venturous mind,
We'll in the race with you compete.
Spur on your horse! A splendid heat!
We shall, withal, leave you behind.

Hills and vales, seas, men and trees,
What else I pass God only knows;
My wonder, my amazement grows,
Viewing these misty sceneries.

The sun runs with us, as in dread
Of quick pursuit—a madman's thought—
By devils who, if him they caught,
Into small fragments then would shred.

He ran and ran and onward fled,
But all in vain! He had to stop,
Tired, on a western mountain top;
Blushing with shame, his face is red.

But in our ride we still proceed;
We weary not, feel no fatigue;
And, rolling up league after league,
To reach new worlds shall yet succeed.

A thousand railroads men shall build
Throughout the earth, till endless chains
Or iron lines, like human veins,
The world with healthy life have filled.

The railroads are the veins of earth;
Culture and progress prosper where
They cause pulsations in the air;
To nations' greatness they give birth.

Build railroads, more than heretofore;
You ask whence you shall iron take?
The chains and yokes of slavery break;
Let human slavery be no more!

'SPRING.

Otto Herepei.

The fairest flowers of the spring—
The roses—sweetly bloom,
The songbirds joyous paeans sing,
Conjured by their perfume.

The azure sky smiles on the scene,
To which the sun its gold has lent;
And now the gentle breezes glean—
To spread around,—the song and scent.

When to my casement comes the breeze
It finds me sad and suffering.
My longing soul's grave reveries
Sigh for the lyrics of the spring.

WINTER AND SUMMER.

Paul Dömötör.

'Tis winter. Frost-king wears his icy crown;
Though in my heart an ardent summer reigns.
From house tops silv'ry icicles hang down,—
Within, a maid's soft arms hold me in chains.

The winter rules,—frost flowers everywhere,
While here, within, a beauteous rose doth bloom.
The wind 'blows through acacias sad and bare,
While kiss for kiss we give within this room.

The winter's cold, all life is dreary, though
To my heart summers still their glories lend.
By nature 'tis ordained that love's bright glow
Shall not upon the season's change depend.

WINTER TIME, SUMMER TIME.

Michael Tompa.

In winter time, in summer time, my house is on
the plain,
A chance to see my sweetheart, I only on Sunday
gain.
My home is in the valley of the Hortobágy below,
To church, to say my prayers, I ne'er have the time
to go.

Plain is the lowland; here I see no hill, and see no
wood;
See but the high church spire which in my dear
old village stood.
Though far away, that church spire I nevertheless
perceive,
I hear the church bells ringing on the white Whit-
suntide eve.

I wish I could my prayers say, but I do not know
 how;
 I never went to school, I must all humbly here avow.
 My parents could not teach me, I know prayers
 not, no song—
 The dear old folks sleep in their graves. Ah, me!
 ever so long!

Thou, my own sweetheart, thou must pray for me,
 for both,
 And then to come to kiss me, thou by no means
 must be loth.
 And when thou hast given to me thy ruby lips to
 kiss:
 As if to church had been, I will be blessed by
 heavenly bliss.

MY DREAMS.

Alexander Petöfi.

Sometimes ill dreams will haunt my sleep,
 Like those which came to me last night;
 For hardly one had time to pass
 Before another did affright.

Sin's heroes I in purple saw;
 On virtue crushed their feet did tread;—
 A ghastly footstool, red and white,
 Whose eyes shed tears, whose heart-veins bled.

I saw gaunt faces, worn and serene,
 And yellow as the moon at night;
 Each phantom face so ghastly seemed,
 Like to a wraithly weird moonlight.

Around them joyous faces were,
 On which the sun of comfort shone;
 And yellow as each starveling face
 The golden spurs their heels had on.

A man I saw upon his bier,
 A deep wound just above his heart!
 His own son killed him! And his wife—
 Does she now play the mourner's part?

His wife! Ah, nay; she does not weep;
 While he lies near in dreamlessness,
 She, in a close, adjoining room,
 Receives her lover's fond caress!

Then, as he lies within his tomb,
 His relatives—a hungry crowd—
 Come, and his grave-vault open break
 And rob him of his funeral shroud!

I saw forsaken, desert lands,
 Where public virtue seemed as dead;
 Where night did reign, where dawn was near,
 On herdsmen's swords a sanguine red.

I looked on fallen states enslaved,
 Where bondsmen's shrieks one could not hear;
 Because their plaints and groans were killed
 By tyrants' laughter in the ear.

Such dreams, indeed, are nightly mine;—
 Small marvel that it should be so!
 For what in visions I divine
 The world doth, and the world will know!

How long will this dread world endure?
 Why is that heavenly force so slow—
 Thou comest long ordained — this earth
 From its set axis to o'erthrow?

THE IMPRISONED BIRD.

Andrew Kozma.

What shall the bird sing
Bereft of field and wing?
Whose prison small cuts off the world
And no hopes bring.

Forest, bush and field
No nest to him now yield,
The cage these pleasures has from him
Forever sealed.

No longer to the sky
Joyful can he fly;
The lay he carolled in the heavens
Is now a sigh.

But early hopes die hard;
And so the feathered bard
In the prisoncage still sings his song
By sorrow marred.

But in the dead of night
In dreams his soul takes flight
To scenes that made his freedom fair
And his lay light.

Again his heart is free,
Again his mate doth see;
He spreads his wings and soars away
O'er earth and sea.

He flies 'mid life above,
Once a part thereof; —
His dream is o'er; and yet he sings
Of hope and love.

IN THE STREET.

Julius Rudnyanszky.

Midst din and noise stirs all day long,
 Upon the street, a busy throng.
 To one who tarries, hundreds speed.
 No "early" and no "late" they heed;
 No peaceful rest is e'er their part,
 They trod o'er thought, merit and heart.
 Life's short and death doth all efface. — — —
 Thou foolish man, where dost thou race?

The workman in the misty dawn,—
 The dew still moistens lane and lawn, —
 Runs onward, almost out of breath;
 His child at home is fighting death,
 His eyes his drowsiness betray,
 A crust devours while on his way,
 The yoke assumes, — his work 's begun,
 Poor man, poor man! Where dost thou run?

The pleasure hunter onward presses,—
 His blood aboiling — to excesses.
 What is the game? He does not care,
 Be but the wine good, maiden fair,
 The dice a-rolling or cards to play,
 The night e'en he must turn to day.
 The moments pleasures must be won,
 Thou wretched man! Where dost thou run?

The proud man blindly speeds ahead;
 And, like the stream flown o'er its bed
 Sweeps into mire all things, his pride
 Thus over all, — hearths, graves, — doth ride
 He throws, his swiftness to increase
 As ballast, o'er, sweet memories.
 Will he succeed? Who knows it? None!
 Conceited man! Where dost thou run?

A million ends are intertwined,
When one, exhausted, drops behind:
The earth had not yet drank his sweat,
An hundred push his place to get.
The fight is cruel, void the peace,
Euslave the force, cause faith to cease —
Life's short and death, doth all efface,
What fools are men! Where do they race?

But while 'round him a surging crowd
Jolts, jogs and trusts, 'midst noises loud
And fights with unseen foes: with eyes
Closed stands the dreamer, and he tries
'A rhyme to find, — his only care!
Around him fear, greed and despair!
He tries a sweet song to compose,
Is glad when scenting one sweet rose!

ANIMAL LITERATURE.

Coloman Toth.

Some time ago a mass meeting was held
By all the animals;—(That is to say
This might have been the case)—they were impelled
To do something to save their mind's decay.
The forest's beasts, too numerous to name,
Likewise the birds, all to the meeting came.

And they discussed what is there to be done
To raise the standard of their intellect. —
Besides our food, is there under the sun
Naught else worth while to live for, they reflect.
And having argued it from every side,
They finally most solemnly decide:

A poet be the nightingale.
 His flight may be o'er hill or vale,
 To fill with tuneful song the air
 He'll never fail; e'en be he bare
 Of means to find his daily food,
 You'll hear him singing in the wood;
 In fact then is most sweet his wail,
 A poet be the nightingale.

The roe-buck, light-footed, fits well
 For a reporter, he shall tell
 What he has heard, what he has seen,
 Where he has been or—could have been.
 He's neat and smooth, most fit to go
 To ball, to fair or other show,
 Then tell us what we want to know.
 Reporter,—yes,—must be the roe.

We'll make the stork our editor;
 In fact there's no competitor.
 He struts around with earnest mien
 Along the shore or pasture green.
 Fish, frog and snake his constant quest,
 To bring home to his cosy nest,
 He looks as were he full of lore!
 We'll make the stork our editor.

The bear, we all with ease can see,
 He must our politician be.
 When from his cave to crawl he knows,
 And he can feel the wind how blows.
 Thick-skinned—immune—he's from abuse,
 When constantly he changes views;
 A better one we'll find nowhere,
 The politician be our bear.

And they decide: the sterlings must
 Be correspondents, and 'tis just,
 Because these bold flails of the field
 And vineyard ever have revealed

A tendency to chat, they can,—
Their tongues split—even sing, and then,
When put into a cage, be thought
Some other bird—not starlings—caught.
Like correspondents, who we know:
To novel-writers, poets, grow.

The peacocks are our men of letters,
Not that they of us the betters,
Then can pretend and they can sham,
Each claims to be the great "I am!"
And strut and stalk as when savants
To L.L.D.'s—D.D.'s—advance.
Among the things they then decide
Is, that the owl shall lead and guide
Their dramatists, whose souls delight,
Owl-like, to grope in darkest night.
As publisher,—in well set speech.—
They name, and then elect the leech.

The donkey occupied a chair
'Way up in front, assumed an air
Of great importance. Ne'ertheless
Was overlooked. I even guess
It was intentionally done.
All were aware, that 'neath the sun
There is but one beast like the ass,
Who could not fit in any class.

Not so the donkey thought! And lo!
"I ask the floor!" he brayed, to know
Why were we overlooked? 'Tis true,
The ass knows great deal less than you,
But who will dare to say that brain
Must in literature obtain?
Can we not write? Of course we can!"
Just as to break up it began,
The meeting then resolves: That he,
The donkey, shall the critic be!

HORTOBAGY, MY HORTOBAGY.

Michael Szabolcska.

My Hortobágy, fair Hortobágy,
 How beauteous is thy stretch of land,
 If seven realms the eye has scanned,
 It finds none that with thee compare,
 Thou art so fair.

I love with all my heart and soul
 Thy level, rolling, boundless plain,
 Th' eternal silence which doth reign
 O'er thy expanse, thy dignified
 Self-conscious pride.

It might well be, that God above,—
 All separate created thee,
 And, like a silken 'kerchief, He
 Spread thee here out, so that He might
 In thee delight.

He hemmed it and embroidered it
 With gently flowing Tisza's shore,
 The banks of which He did adore
 With ribbons rich,—bright flowers in bloom
 And rich perfume.

That greater still His pleasure be,
 He trimmed it with a mirage fair,
 Which magic like wafts in the air,
 By sun rays out of cloudlets hewn
 In summer's noon.

The mirage is the midday's gem.
 When evening comes, ah! in the night,
 He beautifies it with some bright
 And silv'ry stars. The sky displays
 Bonfires ablaze.

The shepherd lad beheld the stars,
 And lo! his thoughts were soon with her
 Who makes his heart's young blood to stir;
 The beauteous star of his own life,
 His sweetheart wife.

With anguish, yet with keen delight,
He thought of her, the nutbrown maid,
With azure eyes, what then he prayed
And dreamed,—the beauteous song—appears
Since thousand years.

THE DEATH OF THE BUTTERFLY.

Emil Ábrányi.

Poor butterfly! He felt his death was nigh,
Alighted on a rose-tree where to die.
With mocking sympathy the insects come
Their last farewells into his ear to hum.

"See," said the ant, "I told you days ago
What will the end be if you do not grow
A wiser man! The spring is hardly o'er
And death already is your conqueror.

"You were so vain, looked on us with disdain,
Yet we are hale! Our livelihood to gain
We worked! Had you, like us, been working hard,
Life of an hundred years be your reward!"

A thin-legged cricket said: "I feel for thee!
Thy bliss thou could'st not bear; look at me, see,
I, too, can love; in fact forever pine
For love's delights, but other ways are mine:

"Of love's sweet woe and of my sorry plight,—
Though unseen I—I sing all day and night.
My chirpings my sad heart's sorrows recite,
But that does not affect my appetite."

"You fool," said one, who burrows in the dung,
"What have you now? Must die so very young.
To flit, to flirt, caress,—that's all you knew,
The rapture o'er—an early end your due!

"A faded face, and withered, curled-up wings,
A fever causes your limbs sufferings! . . .
Why did you not keep to the filth like I,
Vain pleasure-hunter! Now wouldn't have to die!"

A fourth one then hums thus: "Oh, my poor friend,
Your beauty causes you this mournful end.
Your golden wings you should have clipped and
thus
Might have escaped a fate most treacherous."

Thus spake the insects, but our butterfly
Opens his wings, with faint voice makes reply:
"Don't pity me! and don't worry and fret,
I leave this beauteous world without regret.

"Where'er I flew, o'er hill and dale and field,
The flowers to me their splendors had revealed.
All of them loved and kissed me. I feel still
The bliss of this their love, e'en now the thrill

"Is keen. Don't pity me; rather bewail
Your own sad fate. For what you now assail,—
The moment's bliss which had been my sweet
prize,—
You gladly would your own lives sacrifice.

"You pity me? Mean boredom's children, you!
You weep for me? I have nothing to rue!
Ye wretches, hear! No century is worth
The moment's bliss I have enjoyed on earth!

"Hot sunrays, azure sky and flowers hid
From me life's serious side, and ere I did
Become aware of its realities
I gladly die, cheered by love's memories!"

This uttered his faint voice. . . . He heaved a
sigh,
With happiness sublime 's lit up his eye;
Then where he sat, upon a beauteous rose,
His short but happy life came to a close.

FOLKSONGS.

**"It has been said of me, that I
Am atheist, and God deny:
Yet even now I pray intent,
To read thy heart-beats I am bent."**

Folksong.

OF MANY A GIRL.

(Volt szeretőm.)

Of many a girl I have been fond;
I've loved the brown one, loved the blonde.
My sweetheart's now of gipsy race,
With fiery eyes and dusky face.
Dear gipsy girl, I never knew
A girl as sweet as you.

None with my gipsy maid compares,
Despite the tattered gown she wears.
Of her, one never must complain,
And never pleads for kiss in vain.
She is not bold, she is not shy,
For her I must not sigh.

My gipsy sweetheart's tent, at night
Requires no such a thing as light.
At night to light it up, suffice
Her own two big and lustrous eyes.
Those eyes of hers, to my delight,
The blackest night make bright.

A STAR IS BUT A STAR.

(Azért csillag.)

A star is but a star that bright it shine,
A maid's a maid that men for her shall pine.
I have been born,—I do believe,—
To love them madly, and—to grieve.

That leafy crown it have the tree's a tree,
The wind's a wind to blow o'er land and sea.
My heart's a heart with love to glow,
But when deceived . . . it breaketh, though.

MY LITTLE FLUTE.**(Kis furulyám.)**

My little flute from willow's twig I made,
The weeping tree in lonely graveyard swayed.
I carved it sitting on a graveyard stone,
Are you amazed, that mournful is its tone?

And there my own star set, . . . no more its spark
Shall gleam for me and henceforth all is dark.
Is it then strange, that sad my song's refrain?
E'en my desire to live I can't sustain.

And when, at eve, the herd strolls slowly home,
I feel impelled to yonder grave to roam . . .
And when the moon's pale face doth slowly rise,
My flute sends forth heartrending songs and sighs.

So long will sorrow hold me in its bane,
So long will broken-hearted I remain:
Until my soul, together with my sighs,
Into a better world, heavenward flies.

Heigh-ho! Heigh! with sorrows now away!
For I my Violet shall see to-day!
'And even though I blush, I'll rest
My head upon her virgin breast.

WERE I A BROOKLET.**(Volnék csak én.)**

Were I a brooklet clear, I'd flow
Where my own sweetheart dwells. I know
On sultry summer eves she'd lave
In my clear, cool, refreshing wave.

Were I, were I a leaf-crowned tree,
In her own garden I would be;
Would shield her beauteous face by day
From midday sunlight's burning ray.

Were I, were I a fragrant flower,
I'd blossom in her verdant bower;
And plucking me from rosebush-tree,
Her bosom's snow be dew for me.

Were I a gentle breeze, my dove,
In whispers low I'd tell my love.
When sweet you dream, ah! then I'd sip
A thousand kisses from your lip.

And if a nightingale were I,
To my love's garden I would fly;
To die, perchance, with sorrow, where
My heart I could leave to her care.

MY HAT I PULLED... (Kalapom szememre vágom.)

My hat I pulled down o'er my eyes,
The flower thereto pinned soon dies,
And I must weep:
My youth had passed by ere begun,
And soon my life's course will be run,
I feel it deep.

Friend, take an iron bar and go
To yonder graves, and deal a blow
To them, why do they not forbear
What's good and fair.

'Tis better not! Touch not the tomb
Where flowers grow with sweet perfume;

No! touch it not!
But rather seek a lonely spot,
For both of us a burial plot,

And then, some day,
We'll mark it with a leafless spray,
To all the world let it convey:
How we but mocked, and gay at play
We lost our day.



I CURSE THEE NOT.
(Nem átkozlak.)

I curse thee not, 'tis not my way,
But mournfully I sigh all day;
In heaven, to where my sighs ascend,
Thou'll't have thy doings to defend.

In spite of brightest, starlit eve,
I can but darkness dense perceive;
And sadly in the gloom I grope,
Forsaken am even by hope.

What could inspire me and give
To me some real pleasure to live;
I ne'er received,—ask what I would,—
The others have all that is good.

I would not care, would not protest,—
God reigns, and He knows what is best;
But that my sweetheart suffers too,
Is why my woe I can't subdue.

THE BOBOLINK'S NEST.
(Káka tövin költ a rucza.)

The bobolink's nest's 'neath the reed,
On good soil grows good grain indeed.
But where the faithful maidens grow,
That soil I,—to my greatest woe,—
Do not know.

My eyes are filled with tears, because
Another man to his heart draws
My Rose; this is what I deplore!
She'll faithful be for evermore
She often swore!

If true love's claims thou could'st forget,
 Why hast thou caught me in thy net?
 Why hast thou not left me alone,
 Another's plighted love could own
 And bliss had known.

Because I'm poor thou faithless art,
 And give'st to some one else thy heart.
 I cease for thee to weep and pine,
 Some day for me, by grace divine,
 The sun will shine!

I WOULD COME TO SEE THEE.

(Elmennék én tehozzátok.)

I would come to see thee, sweetheart, did I dare,
 If thy mother would not guard thee with such
 care.

Dearest darling, I'd do nothing but request;
 Let my weary head rest on thy virgin breast.

Nevermore I in a short cloak go around,
 Nor will I in my sweetheart's courtyard be found.
 When few days ago I entered,—to be sure,—
 The old dame's tongue lashing I had to endure.

I'm the good-for-nothing fellow of this place,
 All the dogs bark at me and after me race.
 God bless you my native town, I go away!
 Nevermore shall dogs at my heels bark and bay.

IN MORNING'S DAWN.

(Hajnalban, hajnal előtt.)

When this maiden water carries,
 Too long on the road she tarries;
 In morning's dawn, 'fore morning's break,
 Before my house the rosebuds wake.

And this maiden never more glad,
 Than when kissed is by her own lad,
 In morning's dawn, 'fore morning's break,
 Before my house the rosebuds wake.

THY IMAGE.

(Képeddel alszom el.)

Thy image in my dreams I see,
 Awake, thy image comes to me.
 No human language 's adequate,
 To tell my sufferings how great.

Around me all 's dark as the tomb,
 My soul is overcast with gloom:
 Since thou, without a last adieu,
 Left me, who was thy lover true.

HOW I WOULD LIKE TO PLOUGH.

(Szeretnék szántani.)

How I would like the field to plough,
 Drive team of oxen six, if thou,
 Sweet loving rose, wert here just now
 To hold for me in line the plough.
 To hold for me in line the plough.
 I wish, sweet darling Rose, if thou
 Wert here with me, I'd like to plough
 With team of oxen six just now.

THE RAVEN ON GOOD FRIDAY LAVES.

(Nagypénteken mossa holló a fiát.)

The raven on Good Friday laves his brood,
 The folks to me but with contempt allude.
 Then let the world to me say face to face:
 If e'er in life I did what's mean or base.

I'd come to thee, my darling, every eve,
If I, thy mother to watch, would not perceive.
I'd do naught else,—could I be at your side:
My weary head in thy pure bosom hide.

I had a sweetheart once, but it pleased God
To take her; she now rests beneath the sod;
I wept as rain falls on a summer's day,
And broken-hearted I remain for aye.

I had a sweet rose once, I have one now;
I plucked it not, I left it on the bough:
A cruel fate us from each other tore,
She's on the Tisza's, I on Danube's shore.

WARNING.

(Ne menj rózsám a tarlóra.)

Do not, sweet rose, go in the field,
Too weak thou art the scythe to yield;
Thou couldst thy hands cut 's what I dread,
And who then baketh me soft bread?

Come, darling, sit here on my knee;
Let people talk, let people see;
I care naught for their envious ways,
I hold thee in love's strong embrace.

'Tis I the rose-tree planted, but
To pluck the rose 's another's lot.
I knew a maiden,—loved her first,—
Another quenches her love's thirst.

THE STARRY SKY.

(Csillagos az ég, csillagos.)

The starry sky I fondly view,
I love the rose-leaf gemmed with dew;
But rose-leaf and the starry skies
Are uaught to my own sweetheart's eyes.

The starry sky I fondly viewed,
 My own eyes now with tears bedewed.
My heart is filled with deepfelt woe,
 For she was fair, but faithless, though.

MY FATHER 'S DEAD.

(Nincsen apám, nincsen anyám.)

My father 's dead, my mother 's dead,
 The wrath of God 's on me, I dread,
 And as a stork whom all disown,
 Am orphaned, lonely and alone.

How heartrendingly toll the bells,
 How solemn are the mournful knells:
 Of my own sweetheart's death they tell,
 To whom I said no last "farewell."

Oh, mother, saintly mother, dear,
 Who nursed me with a love sincere:
 Why could not I have died, while young,
 Before my heart by love was wrung?

IN FOREST AND IN MEADOW GREEN.

(Zöld erdőben, zöld mezőben.)

In forest and in meadow green
 A bird hath laid its nest,
 Its wings are blue with white between,
 And with a golden crest.

Wait, pretty bird; wait, my dear dove,
 A moment, I request;
 Be it the will of God above:
 You'll on my bosom rest.

THREE STARS ARE IN THE SKY.

(Három csillag.)

Three stars are in the sky in one straight line,
Three pretty maidens are sweethearts of mine.
One of the three, an orphan, I love best,
Whom her own mother left with me to rest.

Three melons grow on one stalk, all mature,
Three orphaned sweethearts have I, sweet and pure.
One of the three, ah, me! how pale her face,
I much prefer to hold in my embrace.

The mulberry has three lobed leaves and three
Fair maidens listened to my true love's plea.
The berry leaves I tear with a light heart,
With two of my sweethearts though I must part.

YOU CANNOT BID THE FLOWER.

(A virágnak megtiltani nem lehet.)

Alexander Petöfi.

You cannot bid the flower not bloom; it thrives
When, on mild zephyrs' wings, the spring arrives.
A girl is spring, her love a scented flower,
Which buds and blooms 'neath balmy air and
shower.

When first I saw thee, dear, I fell in love
With thy fair soul the tender charm thereof,
With that soul's beauty, which I ever see
Reflected in thine eyes bewitchingly.

The question rises sometimes in my breast—
Shall I, or others by thy love be blessed?
These thoughts pursue each other in my mind,
As sun-rays' clouds, when blows the autumn wind.

Knew I another waited thy embrace,
 Could kiss the milk and roses of thy face,
 My broken heart I far away would bear,
 Or end in death the depth of my despair.

Shine down on me, O star, so born to bless!
 And light the dreary night of my distress!
 O my heart's pearl! if thou can'st love me, love,
 And blessing shall be thine from God above.

—○—

NOT A MOTHER.
 (Nem anyától lettél.)

Not a mother bore thee,
 Beauteous rose-tree wore thee,
 Crimson Whitsun' morning,
 At the dawn's first warning.

Were thy rose-cheeks tender,
 Near me in their splendor,
 I, as flowers, would fold them
 To my breast and hold them.

—○—

TO SLEEP, TO SLEEP.
 (Álom, álom, édes álom.)

To sleep, to sleep, to sweetly sleep
 When rising sun doth upward creep;
 But sweetest is the sleep when I,
 In golden dream my dove espy.

Her kiss is stronger than the wine;
 Sweeter than sugar, I opine;
 That love is sweetest—each one says—
 When I my dove hold in embrace!

The fairest flower is the rose:
 True happiness from marriage flows;
 And nowhere blooms more fair the rose
 Than where another with it grows.

The dove its mate feeds not with flowers,
 But kisses sweet upon it showers;
 Gift of a kiss a kiss' rewards—
 Draw them from thy own heart's deep hoards!

STRIKE UP, GIPSY! AND HEART- RENDING—

(Huzd rá cigány szívet rázó—)

Strike up Gipsy! And heart-rending
 Must thy changeful song be now—
 I thy melody am lending
 In my pale and clouded brow;
 In my eyes that droop and languish;
 In my worn and faded cheek
 Read thou all the chords of anguish
 Which my wearied heart would speak!

Love a golden-foliaged Eden?
 Love a land of joy and sleep?—
 From love's portals, faint and bleeding,
 Strayed I forth, alone to weep;
 Thorns and thistles are my burden,
 Roses crown no more my hair:
 Only sorrow is my guerdon,
 Only sorrow and despair!

MARY, DEAR.

Mariskám, Mariskám.)

Mary dear, Mary dear,
 How I love thy sweet eyes—
 Fall, white lids, for I fear
 At thy glance my heart flies—
 Lay thy hand on my breast;
 Hollow sound replies—
 Fled my heart to the lure
 Of thy laughing eyes!

At the dawn, at noontide,
 At the dusk, at the night,
 In my heart naught beside
 Thy face is pictured bright.
 And my soul, kneeling, prays—
 "Give her the lily of Peace,
 My heart's peace that she stole;
 Me from my pain release!"

HEAREST THOU ME, KÖRÖSHER MAID.

(Hallod e te Kőrösi lány.)

Hearst thou me, Körösher maid, Körösher maid,
 Körösher maid;
 Has thy skirt with ruffles been made, with ruffles
 been made, with ruffles been made?
 Oh, my, my, bless her little heart,
 Loving, greet her, I could eat her,
 Yet from me did part.

In my garden fair flowers grow, sweet flowers
 grow, bright flowers grow,
 By their sweet scent each one I know, each one I
 know, each one I know;
 Now, now, now, hear my solemn vow,
 God above me knows I love thee,
 Come and kiss me now.

THEE I LOVE.

(Szeretlek én egyetlen egy virágom.)

My one, and only one sweet flower. I love thee;
 In this wide world no one else so dear to me;
 Pure is my love, as is the sun
 The warming rays of which arrest
 The icy frost of winter, which
 Weighs on the violet's breast.

Within thy beauteous eyes dwells heaven, my dove,
 And, with them, thou hast enchanted me, my love!
 Thy ruby lips as honey sweet,
 Thy pearly teeth, thy raven hair
 Are dear to me; their magic charm
 Enslaved me forever and e'er.

I WILL YET SEE THE DAY.

(Megérem még azt az időt.)

I will yet see the day, I know,
 When past my house you'll weeping go,
 Your heart will beat when at the door,
 Where you were welcome heretofore.

I will yet see the day, I know,
 When past my house you'll weeping go,
 I'll even speak to you, although,
 Not as I used to, long ago!

If 'neath my window now you pass
 None speak to you, you cruel lass;
 And those who do, ask with a sneer
 How oft your loves you change a year.

And if I daily saw you go
 Around; each time, with a new beau,
 E'en if I saw you kiss them, I
 Believe, false maid, I would not sigh.

THE LEAF IS FALLING.

(Hull a levél——)

Alexander Petöfi.

The leaf is falling from the bough;
 Darling sweetheart, I must go!
 Fare thee well, my sweet one,
 Fare thee well, my dear one,
 Pretty little dove!

How yellow is the moon on high,
Just as pale art thou and I.

Fare thee well, my sweet one,
Fare thee well, my dear one,
Pretty little dove!

The dew-drops fall on branches dry,
Hot tears roll from thine and mine eye.

Fare thee well, my sweet one,
Fare thee well, my dear one,
Pretty little dove!

The rose may bloom yet on the tree,
We two each other may yet see.

Fare thee well, my sweet one,
Fare thee well, my dear one,
Pretty little dove!

BEAUTEOUS, BRIGTHLY SHINING STAR.

(Hej! ti fényes csillagok.)

Charles Kisfaludy.

Beauteous, brightly shining star;
If I could be where you now are,
I'd gaze not on the stream that flows,
I'd gaze into the eyes of Rose.

Beauteous, brightly shining star,
Cometh she, be her guiding star;
Can you my sweetest Rose-bud see,
Has she set out to come to me?

Beauteous, brightly shining star,
Who from your height can see afar,
Is faithless she, then hide your light,
Let her her way lose in the night.

NINE IT HAS STRUCK, EVENING HAS COME.

(Kilencet ütött az óra.)

Nine it has struck, the eve has come;
Were it not dark I'd go now home;
Sweet Rosebud, light a candle, pray,
To throw its light upon my way
Towards home.

Sweet Rose, wide ope thy leafy gate,
My weary horse and I here wait;
Feed well my horse with oats and hay,
We can't remain many a day
Here aorund.

I've opened wide my leafy gate,
Thy horse lead to the stable strait;
I'll feed thy horse with oats and hay,
Thy horse and thou can two months stay
Here with me.

THE MAID I LOVED.

(Volt szeretőm, de már nincsen.)

The maid I loved is no more true;
She was the richest gem I knew;
But since she cannot be my wife
I have grown weary of my life,
I have grown weary of my life.

By day and night I think of her,
I'll soon be in my sepulchre;
My body and my soul are ill,
And hope again I never will,
And hope again I never will.

I weep in secret, that none may
To me cold words of solace say;
Hope and assuaging words are naught
To hearts with lonely sorrow fraught,
To hearts with lonely sorrow fraught!

SWALLOW BEAT AGAINST HER PANE.

(Repülj fecském ablakára.)

Swallow beat against her pane
In the dreary autumn rain;
On silver leaf I—to her quote—
In letters gold, her sweet name wrote.

On diamond stone I paint her face,
In ruby jewel-box then encase;
I'll cause then that her name and fame
The world shall lovingly exclaim.

INTO THE KITCHEN DOOR I STROLLED.

(Befordultam a konyhába.)

Alexander Petöfi.

Into the kitchen door I strolled,
To light my pipe I then made bold,
That is, to say, 'twould have been lit
Had there not been full fire in it.

And, since my pipe was lit, I went
For something very different.
Simply because a maiden fair
By chance I had espied in there.

It was her task the fire to light
And sooth, she did the task aright;
But, O, my heart! Her lovely eyes
Were flaming in more brilliant wise.

As I stepped in she looked at me
Bewitchingly, bewilderingly—
My burning pipe went out, but, O!
My sleeping heart burned all aglow.

O'ER ALL THE GLOBE.

(Az ég fölött, a föld színén.)

O'er all the globe, beneath the sky,
None is so orphaned as poor I;
Even the birds bemoan my fate,
Trees bend their twigs compassionate.

Beneath that distant mountain's face
Upon the rocks I pass my days,
And where I can be all alone
I never cease to weep and moan.

I curse thee not—it's not my way;
But if the sighs I sigh all day
To heaven arise, wilt thou, sweet maid,
Answer the misery thou'st made?

IN MY GARDEN.

(Kis kertemben rozmaringot ültettem.)

In my garden I once planted rosemarys,
Day and night, with tears to wet them did not
cease;
Notwithstanding dry became their leaves,
Orphaned he who for lost sweetheart grieves.

Any one who has no loving, sweetheart- queen
Let him go with his woe to the forests green;
On the bark of trees let him engrave
That to him sad fate no sweetheart gave.

Any one who has no sweetheart, look for one;
Let him look and seek until the best be won;
I found on the sweetest, dearest maid,
Since then all my sorrows are allayed.

THEY HAVE LAID HIS CORPSE.

(Kitették a holttestet.)

They have laid him low on his lonely bier,
And there's never a soul to mourn him—
For she is dead whom he held most dear,
And dead is she that bore him!

But I, who live—far more sad than his
Is the fate that broods above me;
For I never knew a mother's kiss,
And never a maid would love me!

THROUGH THE VILLAGE.

(A faluban utczahosszat.)

Alexander Petöfi.

Through the village, all the way,
A gipsy band for me doth play;
A flask of wine I wave in glee,
I dance in maddest revelry.

“O gipsy, play thy saddest airs,
That I may weep away my cares;
But when yon window we do reach,
Play joyous tunes, I thee beseech.

“The maid that lives there is my star,
The star that shot from me afar;
She left me, strives from me to hide,
And blooms at other lovers' side.

"This is her window. Gipsy, play
A tune which is surpassing gay!
Let not the false maid hear or see
That I can feel her falsity!"

DOWN INTO THE CORN-FIELD.

(Buza közé——)

Down into the corn-field, wearied from her flight,
Sinks the song-lark slowly from the farthest height;
There her mate receives her, sheltering with his
wing—

She forgets her sorrow, she forgets to sing!

Had I one to love me I no more would write
Of the pain that wakes me, lonely in the night—
Only woe is vocal; joy and love are still—
Ah, for love I'm starving; die I must and will!

A MOUSE-HUED STEED I HAD OF OLD.

(Volt nekem egy daru szőrü paripám.)

John Arany.

A mouse-hued steed I had of old,
At Szeged the alispán sold;
I was not there—the glass they tossed:
Well, more on Mohács's field was lost!

I had a house once; it was burned;
Who owns the lot I have not learned,
Though Vásárhely's clerk engrossed!
Well, more on Mohács's field was lost!

I had a love; I wept a year
For her, my daily dead so dear;
She lives, the wretch—a new life's crossed,
Well, more on Mohács's field was lost!

IN THE LOWLAND.

(Az alföldön juhász legény vagyok én.)

In the lowland I live in a lowly hut,
A poor fisher-lad to be is my sad lot;
Gentle maiden, come to rest awhile to me,
My old mother will take loving care of thee.

Threatening clouds gather above us on the high,
And a good rain easy 'tis to prophesy;
Nut-brown maid, thy silken scarf will spoil by rain,
To thy snow-white shoulders chills will cause yet
pain.

Jingling gold and silver I have none; I call
This plain, modest hut my own and that is all.
In my heart there lives a heart with love replete,
Which responsive love in a heart longs to meet.

I care not for flattery, the maid replied.
Gold and silver ne'er could make me satisfied.
In thy hut with thy true heart content I'd be,
Love me honest is all e'er I ask of thee.

Flown away have all the dark clouds of the sky;
My beloved one, I am going now, good-bye!
May God bless thee, happy be always thy lot;
Here and there remember me, forget me not.

IT'S RAINING.

(Esik eső, esik.)

It's raining, raining, raining!
A kiss-shower it is,
'And my lips enjoy it,
Each loving kiss a bliss.

The torrent brings a vivid
And shooting flash of light,
The lightning shoots, the rays
Of your two eyes so bright.

I hear the thunder rolling,
Rolls like a heavy gun;
Good-bye, my darling girl;
Thy mother comes—I run!

THROUGH THE WOODS.

(Ezt a kerek erdőt járom én.)

Through the woods I gaily romp and roam
Watching for that brown maid, walking home,
Brown maid's heart is pierced by Cupid's dart;
Consolation I bring to her heart.

Through the fields I gaily romp and roam,
Watching for that brown lad, going home.
Brown lad is a blooming cedar tree,
I the blossom on it which you see.

Beauteous is the woodland when it's green.
When in it cooing doves are still seen.
The wood-pigeon in the forest's shade
Pines to be loved just as a sweet maid.

THE LOWERING CLOUDS.

(Ereszkedik le a felhő.)

Alexander Petöfi.

The lowering clouds are dense on high,
Autumnal rain pours from the sky,
The sere leaves from the branches fall,
The nightingale still sings through all.

Late is the hour: the night has set,
Fair little brown maid, wak'st thou yet?
Say, hearest thou the nightingale,
Who sings her plaintive, sweet love-tale?

The rain in torrents poureth still,
Dost hear the nightingale's sad trill?
The hearts of all, who hear her song,
In yearning love do ever long.

If thou art not asleep, brown maid,
Hearken to what the bird hath said,
For this sad bird is my fond love,
My soul, breathed forth, that floats above.

LOOK, MY ROSE.

(Nézz, rózsám a szemembe.)

Look, my rose, in my eyes;
Read what thought in them lies.
Do they not tell thee,
Do they not tell thee
That all the flowers fair
Envy thy charms so rare?

Yea, thine eyes bid me, "Go!
Trust him not if thou would'st go
Free from shame, free from woe.
Have I not read well?
Long hast thou tempted me—
I defy thee and flee!"

Sits quietly the dove,
While her mate coos his love;
I am fond as he and true.
Thou may'st believe me, dear;
Thou must believe me, dear!
Flutter thou shalt not far—
Coupled by Fate we are!

HOW BRIGHT THE STARS.

(Jaj de fényes csillag ragyog az égen.)

How bright the stars which shine within the sky!
A brighter star is yet my sweetheart's eye.
And all the stars I'd bring down from above,
If then this maid would give to me her love.

Beside the stars, the star of love's a sun;
Thy lustrous eyes have thee my true love won.
And if thy heart thou should'st to me deny,
Beneath the stars of heaven let me die.

ON TISZA'S SHORE.

(A Tiszának kies partján.)

Charles Kisfaludy.

On fair shores where the Tisza flows,
I seek and follow my sweet rose;
Tisza, Tisza, tell me, where
Shall I seek my rose so fair?

Is merry Tisza stream, thy wave—
Because my rose did in thee lave?
Ever since she dipped in here
Thy water's all the more clear.

Where is my rose, tell me, I pray?
Drinks she from thee, thy water may
Honey-sweet be; does she yearn
To my bosom to return?

It's envy, stream, that keeps thee mute,
Thy flowing waves fair isles salute
I, a desert island seem
In my sorrows flowing stream.

DAINTY, SWEET FORGET-ME-NOT.

(Kék nefelejts.)

Dainty, sweet, blue forget-me-not
Grows upon the streamlet's shore.
Sick and sore at heart, I will not
Live much longer any more.
When in my grave, when in my grave,
Loving token to the dead,
May a wreath of beauteous flowers
Of forget-me-nots be spread.

Dainty, sweet, blue forget-me-nots
Faithful, true love indicate;
Many a blonde, many a brown,
Lad, betrayed me. Sad my fate!
Place a wreath of forget-me-nots
O'er the grave wherein I lie;
Let it prove to all the world
They were faithless and not I.

DANUBE'S WATERS, TISZA'S WATERS.

(A Duna a Tisza de zavaros.)

Danube's water, Tisza's water are full of mud,
Very angry, very angry, is my rosebud;
Darling rosebud, be of good cheer:
I'll marry thee when the vintage 's near.

Danube's water, Tisza's water very turbid,
Sleepy miller, sleepy miller, shuts his eyelid;
My dear miller, open your eye:
Bolting-hutch, bolting-hutch, must not run dry.

Bolting-hutch, bolting-hutch is running dry,
Miller's walking, miller's walking through the green
rye.

My dear miller, come home, say I.
Bolting-hutch, bolting-hutch, must not run dry.

A ROSEBUSH ON THE HILLSIDE GROWS.

(Rózsabokor domboldalon.)

A rosebush on the hillside grows;
 Come, darling, on my breast repose.
 Thy love then whisper in my ear,
 Let me that joyful story hear!

Within the Danube's rushing waves,
 The sun, it seems, its shadows laves,
 And o'er them sways and glows in glee,
 As I sway thee upon my knee.

It has been said of me, that I
 Am atheist, and God deny;
 Yet even now I pray intent,
 To read thy heart-beats I am bent.

MOURNFUL IS THE DAY.

(Bus az idő bus vagyok én magam is.)

Mournful is the day and mournful I have grown
 False are all the pretty maidens I have known.
 They are as fickle in their love,
 As changeful as the clouds above.
 Lack-a-day.

Dark and overcast my days are: I know why;
 For the maid I truly loved I vainly sigh.
 She now loves another lad,
 That's the reason I am sad.
 Lack-a-day.

Truly orphaned, none so poor as I am now.
 Never to her my true love can I avow.
 Not fore'er this will be so:
 Brighter days will dawn, I know.
 Lack-a-day.

THOU ART, THOU ART.

(Te vagy, te vagy.)

Thou art, thou art, my pretty maid,
The bright light of my eye;
Thou art, thou art of all my life
The star of hope on high.

And soon this only hope of mine
Must fade and then succumb;
I'll ne'er be happy in this life,
Nor in the world to come.

I linger long beside the lake
Where willow trees abound,
And there my resting place I make
Where solitude is found.

Listlessly drooping sway the boughs
Of the sad willow tree;
The pinions of my downcast soul
These branches seem to be.

The fleeting bird has fled the cold
Autumnal winds that blow.
Could I but also fly and leave
My heart's most heavy woe!

I cannot flee because my love
And this, my love, no time or space
Is as my woe so great,
Can e'er annihilate.

AT THE FUNERAL.

(Temetésre szól az ének.)

Alexander Petöfi.

At the funeral sounds the dirgel!
 Who goes now with dust to merge?
 No more an earth-bound captive he,
 Happier far than I can be!

Here, beneath my window borne,
 How many over him do mourn!
 Why can I not buried be?
 No one then would weep for me!

ROSY, ROSY, ROSY.

(Piros, piros, piros.)

Rosy, rosy, rosy,
 Rosy, rosy, rosy,
 Rose-red wine into my glass;
 Rosy, rosy, rosy,
 Rosy, rosy, rosy,
 On my knees a rosy lass.
 Soft and round her arm,
 Fired by her charm,
 I'd like to embrace her;
 Says she, "That's no way, sir!"

Do not, do not do not,
 Do not, do not do not,
 On Good Friday don't carouse!
 Do not, do not do not,
 Do not, do not do not,
 Do not kiss your neighbour's spouse.
 Smitten by her charm,
 I thought it were no harm
 Even if I kissed her;
 Says she, "No"; I missed her!

THE SWALLOW SWIFTLY FLIES.

(Száldogál a fecske.)

The swallow swiftly flies,
 But in the eve it hies
 To its nest.
 I hie in blissful rest
 Upon my sweetheart's breast.
 Where's in this wide world, where,
 The maid who can compare
 With Rose, so sweet and fair?

I never did betray
 And never will; alway
 I'll be true.
 Yes, baby dear, to you,
 My love-pledge I renew.
 For you, sweetheart, I'd scorn
 The sweetest girl e'er born
 In crimson Whitsun' morn.

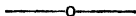
FOREST, FOREST.

(Erdő, erdő.)

Forest, forest, in the forest's darkest shade
 In sad song, the nightingale her woe conveyed.
 Sad and tearful is her song, which bringeth straight
 Back to her, when heard at last, her loving mate.

The nightingale's woe is fully justified,
 Sad the heart which for true love hath vainly
 sighed;
 But hundred times more painful is the thought to
 me
 That I never must confess my love to thee.

I love thee, my darling rosebud, love but thee,
 What avails it, if, alas, thine I can't be!
 Never, never, can I be thine; we must part.
 Oh, my God, my love for thee will break my heart.



HOW VAST THIS WORLD!

(Ez a világ a milyen nagy.)

Alexander Petöfi.

How vast this world in which we move,
 And thou, how small thou art, my dove!
 But if thou didst belong to me
 The world I would not take for thee.

Thou art the sun, but I the night,
 Full of deep gloom, deprived of light.
 But should our hearts together meet,
 A glorious dawn my life would greet.

Ah! look not on me; close thine eyes;
 My soul beneath thy glances dies;
 Yet, since thou can'st not love me, dear,
 Let my bereaved soul perish here.

COME IN, MY ROSE!

(Gyere be rózsám, gyere be.)

Come inside, my sweet rose; come, my own;
 I am in here, but I'm all alone;
 Two gipsy lads play sweet, tuneful airs,
 All alone I dance to shift my cares.

Come inside, my sweet rose; come, my own;
 I am in here but I'm all alone;
 Come in, pretty maiden, be my guest;
 Soft is the couch on which thou'lt rest.

Empty is the barrel, naught to sip—
Sweetheart, let me kiss thy ruby lip;
Kiss me, darling; I give thee, with glee,
For each one ten, and myself to thee.

IN ALL THE WORLD ONE SWEET GIRL.

(Csak egy kis lány.)

In all the world one girl I love,
My dainty rose, my cooing dove;
God in His love gave me thy heart,
My blooming rose, my soul thou art.

True love's the fairest flower that grows,
As fragrant as thy lips, my rose;
No rose yields so much honey, though,
As from thy ruby lips doth flow.

Love doth a mighty force control
Over a deeply feeling soul;
With heart and soul I love but thee;
Can there a life more blissful be?

The pale moon brightly shines on high,
The maid from dreams wakes with a cry;
A horrid dream disturbs her rest.
Faithless he seemed whom she loved best.

ON AN ASS THE SHEPHERD RIDES.

(Megy a juhász számaron.)

Alexander Petöfi.

On an ass the shepherd rides,
And his feet reach to the ground;
Great his stature, but more great
Is his sorrow so profound.

On the sward his flute he played,
With his browsing flock near by,
When the sudden news is brought
That his sweetheart soon must die.

Quick he mounts his ass and rides,
Hastens toward her home in fear;
But, alas! too late he comes—
Death has been before him here.

What can the poor fellow do
In his bitterness and woe,
But upon his donkey's head
Deal a heavy, sounding blow!

BARGAIN.

(Alku.)

Alexander Petöfi.

"Come, shepherd boy, poor shepherd boy, give ear,
Behold this heavy purse with gold, filled here;
Thy poverty I'll purchase now from thee,
If thou, with it, thy love will give to me."

"If but an earnest were this glittering gold,
Thy proffer magnified an hundredfold—
Nay, if the world on top thou shouldest lay—
My pretty one thou could'st not take away!"

IT'S AFTER EASTER.

(Husvét után.)

It's after Easter, since two weeks,
A pretty girl the garden seeks;
Hurry, Rosebud, and come straight
To the rosebush near the gate,
Where, I wait.

Green are the leaves and cool the shade,
The cooing doves there all day played;
Hurry, Rosebud, grant the bliss;
All my work the better is
When we kiss.

Inconstant lad, where thorns do grow,—
Into the thicket,—I'll not go.
Faithful swain I have inside,
I will be his happy bride
Whitsuntide.

MAROSH RIVER GENTLY FLOWS.

(Maros vize folyik csendesesen.)

Marosh River's water gently flows,
Sweetheart, come and on my breast repose.
No, no, no! I have another lover true,
After vintage he for me will sue.

That thou lov'st me, sweetheart, why deny?
That thou shouldst love was ordained on high.
Wherefore say'st thou, darling rosebud, nay?
All the wide world knows it anyway.

Why deny, my sweetheart, what is true?
Since it gives my life its rosy hue?
Boundless is the joy thy love conveys.
Star-filled are my nights and bright my days.

A CAP OF RED VELVET.

(Piros bársony a süvegem.)

A cap of velvet red I wear,
Of happy life I have full share;
My sweetheart thought it meet and fit
A beauteous wreath to pin to it.

To tie the wreath, my rose did well,
How oft I kissed her I can't tell;
For every wreath thou bindest me
A hundred times will I kiss thee.

Babe, ope thy door; good Magyar stock—
No Slav is he who now doth knock.
Thou art so slow, dost know, perchance,
'Tis I who clamor for entrance?

Indeed, I know, but fears have I
No maid can on a lad rely;
He swears, "I love thee, and but thee!"
Then leaves her to her misery.

BEAUTEOUS IS THE FOREST.

(Akkor szép az erdő mikor zöld.)

Beauteous is the forest,
Fair and green,
When the cooing doves are
In it seen.
Beauteous is the maid, to
Good inclined,
When to whispered words she's
Not unkind.

Beauteous is the greensward
Of the vale,
When its furrows hide the
Timid quail;
Beauteous is the maid when
Light of heart,
And the cooing pigeon's
Counterpart.

THE SUN GIVES LIFE.

(Naptól virít.)

Coloman Toth.

The sun gives life, and yet the rose it killeth;
I cannot help but love thee—passion thrilleth;
And even could I help, I would so never;
Thou art my world, my life, my all, forever.

For thee my rancor lights on every maiden,
Since thou by treachery my soul hast laden.
My anger also would be black above thee
If I did not so desperately love thee.

When, long ago, we were alone together
Thy blue eyes compassed me like sunlit weather,
I thought that heaven indeed I then was viewing
But, ah! 'twas hell's blue flame for my undoing.

Yet, if it should be so, I care or heed not;
I love thee, though for me thy false heart plead not.
Falsely I spake, that love was burnt out saying,
For now I love thee, even to my slaying.

ALL NIGHT LONG I DRANK GOOD WINE.

(De jó bort ittam az este.)

All night long I drank good wine,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
That I'm tipsy I opine,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
I can hardly stand upright,
Yet I'm loved by maiden bright,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!

The wine I drank last night was red,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
To-day I'll drink white wine instead,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
Though I'm tipsy now, no scorning!
I'll be sober in the morning,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!

My friends say I'm in distress,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
Lighted candle, growing less,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
Although my heart is sore and sick,
One kiss from thee restores me quick,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!

Three gay lads in a roadhouse,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
Drown their sorrows in carouse,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!
In their hands a wine-filled glass,
On their knees a loving lass,
Dearest, sweetest love of mine!

LOVE IS, LOVE IS A DARK PIT.

A szerelem, a szerelem.)

Love is—love is but a dark pit,
Suddenly I fell into it;
And since into this pit I fell,
It seems I live beneath a spell.

I'm set to watch my father's sheep,
I might as well be fast asleep.
The herd now roams about at will,
And tramples grain on vale and hill.

With careful thought my mother filled
 My bag with food, I could have stilled
 My hunger, but my bag I lost;
 By fasting now I pay the cost.

Dear father and dear mother, pray,
 Forgive me if I don't obey.
 The while my heart with love's aglow,
 What I am doing I don't know.

LOUIS KOSSUTH SENDS US GREETING.

(Kossuth Lajos azt üzente.)

Louis Kossuth sends us greeting:
 His brave boys' ranks are depleting.
 If again such message send he,
 All must go forth to defend thee,
 My dear fatherland!

Heavy rain is darkly falling,
 Like a pall on Kossuth falling;
 For each drop that poureth on him,
 God's best blessing be upon him:
 Cheer our fatherland!

FAIR EXCHANGE.

(Jaj, be szennyyes.)

O, how soiled thy linen garment, dear, I see
 Thou hast not a sweetheart who would wash for
 thee;
 Hand it o'er to me, I'll wash it white as snow,
 I will be thy loving swetheart, thou my beau.

If all treasures of the ocean would be mine,
 Gladly I would all to thee give to be thine,
 If for them would'st bless some day my lonely life,
 And consent to be my dovey, my sweet wife.

HIGH IN THE AIR.

(Magasan repül a daru.)

High in the air soars bold the crane, I hear it
 shriek.

My sweetheart's angry; she declines to me to speak.
 Darling, be not angry long, is what I crave:
 I am thine now, e'er thine I am, till laid into my
 cold grave.

O, what dark clouds overcast the heaven on high.
 It is said that we must sever our love's tie.
 Howe'er, we no more can us from each other wean,
 Than the moon can ever cast off its reflecting silver
 sheen.

IN THE CHURCHYARD OF ORMÓD.

(Végig mentem az ormódi temetőn.)

In the churchyard of Ormód I roamed around,
 My red 'kerchief I lost somewhere on the ground.
 I care naught my red 'kerchief ne'er to have found;
 For the loss of my love, though, I grieve profound.

WEeping-WILLOW TWIGs.

Elemér Boruth.

A weeping-willow's twigs bend o'er
 A blossoming rose-tree.
 Sweet, pretty village maid, believe
 My heart aches but for thee.

Yes, for thy love my heart repines;
Alas! thou dost not mind,
A gentler lover for thyself
Thou easily couldn't find.

Oh, my great, gracious God above!
Dear God! What shall I do
That I her love may gain, for whose
Sweet love now vainly sue?
All my avowals, it seems, are naught.
And all my pledges vain;
To my most solemn promise she
Indifference doth feign.

Ah, me! if to this pretty maid
Would come into the mind
Her heart to give to me for mine,
What happiness she'd find!
The richest bargain she would make,
To boot, she would receive
A thousand hugs and kisses sweet,
And more, e'en, I believe.

HAPPY NIGHT.

Alexander Petöfi.

Happy night-time, I am with my darling rose
In the garden to each other nestle close;
Quiet's all; the dogs but bark somewhere, afar.
Within the sky
Like fairies hie,
Bright moon and star.

I would not a good star have become, I know,
I'd be not content within the sky to glow.
All the beauteous heaven is but naught for me.
And from the height
I'd come each night,
Dear rose, to thee!

BALLADS AND ROMANCES.

From bough to bough the songbird flies:
From lip to lip sweet songs arise;
Grass o'er the ancient tomb doth grow;
The song wakes heroes from below.

—John Arany.

THE LEGEND OF THE WONDERFUL HUNT.

Sixth Canto of John Arany's Epic Poem, "The
Death of Buda."

From bough to bough the songbird flies;
From lip to lip sweet songs arise;
Grass o'er the ancient tomb doth grow;
The song wakes heroes from below.

To chase the game that wildly runs
Come sweet-faced Eneh's daring sons;
Twin brothers they, Hunor, Magyar;
Of Menrot they the children are.

The bravest youth served in their train,
An hundred knights o'er whom they reign,
And clad in mail, as if to fight,
They went, and not in chase delight.

They leave the prey which they have slain,
Nor bucks nor does their freedom gain;
And after they have killed the hart,
To slay the hind they eager start.

Onward they chase the hind, and reach
At last the "Salt-Seas'" barren beach;
A region where no wolf, no bear,
Had thought to seek a sheltering lair;

Where leopards hunt, and lions roar,
And soak the deserts' sand with gore;
And where the tigress bears her young,
Which she devours, by hunger stung.

The songbird flies, and sweet its lays
In fair-faced Eneh's brave sons' praise;
From bough to bough the warbling bird;
From lip to lip the song is heard.

The sun begins to sink to rest;
He sets ablaze clouds in the west;
And yet they still pursue the deer
Till game and sunlight disappear.

The night set in. The chase was o'er,
They just had reached the "Kur's" green shore.
The flowing river's friendly meads
Invite to graze their worn-out steeds.

Hunor exclaims: "Let us here rest;
This stream and field good sleep suggest."
Magyar doth say: "The rising sun
Shall see our homeward trip begun.

"Behold, ye knights, ye braves behold!
Who can this mystery unfold—
That here the sun, not in the west,
But in the east, doth sink to rest?"

One hero says: "The south doth seem
To be where last the sun's rays beam."
"Look there!" another one exclaims;
"The north doth show the sunset's flames."

They rested near the river's brink,
And while they sleep their horses drink,
That in the morn the rising sun
Might see their homeward trip begun.

At early dawn cool zephyrs sigh,
And crimson gleams the morning sky;
When there, upon the other shore,
They see the deer they chased before.

The songbird flies, and sweet its lays
In fair-faced Eneh's brave sons' praise;
From bough to bough the warbling bird;
From lip to lip the song is heard.

"Companions, up! Be quick I vow
The hind shall not escape us now!"
And, whether willing, whether not,
To further hunt becomes their lot.

Soon they have gained the further shore,
The plains are wilder than before;
Not e'en a blade of grass here grows,
Nor sweet, refreshing streamlet flows.

The barren earth's broad branches show
The rifts with shining salt aglow;
No sparkling water fresh is here,
But deadly sulphurous pools appear.

From bubbling wells oil flows around,
And here and there glows on the ground;
Like fires that guard the darkening night,
The flames shine fitful—dark, now bright.

And every eve they sadly rue,
That they their hunt must still pursue,
That still the doe doth draw them on,
While only gloom they gaze upon.

And yet, when morning brightly breaks,
The sun again their zeal awakes;
They chase as zephyr chaff doth chase,
As shadows chase the bird's swift race.

The songbird flies, and sweet its lays
In fair-faced Eneh's brave sons' praise.
From bough to bough the warbling bird,
From lip to lip the song is heard.

They chase beyond the Don, and reach
The Maeot's sandy ocean beach,
And, fearing not the treacherous sands,
They reach an island's beauteous lands.

Behind them rise dense mists and drear;
Before, the fog doth hide the deer;
They follow still—at last they yield—
The deer has vanished from the field.

"Halloo! halloo! Where is the deer?"
One knight doth cry: "I see it here."
"No, no," another calls; "this way."
"'Tis gone,' a third cries in dismay.

They search in every recessed nook;
Through tangled underbrush they look;
They fright the fowl and lizard there,
But nowhere find its hidden lair.

Saith Magyar: "Who can tell when we
Again our happy home shall see?
The heavens no bright beacon show—
O mother dear, to leave thee so!"

"Oh, here in peace now let us stay,
And make our home," doth Hunor say;
"The grass is silk, the water sweet,
The hollow tree with sweets replete.

"The stream's blue flood holds dainty fish,
And deer shall be our choicest dish;
Our weapons here shall bring us spoil,
The gift of fortune, for our toil."

The songbird flies, and sweet its lays
In fair-faced Eneh's brave sons' praise;
From bough to bough the warbling bird,
From lip to lip the song is heard.

But soon they tire here to stay,
To hunt and fish from day to day;
They long for new adventures bold,
And seek what joys the plain may hold.

The sound comes floating o'er the plain,
Of reed and drum in soft refrain;
The music wraps them in a dream,
And like a spirit-spell doth seem.

There fairy maidens dance and sing,
And float along like birds on wing;
Amid the fairy clouds aloft
They dance, and sing in accents soft.

No man is nigh, but virgins fair,
Virgins, Belar and Dul did bear.
To learn their fairy spells to weave,
Their fairy sports they never leave.

The two of Dul are prettiest;
And old Belar with twelve is blessed!
An hundred maids and two in all,
To learn like sirens to enthrall.

Severe the test: 'tis men to kill—
Nine youths they with their charms must thrill,
Must them ensnare to love, although,
Themselves, they must all love forego.

And learning thus the fairy art
That leads man on to break his heart,
They pass the night in dancing gay,
And tell the ventures of each day.

The songbird flies, and sweet its lays
In fair-faced Eneh's brave sons' praise;
From bough to bough the warbling bird,
From lip to lip the song is heard.

They meet the wind, forward they glide,
The sounds of song, the light their guide;
They move with care, as one who tries
To catch some flitting butterflies.

Magyar exclaims: "The flute, it thrills
My soul; my heart with passion fills;"
"The virgin's dance," Hunor replies,
"Caused my heated blood to rise.

"Up, warriors! Let not one abstain!
Let each of us a maiden gain,
And homeward bear as wife!" All trail
The breeze dispels of this mad rail.

With spurs they drive their horses on;
With loosened reins they onward run;
On rider's knee the maids in haste
Are lifted by their slender waist.

The maidens shriek with piercing cry;
Each to escape doth vainly try;
With streams in rear and flames in van,
Useless to struggle against man.

The fairies disappeared from view—
Having swift wings, away they flew.
But what shall of the maids become?
Sink into earth ere they succumb?

They know they cannot any more
With virgin pride learn fairy lore;
Onward they speed, and o'er the plains
The vast, dull night silently reigns

The songbird flies, and sweet its lays
In fair-faced Eneh's brave son's praise;
From bough to bough the warbling bird,
From lip to lip the song is heard.

Dul's daughters two, fairer than all,
The leaders as their wives install;
And of the hundred knights, each one
A wife unto himself hath won.

The proud maids soon were reconciled,
And bore with ease their fate so mild;
For their old home they longed no more;
Unto their husbands children bore.

Their isle a cosy home became,
Their tents as their fair home they name;
Upon their couch in bliss they rest,
Naught lives that could their peace molest.

Their sons grow into warriors bold,
Their daughters lovely to behold;
The warrior stem shoots out anew,
In their own place sweet virgins grew.

Their knightly sons have sons again;
The leaders, too, are blessed twain;
And each becomes head of a state;
Their branches count one hundred eight.

To Hunor's branch the Huns we trace,
The Magyar springs from Magyar's race.
So fast increased the population
The island could not hold the nation.

O'er Scythia's fair and rich domain
It spread, until to-day the twain
Are known in song, as well as story,
The heroes of immortal glory.

THE BARDS OF WALES.

John Arany.

Edward the King, the English King,
Rides over hills and vales.
"For I must see"—is his decree—
"How fares my land of Wales.

"Are fresh the streams, is moist the soil,
Has grass there richly grown,
"Since washed and soaked by traitor's blood
Whose souls have lately flown?"

"And are the people happy there?"
—So Edward cruel spoke—
"As happy as the oxen are
They burden with the yoke?"

"Your Majesty, thy crown knows not
A rarer gem than Wales;
The stream and field rich harvests yield
In verdant hills and dales.

"Yea, happy are your people there,
With happiness you gave.
They live in peace, their dwellings, sire,
Are silent as the grave."

Edward the King, the English King,
Rides over hills and dales,
And where he goes the silence grows,
Death's silence there prevails.

Montgomery, the castle's name
Where tarried he o'er night;
And feasts are spread for Edward by
Montgomery, the knight.

And fish and game in plenty came
Upon the festive board,
Whate'er the lovely land can yield
Served by the vassal horde.

With viands rich and good to taste,
The board is fair to see;
With wines that came from distant lands—
From lands beyond the sea.

"Sir knight, Sir knights, and will not one
Drink to my health, now here?
Will none of you, you dogs of Wales,
Your sovereign Edward cheer?"

And fish and game in plenty came
Upon the festive board,
But yet the looks of all around
No fear but hate record.

"Have you, ye knights, ye wretched curs,
For Edward not one cheer?
Will none here sing my deeds? let quick
A bard of Wales appear."

And all the knights, the guests around
Grew deathly pale, and yet
No fear, it is upon each,
But hatred deeply set.

No voice is heard, no man hath stirred,
No single breath one hears,
When, at the door, with spectral mien,
A hoary bard appears.

"Ay, here is one, O, Edward, King;
Who dares of thee to sing.
Swords clash and armors crash, awaked
By minstrel's tuneful string.

"Yea, swords do clash and armors crash,
And blood-red is the sun,
And birds of prey descend to stay:
Edward! this thou hast done.

"A thousand of our race are slain
In gory battle lost,
Who lives to-day may sadly say:
'This is thy holocaust.'"

'Then angrily the King commands:
"He shall die on the stake,
For I will hear but words of cheer!"
Then came a youth who spake:

"Soft breezes blow, yet charged with woe,
From Milford's bay; they bring
The widow's sighs, the orphan's cries
Upon the zephyr's wing.

"Welsh mothers no more slaves shall bear,
Nor bring to manhood's state."
"He, too, shall die!" the King now shrieks
With voice that breathes but hate.

But fearless, bold, unbidden e'en,
A third bard now appears,
And thus the minstrel tunes his lute,
And this the King now hears:

"Our braves have died on battle-fields;
Take heed, beware, oh, King,
There lives no bard of Wales, who e'er
Will Edward's praises sing.

"Upon our lutes their memories weep,
King Edward hear me well,
All bards of Wales for thee, have but
One song, a curse most fell."

The King in wrath arises now,
And harsh and loud his cry:
"All bards of Wales who laud me not,
Upon the stake shall die!"

All o'er the land his vassals ride
Until his ire has ceased;
And thus ends in Montgomery
The famous royal feast.

Edward the King, the English King,
Rides over hills and vales,
But round him rise red flames, as if
One fire now raged through Wales.

Five hundred bards go with a song
To meet a martyr's death,
Not one, to save his life, e'en once:
"Long live King Edward!" saith.

"What! still this blatant song at night.
Upon my London's streets
The city's mayor dies, if such
The song that here me greets."

Mute as the graves, like abject slaves
All to their houses creep,
"Who dares to make a sound shall die,
The King doth wish to sleep."

"Ho, ho! bring forth your fifes and drums,
With music fill my ear!
The bards I killed my ears have filled
With curses dread to hear."

Above the noise of fifes and drums,
Above all trumpets' blare,
Five hundred voices sing aloud
The martyr's glorious air.

AFTER DEATH.

Alexander Endrödi.

It happened long ago, what now I tell,
Perhaps it never happened; some wierd spell
May have inscribed it on my window-pane,
And lying on my couch with restless thought,
The story may have read which fancy wrought.
Again, it might not quite unlikely seem
That all my tale was but a simple dream.

The dark and gloomy night descends with grace
O'er woods, fields, hills, upon the water's face;
Mists' silvery wreaths encircle all below,
The earth benign, majestic calm doth know;
The silken, verdant grass heaves not a sigh;
Like ocean billows sways the golden rye,
Or, like the clouds which move in heaven's height,
It slowly ripples, bends, in tremblings slight.
Shadow has cast away its darker veil,
The silent light spreads over hill and dale,
And through the fragrant air, ray after ray,
Breaks the full mystery of the dawning day;
While from the water slowly doth arise
The water-nymph whose blown locks wreath blue
 eyes;
And with her distaff, made of brightest gold,
She quickly spins and weaves the thousand-fold
Fine threads that make the web of golden dream.
But all at once, as dawn's first silvery gleam
Breaks through the foliage and on the verdure's
 green,
A sound, a song, is heard— the most serene
That e'er was heard below the starlit sky.

Save Israfel, none could this song supply;
'Tis to his harp that tunefully he sings
Songs that seem borne from heaven on zephyr's
 wings.
Almighty God, with hallowed smile, amazed
As one whom charm or dream on wings has raised,
Casting aside the sorrows of his soul,
Listens to the heavenly melodies that roll.
The angels, too, are moved, and silent stand
There on the cloud-stairs of His throne called
 grand!
Soon tears within their eyes will brightly gleam;
And even He, the Purest, most Supreme,
As if He were by feelings overcome,
Or would to hallowed tenderness succumb,
To hide a tear just bursting forth doth seem.

The lay being o'er, saith He: "O Israfel,
How for thy song shall I reward thee, tell;
It gladdened me to listen to thy song,
Its voice has carried me far, far away;
Perhaps thou dost for my crown's diamonds long?
Or wilt thou have a star of brightest ray?"
The angel, bowing low, with doleful face,
Replieth thus:

"O Lord my God, Thy grace
E'en boundless as Thyself; too good Thou art
To praise me lavishly with generous heart.
And should I dare to take rewards from Thee?
Gavest Thou not my heart and harp to me?
Forgive me, I wish no reward at all!
And yet (although my song's desert be small)
If still Thou thinkst rewarded I should be,
I humbly pray, my Lord, grant unto me
From time to time permission down to go
Unto the purifying flame below.
That with this song, this soft and mellow lay,
The agonies of hell assuage, I may;
Lighten the burden of hell's curse; relief
Bear those unhappy ones so plunged in grief."
"Angel," saith He, "not one of my stars gleams
As brightly as thy heart with goodness teems.
I marvel at thy heart so good and true!
What thou hast asked I give thee leave to do."

Upon a cloud, rose-hued and airy-light,
Israfel flew at once down through the night.
The could cleaves swiftly through the mighty wall
Of the mysterious depths; shrieks that appall
Assail his ears with agonies most fell
When he at last has reached the depth of hell.
O horror! grief! O home of dreadful awe!
A sight more ghastly he ne'er dreamed or saw;
A million souls that once dwelt in men's frames
He now sees burn and writhe in scorching flames.
Misshapen demons fiery scourges sway,
And mercilessly the poor souls they flay;

Scorched, bleeding wounds he sees, and everywhere
From all around hears cries of deep despair.
The angel pales; but soon recovering,
He touches soft his harp's most tuneful string
And from the magic cords a song doth swell
As charming and as sweet as ever fell
E'en from his lips and lute. A marvelous balm
Pervades the depth. All listen, soothed and calm;
It seems as if all sorrows now are eased,
Forgotten is all sadness, wound and pain.
The demons' hatred, even, is appeased,
As they draw nigh to hear the sweet refrain.
The woes and shrieks change into mellow sighs,
With tears suffused are all the sufferers' eyes.
All seem to gain relief, breathe happiness,
And for a time forget their great distress;
All from their hearts the heavenly minstrel bless.

But only one, a young and beauteous fey,
Remains unmoved by the celestial lay.
She tears her dress, the thick strands of her hair;
Shrieking, she wanders through the flamefilled air.
"Camille! Camille!" heartrendingly she cries.
The angel lays his hallowed harp aside,
And, stepping up to this woe-stricken maid,
He gently asks: "Wilt thou in me confide
The cause that maketh thee within this shade
Of horrors full more than thy fellows all
Unfortunate, whose ever fearful call
Of that one name, which even my song does not
From out thy sad pain-stricken memory blot,
Whose shrieks betray the utmost direful lot?"
"I am the most grief-tortured spirit here,"
In faint and tearful voice the maid replied.
"I cared naught for myself, I did not fear
My God! I was Camille's most happy bride!
The love was boundless which to him I bore;
Eternal love to me he hourly swore.
I left him then with sorrow filled and care,
Wrapt in deep gloom and weeping in despair
That side the grave; I left my love behind.

This region's tortures I would bear resigned,
But, ah! I know that my beloved Camille
Suffers e'en more than I and ever will,
Because his love to me was holy, pure;
I feel he cannot my decease endure.
This thought inflicts more pain than hell-fire can!"
But Israfel breaks forth: "You know a span
Of time has gone by since you saw Camille;
Are you quite sure that he must suffer still?"
"All that which to his life was joy and bliss
He found in my embrace and loving kiss;
Could it be that his anguish is not sore
While he the loss of my love must deplore?"
"Your fate," saith Israfel, and shakes his head
With glory circled, "is most truly dread;
And yet believe, and heaven my witness be,
Most cheerfully I would bring help to thee.
Alas! I fear I cannot; tell me, though,
On thy soul's quiet can I balm bestow?"
And on the eyelids of the girl a tear
Glitters as she replies:

"Oh, angel, dear,
Grant me, I pray thee, if 'tis in thy power;
That I return to earth for one short hour,
Or till what time the sun's first dawning ray,
Greeting the earth, proclaims the breaking day,
That I my own soul's anguish may forget,
May consolation to his heart bring yet.
Permit me once more to caress his face,
And make him happy with one fond embrace."
"Ah! foolish is thy wish; thou knowest not
How great a price thy awful wish has got.
If one small hour I grant, thou must, oh hear,
Endure hell-fire another thousand year."
"And if ten thousand years I must remain
And suffer still, thy warning is in vain.
Since my Camille I love devotedly,
What are a thousand years of pain to me?
Give me one hour! Returning to this sphere
For aye, I'll look upon that hour with cheer;
Light will my burden afterward appear."

With trembling heart the angel Israfel
Looks up to heaven from out the depths of hell;
Its glory he alone from thence can see.
He asks what may the Almighty's answer be.
"Fulfill her wish!" The answer seemeth fair;
Israfel says aloud: "I grant thy prayer."

'Tis night in summer time. A sea of light
Floods Camille's palace; splendid, gay and bright
Appears the scene. A festive dancing throng
Moves 'neath the brilliant lamps that deck the hall;
The glasses clink; music enlivens all
With joyous strains; the air is thrilled with song.
Within the hall the bounteous boards are set,
Laden with viands choice; more splendor yet
This gives the scene. Ladies and gallants gay—
A goodly company here laugh and play.
In golden cups the servants bear around
The most delicious wines that can be found;
Behind the screen that shields the glad display
Delightful shade prevails, wherein one may
Frescoes behold, and statuettes most rare,
And flowers that fill with sweetest scent the air.
Soft canopies invite you to a seat
Whereon a pillowed ease makes long hours fleet.
The scene is graced with brilliant flowers, whose
scent

The air with perfumes rich makes redolent,
And seems to be on zephyrs ambient.
Bevies of queenly women masked now pass;
It seems a dream, a vision in a glass.

Another tableau comes before the view,
Gay knights, in brilliant garbs of lively hue;
Then Naiads in a tripping troupe appear,
Dancing; the airy creatures drawing near
Whirl now in waltzes on the floor, which seems
A mirror as the floor of Scylla's streams.
O! what a night of joy is this for all,
How brilliant and how blithe a festival!
The great hall's mighty doors are open wide

Which to the splendid gardens parterres guide,
The sheltered alleys and the shady bowers
And broad walks, bordered all along with flowers,
Whose varied hues light gently all around,
While sculptured marble angels, garland-bound,
Guard the approaches; to the left there lies,
Protected, half in shade, from prying eyes
A charming spot within a bosky dell
Where fresh spring fountains everlasting well.

Within this sheltered nook two beings sit
And to each other whisper low and sweet.
Camille and Magdalene in them we trace;
With fevered passion doth the youth embrace.
'Mid laugh and talk, the form magnificent
Of this fair girl of youth and beauty blent;
With ardor kisses her on lips and eyes,
And, stammering like a boy, confession sighs—
"I love thee, I am thine, my peerless prize."
"Ah, fickle one," the girl at once returns,
"For me no passion true within you burns.
Thou hast forgot thy sweetheart in a day,
And me thou wiltst forget the self-same way."
"Nay, nay, I felt for her no faintest zest
Since, angel mine, my eyes on thee did rest.
Thou reignest, shinest in my heart alone,
Thou art, indeed, my life, my dream, my own.
O dream most happy, golden without peer,
O dream of mine most sweet and fair and dear,
As long as life shall last I live for thee,
Come, give embraces, kisses give to me,
And leave the dead at rest where they should be."
He, speaking thus, with ardor clasped again
The breathless maiden.

Just at that moment, then
A something stirs within a bush close by,
And right behind them sounds a heavy sigh.
The girl, affrighted, whispers: "Didst thou hear?
Some one hath spied us, some one sighed quite
near,

And see how wan have grown the moon's bright
rays!"

Camille looks back with strained and pallid gaze,
Intently tries to pierce night's darkness there.

"'Twas but a shadow sigh that cleft the air."

Sad, broken, weary, did the spirit creep
Back to the subterranean labyrinth's deep,

And, weeping, on her knees she straightway fell.

"Poor creature!" pityingly said Israfel,

"The hour is passed for which with fearful pain

Thou now must pay for seeing him again

For one brief hour a thousand years of woe!"

"Ah!" cries the ghost, "had I refused to go

And stayed amid this grief and anguish dire,

Amid this everlasting burning fire!

This hour which I passed through upon the earth—

Ah, me, who am so outcast of love's dearth—

This hour was far more fearful, Israfel,

Than any tortured thousand years in hell!"

BEAUTIFUL HELEN.

Michael Vörösmarty.

I.

The hunter sits in ambushade

And, with bent bow, awaits his game,

While, high and hot, above the glade

The noonday sun doth brightly flame;

In vain he waits in shady groves;

By cooling streams the wild herd roves.

Anxiously waits the hunter yet,

Trusting good fortune soon to gain,

When presently the sun shall set.

And lo! he does not wait in vain—

But 'tis no game; a butterfly,

Chased by a fair maid, passes by.

Fair insect, golden butterfly,
O, let me catch you; on me rest,
Or lead me to what place you hie,
Where the sun sinks within the west."
She speaks, and, like a chamois light,
Graceful and charming is her flight.

Arising quick, the hunter cries,
"Now, this is noble game, God wot!"
And straight, forgetting all, he hies
After the fair maid, lagging not;
In sportive pastime thus they vie;
He follows her and she the fly.

"I have you!" says the girl with glee,
And, having caught her prize, doth stand;
"I have you!" gayly then says he,
And on her shoulder lays his hand.
The scared girl lets her captive go,
Thrilled by his eyes' admiring glow.

II.

Does Péterdi's house stand to-day?
Does he still live, the hoary knight?
The house still stands, but in decay;
O'er wine he sits with heart grown light.
The maiden's eyes, those of the guest
Love's ardor in their glow suggest.

The wine-cup has been quaffed in toast
To Hunyadi, the fallen brave;
For his gray chief, his country's boast,
Hot tears the hero's eyeballs lave;
Freely the burning tear-drop falls
As erst his blood at Belgrade's walls.

"Here's to my good old chief's young son!"
Says the old man, "Long live the king!"
The hunter of his wine tastes none,
His cheek the warm flush reddening;
"What is this? wherefore drink'st not thou?
Up, youth, thy father follow now!"

For I could twice thy father be,
Worthy is he, I pledge in wine;
From head to heel a noble, he,
Nor will he shame his noble line!"
Rising, the youth his cup doth raise,
Moved by the old man's earnest praise.

Long life then to the hero's son,
While for his country he doth stand;
But may his life that day be done
When he forgets his fatherland.
Better no king than one who reigns
In sloth and with oppression's pains!"

The merriment more loud doth grow;
In jovial speech the hours pass.
The maid doth on the guest bestow
Admiring looks, and thinks, alas!
"Who is he and where does he dwell?"
Yet fears to beg him that to tell.

Thee, too, fair flower of the wood,
Thee, too, I pledge in this last cup;
Thy huntsman waits thee, if God should,
With thy gray grandsire, bring thee up,
Where in proud Buda's mighty fort
I can be found at Mátyás' court!"

He speaks and, rising, says farewell;
Outside the huntsman's horn doth call;
He cannot with his hosts now dwell
In spite of their entreaties all.
"Do not forget us; come once more,
Should we not seek you out before."

Thus modestly fair Helen now
Speaks, on the threshold standing there,
And, kissing her upon the brow,
He goes and through the night doth fare;
Still is the night, but, ah! no rest
Visits her love-invaded breast.

III.

Péterdi and his grandchild fair

Now go to visit Buda's fort;
The graybeard marvels everywhere
To witness sights of new import;
The yearning girl with sighs is fain
To meet the huntsman once again.

Great is the crowd, and joy ran high;
From triumphs new returns the king;
From wrathful vengeance he draws nigh,
Which at Vienna he did wring.
A thousand eyes expectant wait;
Fair Helen's face grows not elate.

"Where is our charming stranger, say?
What fortune did he chance to meet?
Does he return, or far away
Hunts he again the chamois fleet?"
She asks her heart, the while, in turn,
Her cheek doth pale, anon doth burn.

'Mid victory's shouts Ujlaki comes,
He and the Gara friends again;
The king majestic also comes.
All the land's magnates in his train.
Old Péterdi his guest doth see;
"Long life to him; the king, 'tis he!"

"Lustre and blessing on his life!"
The countless voices shout around,
An hundred-fold, with echoes rife,
The hills and vales and ramparts sound.
Than any marble bust more white,
Silent fair Helen views the sight.

"Shall we, dear child, to Mátyás' hall
To see the hunter now proceed?
I think, for peace, 'tis best of all
Back to our home to go indeed!"
Thus speaks, with half-suspicious pain,
The graybeard; sad, they turn again.

If thou hast seen a blossom fair
Die from some canker hid within—
Thus beauteous Helen faded there,
Pained, shrinking from the loud world's din,
Passion, remembrance sore, hope dead,
Ever are her companions dread.

The brief but anguished life is done;
Fair Helen in the grave is laid
Like lily-leaves that, one by one,
In purity and sadness fade—
Once more, when endlessly they rest,
Stands in the house their kingly guest!

MINSTREL AND KING.

—
Joseph Eötvös.

The tempest rages o'er the sea.
A boat is tossed on its wild tide
In which doth sit a hoary king,
A youthful minstrel by his side.

Upon the monarch rests a crown,
His white hair floating out beneath;
Upon the fair youth's clustering curls
There hath been placed a laurel wreath.

Sadly the old king lifts his voice—
"What is my vaunted prowess now?
I, who such glorious fights have won,
To death inglorious here must bow.

"Prone are the people to forget
Kings who have reigned and now are dead
Only on benefactors true
Is life's immortal radiance shed!"

"Farewell, my love," the minstrel sings,
"My love, I give thee now good-bye;
God's blessing guard thee evermore,
For I, thy loving youth, must die.

"If once again thou singest sweet
The songs that I have taught to thee,
When mute beneath the waves I lie,
O, sometimes think, my love, of me.

"I have enjoyed this life, my dear,
So do not weep for me or sigh;
I was a lover and I sang—
That is enough for such as I."

And on the ocean madly raves
And still the tempests rage around;
The frail boat strikes upon a reef;
Monarch and minstrel both are drowned.

The storm is stilled, the ocean's face
Is smooth to see, and calm once more.
The rising moon's bright silver beam
Its placid surface gildeth o'er.

The minstrel's fresh, green laurel wreath
Floats on the water buoyantly;
The golden circlet of the king
Lies at the bottom of the sea.

LADISLAUS V.

John Arany.

The night is dark and close,
The south-wind fiercely blows;
O'er Buda's tower high
The weather-cock doth cry
And sharply shriek aloud.

"Who's there, what's that I see?"

"My Lord, my King, prithee,
Be calm and sleep in peace;
The tempest soon will cease
That stirs thy window-pane."

The clouds will burst, it seems,
And issue flames and streams;
And from the iron spout
In floods the rain pours out
From Buda's towers high.

"Why murmurs then this band?
Does it my oath demand?"

"The crowd, Lord, King, naught crave;
All's silent as the grave;
The thunder only rolls."

Hearken! The chain and ball
From off the captives fall!
And each one whom the cloud
Of Buda's walls did shroud
Himself now lowers down.

"Hunyad's two sons I spy
Their fetters break and fly"—
"Fear not, my Lord; not so!
László is dead, you know,
The boy is captive still."

Beneath the fort's high wall,
A silent crowd and small
Steal quiet as the grave.
And so their lives do save,
Kanizsa, Rozgonyi.

"Increase the guard before
Hunyadi Mátyás' door!"
"Mátyás was left behind;
No captives can we find—
It seems they have escaped."

At last the rain has ceased,
The storm's rage is appeased;
All o'er the Danube's bright;
And soft, calm shines the light
Of myriad stars' array.

"Let's flee the land; why chafe?
Bohemia is safe!"

"Why be possessed by fear?
All things are calm and clear
Between the earth and sky."

While some in slumber bide
The fugitives do hide.
If one leaf stirs they fear
That spies do follow near,
Kanizsa, Rozgonyi!

"Say, is the frontier nigh?
Slowly the moments fly."
"Now did we cross it o'er,
My Lord, and with us bore
Safely the captive boy."

While calm the sleeper sleeps
The fugitive upleaps.
No wind sighs—yet it blows,
No cloud—yet thunder rose
And lightning from afar!

"My true Bohemian, pray;
Give me to drink, I say."
"Here is the cooling cup,
My Lord, King, drink it up;
It quiets—as the grave."

Now vengeance stays its hand;
The boy's safe in this land.
And here, too, in this soil,
The King sleeps after toil—
The prisoner returns!

THE SECOND WIFE.

William Györy.

At midnight some one knocks aloud. "Who's here?"
The second wife demands, trembling with fear.
A dream or vision this? "Who's in the room?"
In sombre shroud, a figure from the tomb.

"What dost thou want who hast departed life?"
"To ask some things of thee, thou second wife.
I had a sweet, blonde-headed daughter fair,
My pet, angelic babe; where is she, where?"

"I———Believe me, I was good to her,
Her troubles grew; she's in the sepulchre."

"The dead can see, who live must tell no lie!
No secret of the earth not known on High!
She wept, and thou her weeping would not bear,
Thou gavest her a drug thou did'st prepare.
That drug hath closed her beauteous eyes for e'er,
Thou can'st not sleep for this in thy despair!"

"Begone! torment me not! Thy speech is death.
Go from my sight! Thy presence stifles breath."

"I had a boy, I dearly loved that lad
With heart of purest gold. I never had
Sorrow from him and as a gentle blade
O' grass to zephyr bends, my bids obeyed."

"Headstrong he grew,—I begged,—I tried to tame
His moods,—he ran away,—I'm not to blame."

"The dead can see, who live must tell no lie!
No secret of the earth not known on High!
Thou persecuted him. At dead of night
Drov'st him from home; to flog him thy delight;
Before the door he fell upon his knees

And cried in vain: "Pray, let me in, oh, please!"
 The living mother would not give him room,
 He came to me, the dead one in the tomb.
 I heard his sob and moan down in my grave,
 I brought him sleep and peaceful rest him gave.

"Begone! Torment me not; thy speech is death;
 Go from my bed, thy presence stifles breath."

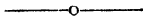
"My husband whom I loved, my children's sire,
 Where is he now? Did'st of him also tire?"

"Who knows where is he now? He all night long
 Carousing goes, enjoys wine, women, song!"

"The dead can see, who live must tell no lie!
 No secret of the earth not known on High!
 Grief is an awful weight, 'tis hard to bear.
 Not fiery wine,—cool waves cured his despair.
 Look up to distant Danube river's shore,
 The pale moon shines on him!—He is no more!"

Back! back! into thy grave! Begone from here,
 Death is more welcome than thy speech to hear."

"Death is the happy ending of all woe.
 But thine, shall not such blissful ending know.
 Thy years of life, may God prolong, increase!
 I'll nightly come! Thou shalt no more have peace!
 Each night, for thy great crimes, I'll haunt this
 house,
 And ask: "Where are my daughter, son and
 spouse?"



THE FROZEN CHILD.

Joseph Eötvös.

'Tis late and cold; who totters there
 Yet in the graveyard lone?
 Mute is the earth, and, long ago,
 The sun to rest has gone.

And orphan child it is, whose heart
Sorrow and pain make sore,
For she who loved him dearly once,
Alas! will rise no more.

The child kneels at his mother's tomb,
His tears the grave bedew;
"O, my beloved mother, thou
Wast ever kind and true!

"Since they entombed thee, dead for aye
Are all my joy and bliss;
None in the village offers now
Thy loving child a kiss!

"And no one tells me now, 'My child,
To me how dear thou art!'
And cold and hunger give me pain;
I am so sick at heart!

"O, that I could escape the storm,
Find rest beneath this grave!
The winter is so fierce to me,
To me, poor outcast waif!"

The child in agony laments;
Fierce is the North's cold breeze,
While in the tempest die his moans,
His tears to crystals freeze.

And, shivering from the cold, he stares
Around with icy face.
Terror and fright come over him,
He feareth now the place.

For dread and quiet are the graves;
Horror glares in his eye,
The wind with force sways bough and twig,
And snow falls from the sky.

He tries to rise, but is too weak,
Falls back upon the grave
Of the beloved one who to him
Life and all pleasures gave.

But see! The child is happy now,
He feels both light and free,
For sleep has brought to him a friend
To banish misery.

His pale lips smile, his heart doth seem
To throb with gleeful joy;
For gone to his eternal rest
Is the poor orphan boy!

MISTRESS AGNES.

John Arany.

Mistress Agnes in the streamlet
Comes to wash her linen sheet;
Downward is the blood-stained cover
Carried by the current fleet.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"Mistress Agnes, what thing wash you?"
Boys now ask her from the street.
"Children, go away, keep quiet;
Chicken's blood hath stained my sheet.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Neighbouring women then come asking:
"Where's thy husband, Agnes, say?"
"Why, my dears at home he sleepeth;
Go not in and wake him, pray."
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"Mistress Agnes," says the sheriff,
"Come to prison now with me."
"O, my dove, I cannot go till
From all stains this sheet is free."
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Deep the prison, one ray only
To the darkness bringeth light;
This one gleam its day illumines;
Ghosts and visions crowd the night.
God of mercy, forsake me not!

All day long poor Mistress Agnes,
Fronting this faint glimmer sits;
Looks and glares at it unceasing
As before her eyes it flits.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

For,, whene'er she looketh elsewhere,
Ghosts appear before her eyes;
Did this one ray not console her;
Sure, she thinks, her reason flies.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

In the course of time her prison
Opened is, and she is led
To the court; before the judges
Stands she without fear or dread.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

She is dressed with such precision
One might almost think her vain;
Even her hair is smooth and plaited
Lest they think she is insane.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

In the hall around the table
Sit the judges in concern;
Full of pity they regard her,
None is angry, none too stern.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"Child, what hast thou done? Come, tell us
Grave the charge against thee pressed;
He, thy lover, who committed
This fell crime, hath now confessed.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"He will hang at noon to-morrow,
Since thy husband he hath killed;
And, for thee, a life-long captive
Thou shalt be; the court hath willed."
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Mistress Agnes, seeking clearness,
Striveth to collect her mind;
Hears the voice and knows the sentence;
Clear of brain herself doth find.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

What they say about her husband
Well she cannot comprehend,
Only understands that homeward
More her way she may not wend.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Forthwith she commences weeping,
Freely flow her tears as showers;
Like the wet from swans down rolling,
Dew-drops from the lilac flowers.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"O, dear Sirs and Excellencies,
Look to God, I pray of you;
I cannot remain in prison,
I have work at home to do.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"For a stain is on my linen,
Blood that I must wash away --
God! if I should fail to do it,
Dread things happen to me may."
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Then at this appeal the judges
At each other look aghast;
Silent all and mute their voices;
By their eyes the die is cast.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

"Thou art free; go home, poor woman;
Go and wash thy linen sheet;
Wash is clean and may God strengthen
And with mercy thee entreat!"
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

And poor Agnes in the streamlet
Goes to wash her linen sheet;
Downward is her now clean cover
Carried by the current fleet.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Snow-white long has been her linen;
Trace is none of red blood-stain;
Yet poor Agnes ever sees it,
Blood-red still she sees it plain.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

From the early dawn till evening,
Sitting there, she laves the sheet;
Waves may sway her trembling shadow,
Winds her grizzled tresses greet.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

When the streamlet in the moonlight
Shimmers, and her mallet gleams,
By the streamlet's bank she washes,
Slowly beating as in dreams.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Thus from year's end unto year's end,
Winter, summer, all year through,
Heat her dew-soft cheek doth wither,
Frosts her feeble knees make blue.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

And the grizzled hair turns snowy,
Raven, ebon now no more;
While the fair soft face of wrinkles,
Sad to see, augments its store.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

Mistress Agnes in the streamlet
Washeth still her ragged sheet;
Downward are the cover's remnants
Carried by the current fleet.
Father of mercy, forsake me not!

CALL TO THE ORDEAL.

John Arany.

In Radwán's wood's most gloomy part
Benjamin Bárcz lay 'neath a tree,
A poniard pierced his youthful heart;
Lo! before God, 'tis plain to me
Foul traitor's force hath murdered thee.

Home to his own ancestral hall
His father bears his son's cold clay;
Unwashed, uncovered with a pall;
On the plain bier, day after day,
The corpse in the cool palace lay.

As guards he calls four halberdiers,
"Watch at this door with strictest care!
No one must enter! heed no tears
Of mother or of sister fair;
To brave my will let no one dare!"

The women in their own dull halls
Wander about, their griefs suppressed,
While he unto the ordeal calls
All he suspects, to view the test
Which must the guilt make manifest.

The hall with black is shrouded o'er;
The sun no radiance seems to send;
The crucifix is placed before
The corpse, while priest and sheriff bend;
The yellow tapers soft light lend.

"Let now the dead man's foes appear!"
Calls out the father, but in vain:
Those whom he names approach the bier;
The hands of none increase the stain;
He is not here who Bárcz has slain!

The father cries in accents stern,
"Vengeance on him who dared to kill;
My grave suspicion yet must burn,
My dearest may incur it still—
Who breathes may fear my anger's will."

"Let now his youthful friends appear."
Proudly steps forward many a knight.
With pain they view the hero's bier
Who fell not in the open fight—
Yet Bárcz's son bleeds not in their sight.

"Let now my vassals, old and young,
In order pass and touch the dead;
I will, must, know who did the wrong!"
All pass, while burning tears they shed—
Still at no touch the wound has bled.

"Mother and maiden, sister fair,
Go to the corpse," sounds the command.
With woful shrieks is filled the air,
The mother's grief is touching, grand—
But still the wound does not expand.

At length there comes his darling bride,
Fair Abigail, he loved so well;
She sees the dirk, her eyes glare wide,
She stands as stricken by a spell—
The flowing blood her guilt doth tell.

In tears or cries she does not bow;
Her two hands only press her brain.
What sudden thought appals her now?
It seems her heart would break in twain—
"Girl, thou this youth has foully slain!"

'Tis told her twice, but she is still,
As if bewitched; then utters slow:
"Benjamin Bárcz I did not kill.
God and his angels hear me, though
I gave the dirk that dealt the blow."

"My heart in truth, he did possess;
He should have known it; but, ah, woe!
He still besought another 'Yes,'
'Or,' said he, 'to my death I'll go.'
"Here, take my dirk, and end it so!"

Wildly the dirk she snatches forth;
She laughs and weeps, the steel gleams bright,
Her eyes to glowing fire give birth.
Like a wild hawk she screams outright.
None stays her in her speedy flight.

And through the village streets so long,
Dancing, she sings from house to house.
"Once lived a maid"—thus runs her song—
"Who dwelt in such wise, with her spouse,
As the cat trifles with the mouse."

BOR THE HERO.

John Arany.

The sun hath almost run his course;
Over hill and vale is shade—
Bor the hero mounts his horse,
"Farewell, sweet and pretty maid."

Over hill and vale is shade,
Chilly winds the dry twigs sway;
"Farewell, sweet and pretty maid,
Bor the hero rides away."

Chilly winds the dry twigs sway,
Lo! a singing lark is near.
Bor the hero is away,
Freely flows the maiden's tear.

Lo! a singing lark is near,
Whither goes it, whither has fled?
Freely flows the maiden's tear;
Saith the father: "Thou must wed."

Whither goes it, whither has fled?
O'er the wood hath crept the night;
Saith the father: "Thou must wed!"
But the maiden flees troth-plight.

O'er the wood has crept the night;
Ghastly seems each bush and tree;
But the maiden flees troth-plight,
Hero Bor says: "Come to me!"

Ghastly seems each bush and tree.
Life, it seems, the scene invades.
Hero Bor says, "Come to me."
Spirit knight from land of shades!

Life, it seems, the scene invades,
Spirit lips now chant a song.
"Spirit knight from land of shades,
My dear spouse, take me along."

Spirit lips now chant a song,
Then a bridal train draws near.
"My dear spouse, take me along,
Thou mad'st oath to wed me, dear."

Then a bridal train draws near,
Now a ruined church they pass:
"Thou mad'st oath to wed me, dear;
All are met for holy mass."

Now a ruined church they pass,
Brightly lit as e'er before;
All are met for holy mass,
Festive robes the dead priest wore.

Brightly lit as e'er before,
Brightly gleam a thousand lights:
Festive robes the dead priest wore,
"Hand in hand," the vow unites.

Brightly gleam a thousand lights,
Darkness rests o'er hill and vale;
"Hand in hand," the vow unites,
White the bride's face, deadly pale.

Darkness rests o'er hill and vale;
Shrieks an owl in wild dismay,
White the bride's face, deadly pale—
In the ruins dead she lay.

JUDITH AND HOLOFORNES.

Eugene Rákosi.

A yellow spectre, clad in black,
Haunts now Bethulia's wall,
And they who from war's strife came back,
Now from its dry and foul breath fall,
By pest, by famine overcome.

"Fair virgin, break thy water-ewer;
Sweeter than water from the lakes
Our wine; thy loathsome home abjure,
Deny God, who his fold forsakes,
And we in prayer will bow to thee!

"Let not from thy own fairy face
This ghastly death the roses tear;
Far greater is my own God's grace;
Our songs fill tunefully the air,
More pleasant than the shrieks of death!"

"Forget the youth for whom thine eye
With tears is filled of vain regret;
Cast off all thought of him, and I
Will be thy lover truer, yet;
Thy face lean on my heaving breast.

"Let now the voice of harps resound
And sing the very sweetest lay;
The cup shall freely pass around
Until the dawn proclaims the day,
To battle calls the bugle's sound.

"Forget the past, my sweetest maid,
The present veils thy future days;
Toss off the glass!"—And she, full glad,
Doth raise it high with cheerful face,
While from her lips comes merry speech!

"The cup which to my lips I raise
Be thine! I drink, my lord, to you!
And to the idols of your race;
To worship them I never knew,
But now to them I raise this cup!

"Pleasure and joy and passions strong
And lust fill up thy yearning soul.
Drink, drink! Hark to this sweetest song!
Thy own God's curses now may roll
Over my former home! Drink, drink!"

"Ay, let us drink!"—Oh, sweetest love!
Then deathly silence reigns supreme;
A dagger shines, raised by a dove—
"Hail to Jehovah!" is the theme
Bethulia's choir sings gratefully.

CLARA ZACH.

John Arany.

The garden of the queen
Blooms over night all green;
Here a white rose, there a red rose—
Brown maids and blonde are seen.

“ Dame Queen, my sister dear,
For heaven I pray thee, hear;
This brightest red rose of thy maids
My heart I would hold near.

“ Ill is my heart for her,
For her doth beat and stir;
It I should die, this fairest flower
Hath caused my sepulchre.”

“ Hear, Casimir, I say;
I cannot give away
Her for a hundred—I am wroth—
Some woe I dread to-day.

“ Now must I wend my way
At early mass to pray.
It thou art sick, thy heavy head
Here on my cushion lay.”

The queen thus goeth straight
Unto the church in state;
The lovely flowers, her virgins fair,
Attend on her to wait.

Pain would she pray, but, lo!
She cannot now do so.
Her rosary she hath forgot;
Who now for it will go?

"Go, bring it Clara dear,
It is my cushion near.
Or in the oratory which
My daily prayer doth hear."

Clara for it hath been
Gone full an hour, I ween;
And in the church, while she doth search,
In vain doth wait the queen.

She cometh back no more
Unto the virgin corps;
Rather would she among the dead
Lie cold and shrouded o'er.

Rather into the tomb,
Into black earth's gloom,
Than in their gray-haired father's hall
Would she her place resume.

"My child, my daughter, say,
What troubleth thee, I pray;
Come to my breast and there confide,
And wipe thy tears away."

"Father, it may not be;
Ah, what shall come to me!
Let me embrace thy feet, and then
Cast me off utterly."

The noon bell's strident peal
Calls to the royal meal;
Just as Felician goes to meet
His King, but not to kneel.

His King indeed to meet,
But not with him to eat.
A direful vengeance he hath vowed,
His sword gleams as with heat.

"O, Queen Elizabeth!
I come to seek thy death
For my child's wrong"—her fingers four
He cuts as this he saith;

"For mine, thy children twain,
Louis and Andrew, slain
Shall be!" But then Gyulafi stays
The sword from further stain.

"Quick to the rescue, men;
Cselényi, come!" and then
Felician soon the minions round
Seize and disarm and pen.

"Thy fingers bleed I see,
For naught this shall not be!
What dost thou ask, most gracious queen,
For this hurt done to thee?"

"For my first finger there
I ask his daughter fair,
And for the next his knightly son's
Dread death shall be my care.

"Then for the other two
His son-in-law shall rue
And daughter; in his race's blood
My hands I will imbrue."

An evil day draws nigh;
Ill stars gleam in the sky;
Protect our Magyar fatherland
From ill, O God on high!

A MIDNIGHT VISIT.

Paul Gyulai.

Three orphans sit weeping alone
And dark and forsaken the room;
Without is the night rude and cold,
Their mother, too, lies in the tomb.

"Dear mother, O darling, pray come!"
Cries one, "I am heavy with sleep;
"Pray, sing me to sleep as you used!"
Still sighing, she calls and doth weep.

"And, mother, dear, I am so sick;
Where art thou, dost think not on me?"
The second doth moaningly weep,
And poignant her woe seems to be.

"Dear mother, my eyes seem to see,
A spirit form floating in here!"
Cries the child, and all three mingle tears.
A grave in the churchyard gapes near.

In silence the tomb opens wide,
And forth doth the fond mother come.
And stealthily now doth she seek
The children who want her at home.

She covers one gently, with care,
And one in her arm doth caress,
With lullabies soothes one to rest—
Angelic and radiant to bless!

By their beside she watches and waits.
Till sleep has o'ertaken all three.
And then her gaze wanders around
The old charming order to see.

With deft hands she settles the room,
 Their dresses arranges with care.
 Then fondly doth gaze on each face,
 A thousand times kisses them there.

A cock crows; her hour is near.
 As morning approaches she goes;
 With lingering yearning looks back.
 The grave opens—then it doth close.

The grave covers all things, alas!
 Love, pleasure, and hatred and pain;
 But mother-love cannot be bound
 By even the sepulchre's chain!

CHRIST IN ROME.

Anthony Várady.

—“And as ye go, preach; . . . freely ye have received, freely give. Provide neither gold, nor silver, nor brass in your purses.”—St. Matthew x., 7-9.

Dark and gloomy is the charnel cave;
 The rays avoid its foul and mouldy air;
 The ghosts of flying time alone dwell there,
 And on the stones sad legends they engrave.
 O'er the cathedral's proud and mighty porch
 A dreary silence reigns. The vaults of Death
 Below, the saints of stone within the church,
 All, all are mute. No whisper, sound, nor breath!

Lo! from the dusk a figure clad in white,
 A marble statue come to life, it seems,
 Glides forth. His grave, sad face, in infinite
 Love and sublimity, with lustre beams;
 As if devotion, hope, and faith more great
 Than ever here in prayer most passionate
 Found utterance, God had with life imbued:
 Thus show His eyes divine beatitude.

Each vault a grave; above each grave a stone;
Yet He their proud inscriptions readeth not:
He goeth toward an ancient sacred spot.
To Him, alas! it is but too well known
That oft is undeserved the flattering praise
Which upon stones men often thus engrave.
Though now 'tis sad, soon brighter grows His face,
Standing at the Apostle Peter's grave.

He gently lays upon the stone His hand; *
The church and porch receive a mighty shock;
The granite columns of the tomb unlock.
The sleeping corpse beneath, at His command,
Shakes off the dream of eighteen hundred years,
And, stepping forth, trembling with hopes and
fears,
He recognizes in the dawning light
His Master Great, Divine and Infinite.

He falls upon his knees and, bowing low
His hoary head, he kisses on the feet
And hands the scars of wounds got long ago.
Falls on the breast, which is with love replete.
"O Saviour, mine! Master of earth and sea!
Master of all!" . . . He beckons: "Come with
me;
Come, let us find how men commemorate
My Resurrection, falling on this date."

They leave the church. Without, the failing night
Wageth fierce conflict with the raising sun;
The dawn's white angel soon the fight hath won;
A seeming blood-stream marks a demon's flight;
With victory flushed, bringing the breaking day,
The sun, as tribute, sends down his first ray
On the Messiah, who, in rags arrayed,
Stands there like one who begs for alms and aid.

"Thou clad in rags!" saith Peter, in amaze.

But He replies: "Wealth did I ever own?

Was I not poor, the poorest, all my days?

Thou knowest that peace and love were mine
alone.

With these, nigh on two thousand years ago,

The world I did redeem. Come, thou shalt know

Whither the blood I sacrificed did flow

And what fruit from this dew divine did grow!

"Come, let me see the way our heirs now wend,

Whence so much pain and grief rise from this
sphere.

Each curse and shriek which to my heav'n ascend

Here in its cradle thou shalt surely hear;

Let us see how is my behest obeyed:

'Be simple, plain and with the poor be found;

Love thou each man for his own sake, and aid,

Sharing his sufferings when they most abound."

The bells ring out, proclaiming holiday,

In regal splendor all the churches seem!

A golden cassock which bright gems array,

A sparkling ring and chain where beauties gleam.

These, with a pastoral staff, where diamonds blaze,

Mark one whom the obeisant crowd do raise

Upon their shoulders on a throne all red,

While on each gem a ray of sun is shed.

Standing erect, the Master waits close by,

To watch the passing of the Magnate's show.

"Down on your knees! Kneel down!" irate, they
cry;

A halberdier calls: "Ragmen, beggars, go!"

Pushing Him rudely with his coarse, base hand.

That touch . . . a drop of blood from out His
side

Falls to the earth. "And who is this so grand?"

"Know you not? 'Tis Christ's Vicar sanctified!"

"But Christ was poor!" "In wealth His Vicar rolls!"
"Christ walked afoot!" "But borne aloft by
men

Is he we saw, who Christendom controls!"

"And Christ drove not away the beggars, when
They came to him. He still allayed their groans
And cured and blessed them, filling them with
hope:

Blessed even those who threw at him with stones."

"Well, He was Christ; but this—this is the Pope."
"Come, Master, let us go. Around us all is gay;
We are not wanted here." The twain then go their
way.

Evening has come. The priests go home to dine;
In all refectories bounteous boards are spread,
Laden with delicacies and fine wine,

All the world's good things to their splendor add.
An appetizing fragrance forth doth flow,
Inviting to their doors a hungry horde.

At one of these the Master knocketh low.

"Give, and it shall be given thee," said the Lord.
"To hell! Go hence, ye lazy beggars all,
Wait for the kitchen-scrap, were you not told?"

In golden letters graven is on its wall;

"One shepherd there shall be then and one fold."
And, sick at heart, He goes away, and sees

Upon the walls the works of masters old,
Which many pictured deeds of saints unfold,
Martin, the Saint, who gave his cloak away;

Elizabeth, who alms did never spare;

The loaves and fishes famous from His day;

The fig-tree, cursed because it did not bear;
And then the Lord Christ, toiling 'neath the cross.
How beautiful all this! He, at a loss,
Asks Peter: "What is this place? Tell me! Come!"
And he replies: "This is the Jesuits' home!"

Without, upon the hot stones of the street,

A mendicant and wretched crowd await;

Tarrying till, feasting o'er, they get their treat,
Their thirst and hunger all the time are great.

One of the crowd, a most unhappy wretch,
Standeth alone, while tears roll down his face.
Into this crowd, which hardly man can sketch,
Stopped the Messiah, with bland, Godlike grace.

"What ails thee?" asks He of this wretched one.
"I for my children sinned. Denied to me
Was absolution!" "Sure, 'tis known to thee
That God forgives!" "Yea, but when feasting's
done,
I shall to-day for this get naught to eat,
Naught for myself or for my children sweet."

Now come the priests . . . The banqueting is
o'er . . .

"Then let us go," the beggar said; "for we
Will be driven off." But Jesus Christ doth say:
"I have no home." "Then come along with me.
No bread have I, but where thy head to lay,
That which I have I will divide with you."
The Master at this bidding happy grew.

Therewith the mendicant conveyeth Him
Through many a devious, dark, and lonely street.
A hundred sounding bells their ears do greet,
Which celebrate Christ's rising. Eve grows dim,
And far above, upon the distant sky
Bright, gleaming stars shine forth to beautify,
Flags float unfurled; from every quarter round
The hallelujahs (seeming satire) sound.

"This is my hut," the beggar now doth say;
Within, four almost naked children cry.
The Master then his cloak doth cast away—
Five bleeding wounds his person glorify.
His forehead bleeds, the thorns one may descry:
"Know me," He calmly saith, "Lo! it is I!"

"O Master, I believe! My hands I fold
In reverent prayer! I love and I believe!
For ours Thou art! From Thee we now receive
Aid in this wretched home, so bare and cold!
But not for wealth or earthly joy crave I.
These are but vain and paltry. Grant me this:
Before Thy bleeding, nail-scarred frame to die.
That were, indeed, to me the greatest bliss."

In grief profound the Master then doth speak.
"Yea, he is right. His bliss, indeed, excels
Who on his soul's clean wings to Heaven is borne;
Not his who on the earth uncertain dwells."
"Come with me, then, and testimony bear
That precepts holy, for which wrong I bore,
For which, two thousand years ago, I died,
To-day are scouted from the rich man's door;
'That on this earth, redeemed by grace divine,
'The hut and sepulchre alone are Mine!"

MIDNIGHT DUEL.

John Arany.

Bende, the hero, holds his nuptial feast,
The first day this; it lasts for weeks at least.
The music plays, trumpet and bugle sound;
Dancers blithely move and fast.
Bende calls: "This cup's the last!
My dry, parched lips shall soon have found
Fair lips where sweets abound!"

The hero by the bridesmaids straight is led
Unto the chamber where these sweets are spread;
Silence and gloom the castle-halls endow.
Lo! by the couch a steel-clad knight
Standeth, whom Bende knows by sight,
While, from his visor, o'er his brow,
A weird light falleth now.

"Bende, I come to fight with thee once more;
I was the victor, and not thou, before.

Let us begin anew; the bout was rough;
Ha, ha, again thy armor don,
And servile hirelings trust not one.

This maid is surely prize enough,
To make our struggles tough."

The knight doth rise—"What, ho! quick bring my
sword

And harness!" "Whither goest thou, sweet lord?"

"To fight for thee!" Soon in the armory hall
The fight is heard—the weapons' clash,
Armor on armor's conflict crash,
Cries, groans and curses that appal,
And foemen's feet that fall.

The fair bride cannot even close her eyes;
Alarmed about her spouse, she doth arise,

And with her trembling hands a lamp doth light.
Then goeth forth her lord to seek
And, by his side, till dawn doth shriek.

Where, as though dead, in grievous plight,
He lieth through the night.

Bende, the hero, holds his nuptial feast,

The second day of mirth has almost ceased,

The music sounds, the wine cup passeth free,

Bende doth reckless seem and gay;

He dances, drinks, in a forced way;

And the fair bride—what thinketh she?—

Shall this like yes're'en be?"

That night the hero drinks of wine too deep
And by his men is borne to heavy sleep;

His pretty bride doth fear his couch to share,
But lest her secret she disclose,

Straight to another couch she goes,

And in her fear she breatheth there,
Crossing herself, a prayer.

Bende awakes at midnight, sober, pale;
There in the door a knight stands, clad in mail.

"Ha, Robogány!"—Reluctantly he cried,
"Come, thou destroyer of my love;
To fight, the hour now strikes above;
Till thou hast conquered me, thy bride
Lieth not by thy side."

Again that night is heard a fearful fight,
And Bende seemeth dead at morning light,
Nor can he rise till noon-day waxeth late;
Till, when arrived hath every guest,
Of him his servants go in quest—
"Where art thou, lord? the people wait;
Haste to the banquet straight."

Bende, the hero, holds his nuptial feast,
But on this third day sadness hath increased;
It seems as if the music mirth outran,
The dance drags wearily and slow,
Most of the guests make speed to go;
Never a nuptial feast began
In blood without God's ban.

The kindred of the pair, a bishop one,
Ask what has happened, what misdeed been done.
Bende is silent, but his bride doth weep,
Shakes like a dew-drop in storm-stress,
Confesseth she dare not confess.
Then, when all else are sunk in sleep,
Biddeth the guard watch keep.

Unto the armory then, a strong guard haste;
And Bende laughs—"The honey I will taste."
And hurries late into his lady's bower,
Just as the barnyard chanticler
His second summons soundeth near,
And when above, from the high tower,
Tolleth the midnight hour.

"Knight Bende, come; this last bout now maintain,
 The morn shall see thy nuptial bonds in twain;
 So once more come, and if my dying groan
 Thou hearest not, then will I slay
 Thee and thy soul most sure, I say.
 Let the false one her sins atone,
 And all her life bemoan."

Bende, the hero, with eyes aglow
 Hastily to the armory doth go,
 And there a fearful sight the guards descry;
 Their master raves; with naked blade
 The air he pierces, smites a shade,
 He yells and curses; three men die,
 Who to control him try.

Chained in a dungeon, out of sight,
 Bende doth still shriek, rave and fight;
 The fair bride wedded none shall ever see;
 "The first I was not worthy of,
 The next did not deserve my love:
 Lord Bishop, may it fall to me,
 One of Christ's brides to be."

BURIAL

Michael Tompa.

Through the night a silent woman hies;
 In her trembling arms an infant lies;
 One is quite alert,
 Sleep the other sways;
 Both are orphaned here,
 In a strange land's ways.

Sad the moon its way through heav'n doth take,
 With a scream the dreaming babe doth wake;
 And to still its cry
On its mother's breast,
 In deep tones of pain
 These words are expressed:

"My poor little orphaned one, be still;
Not much longer travel now we will;
For a new world waits;
Peace abideth there,
And the homeless ones
Find a home to share.

"There, as at thy birth, thou wilt be free;
Peaceful neighbors will encircle thee.
There in narrow bounds
Safe thy nights will be;
If on thee one treads
Thou shalt never see."

Night to Ostrolenka's confines drear
Returns with shadows of despair and fear:
Who alone doth stand
In the graveyard's gloom?
Ah, her only child
Here she would entomb.

"On this field of blood my husband fought;
Here for thee, sweet land, his fall was wrought;
For a sire like this,
In a cause so dear,
Surely doth the son
Claim a refuge here.

"Take him; I give willingly; I know
Not in rags, nor hoary will he grow;
Henceforth aimless he
In the ancient home
With a beggar's staff
Will not need to roam.

"Better that I know him in the grave
Than to bow to tyrants as a slave;
Yea, let him be dead;
Better is it so
Than that he should learn
Cringing to stoop low."

And the funeral dirge the tempests blow,
Like a mourning army's strains of woe;
While her loving child,
Crazed, she doth entomb;
At the awful deed
All is storm and gloom.

Nightly, at this grave so piteous here,
Doth the mother quietly appear;
In its new-found home
Like a night-bird wild,
She doth visit still
Her dear sleeping child.

KONT.

John Garay.

Thirty knights toward Buda march.
Well prepared to die are all.
And in front of them there strides
Kont, the hero, strong and tall.

Heroes they and noble men,
Patriots striving to be free;
Their conspiracy betrayed
By the recreant Vajdafi.

Facing Buda's angry King
Calmly, proudly, there they stand;
In their eyes resentment glows
And the power of sinews grand.

From his throne the haughty King
Utters wrathful words like these—
"Bloody traitors, straightway fall
Here before me on your knees!"

In revenge and ire he spoke;
Each then scanned his comrade's face,
Till the thirty all to Kont
Questioning glances did retrace.

And he cries: "Not so, O King!"
As he shakes his hoary head,
Even as the tree-tops shake
When o'er them the wind has sped.

"Nay, O King, my Heaven nay;
Thou the traitor art most great,
Since unto this land thou'st brought
Grievous curse and heavy weight.

"Blood and life and land hath spent
Freely for thee and thy throne,
And requited is with hate—
Why is known to God alone.

"Either we our ancient rights
Will by strength of arm regain,
Or, dear comrades, we will fall
Fighting for it might and main.

"But, since thou hast wronged our land,
None of these will bend the knee;
Nor will Kont of Hedervar
Ever, tyrant, bow to thee."

Thus did Kont, the hero, speak,
Filled with wrath and courage now;
Rather would he go to death
Than before the tyrant bow.

Wrathfully the King replies—
Great and fearful is his ire—
"Death be thine, as dire a death
As thy treason hath been dire.

"Death be thine, who even here,
Stubborn leader, dost incite!"
And behind the thirty knights
Stands the headsman dark as night.

Pales the crowd; the hero stands,
Likewise does his knightly ring,
While the stern eyes scan them o'er
Of Zsigmund, the tyrant King.

Now the thirty nobles pass
Singly to the place of doom,
Till the headsman, tired, paused,
Soon his rude work to resume.

With the calm, still air around
From them not a murmur blends;
But from out the watching crowd
Now a smothered groan ascends.

Who is this that now appears,
Last of thirty, last of all?
He, the glorious one, is kept
Till he sees his comrades fall.

As the pride of ancient woods
Stands he, like the giant oak;
And the very herdsman quails,
Fears to deal the fatal stroke.

Waits the oak the woodman's blow;
Thus the hero stands to wait,
Gazing in the headsman's eye—
Kont, the powerful and great.

As a hero, as a man,
Thus it is he fain would die:
Patriot he, not criminal,
Standing on the scaffold high.

BALIADS AND ROMANCES.

For a mean and paltry life
Criminals their God deny;
To the hero death but comes
Glory's wreaths to beautify.

"My death and the death of these
Is a bloody martyrdom,
Whence the land will gain much good,
But to Zsigmund curse will come!"

Thus the hero spake; the day
Darkens at the headsman's blow;
So with thirty nobles died
Kont, the brave and mighty foe.

With the calm, still air around
From them not a murmur blends;
But from out the watching crowd
Now an ominous cry ascends.

And the tyrant Zsigmund's blood
Freezes straightway in his heart:
"Since thy sentence is unjust
Thou the people's prisoner art!"

THE ROMANCE OF THE BEE.

John Arany.

Beneath the window's shade
A Whitsun rose doth bloom;
Its lovely buds begin
To open and perfume.
To choose from them doth come
A blue-eyed maiden fair,
Flowers for the bridal wreath
Which she next morn must wear.

There on a leaf doth sit
And sighs a little bee:
"O, pretty bride, I pray,
This one bud spare to me.
Just when it opened first
I chose it for my own."
"O, foolish little bee,"—
Light is the maiden's tone—
"Thou wilt find roses here—
An hundred and not one.
Come when they open fresh
To greet to-morrow's sun;
But do not ask of me
This loveliest rosebud there."
Then saith the little bee:
"Sweet virgin, blonde and fair,
God bless thee now, I pray,
With lover fond and true.
O, do not pluck my love
Is all I ask of you."
"Pluck it I surely shall,"
The blue-eyed maid replied.
"Without that blossom fair
I will not be a bride.
Into my bridal wreath
I'll weave it first of all,
So on my wedding morn
Me, decked thus, they will call."
She stretched out for the bud
Just as she made reply.
Straightway the little bee
Upon her hand did fly;
To kiss her hand in love
Was all the deed he meant.
"Pshaw, murderous little thing!
To sting me thou art bent.
The rosebud I have broke,
Here now it is for thee."
"Fair bride,"—the bee thus spoke—
"What use is it to me?
Rather preserve it thou,

And keep it in its place,
Else might thy bridal wreath
Miss its sweet fragrant grace.”
In bitterness he spoke,
For, though his form was small,
His love indeed was great,
The rosebud was his all.
He said and set his sting
Beneath the fair bride’s eye,
Who wept to feel the pain,
While he lay down to die.
He laid him down to die
Upon the odorous leaves
Of a rosemary tree.

Meanwhile the pretty maid
Doth scream in pain and woe;
To plight her wedded vows
Next morn she cannot go.

Until the moon grew full,
Swollen her eye remained,
And when at last it healed
Her lover’s faith had waned.

JUDITH SIMON.

Joseph Kiss.

At Simon’s house—he is a Jew—each year
A tiny infant lies upon the bier;
A tiny coffin, scarce a yard in length—
Poor little worm, for life it had no strength.

Judith, his wife, hath hair worth gems of gold.
Weeping, her hands smooth out each braided fold
She takes the shears—ah, pity that ’tis so!—
Then to the rabbi stealthily doth go.

"My hair, far-famed in seven lands, I shore;
My beauty famed shall now exist no more;
'Tis wept away. O, tell me, priest, one thing
May ever I a child to manhood bring?"

The holy man his eyes lifts from his book,
And Judith chills beneath that piercing look.
"Ah, now a child you wish. Was't so before?
Where, tell me, is the first child that you bore?"

Whiter than snow turns Judith Simon's face;
In her two hands she hides it in disgrace.
And 'mid her sobs, in whispers doth confess—
"I slew by babe. I am a murderess.

"Its father, my betrayer, left me lone,
A weak young maid, in shame to weep and moan.
I drew the deed upon a stormy night—
Ah, if within the graveyard sleep I might!"

The holy man consults his book to see
What punishment for such a crime might be.
"Rise, Judith, rise; cast off thy mourning veil
For thy great sin that was of no avail.

"Greater its price; to this atonement bow;
But hast thou strength to make an awful vow?
This I forbid; that you should ever kiss
Your own sweet child—should know a mother's
bliss.

"Go now, be wretched till you make amends.
On your child's wedding day the penance ends."
At Simon's house—he is a Jew—'tis bright.
As for a wedding; 'tis the naming night.

While Simon chants aloud the psalms, there flow
From Judith's eyes the burning tears of woe.
An hundred times her babe she longs to kiss,
And lifts it, but she dares not risk such bliss.

At Simon's house—he is a Jew—'tis still,
And shades hang over every window-sill.
Her hands doth Mistress Judith wring and cry
Despairingly. "Ah, must this one likewise die?"

"My forehead burns, it burns; dear mother, feel;
If you would kiss it surely well would heal."
"Keep still, dear child, and quiet slumber take;
Close now thine eyes—Oh, God, do not forsake!"

"Parched are my lips, dear mother, is it this
Which keeps you, dear, from giving me one kiss?"
Purple with anger Simon's face doth grow:
"Untrue art thou, my wife, untrue, I know!"

"I have heard many rumors; all are true.
Deceitful is the soul that dwells in you,
If not as mother, surely then as wife.
I now disown you, by my dear child's life."

The years roll on; they come and still pass by.
At Simon's house the festal mirth runs high.
Guests crowd the rooms, the wedding feast is spread
To Nathan, Simon's daughter now is wed.

In yonder nook a beggar woman stands,
Pushed right and left by careless strayers' hands;
Impatient, wistful, through the crowd she breaks,
To see the lovely bride, a prayer she makes.

Now comes the bride. The rabbi loud doth pray.
The beggar woman wails, "One moment, stay!
My child!" and round the bride her arms doth
throw,
In death her first and last kiss to bestow.
Thus ends poor Judith Simon's life of woe!



THE LAST CHARITY.

Alexander Petöfi.

A single mother bore these two—
The poet and the angry fate—
And thus this life they journeyed through.
Sworn friends and ever intimate.

Trees then, as now, grew all around,
And many rested in their shade;
It served the minstrel, too, who found
A branch, of which a staff he made.

These were the only friends he knew—
The beggar's staff, the angry fate.
All else were faithless and untrue,
But each of these was his true mate.

But what had of his lute become?
Do minstrels not possess a lyre?
Ay—ay—he had one, too, not dumb,
That gave forth strains to charm and fire.

Once of his lute he grasped the string—
Once in a stormy, thundering night—
And mute became the thunder's ring
To hear his song far up the height.

And when the angry, murky sky
Had listened to his song divine,
It looked with smiling, starlit eye
Down on the bard in calm benign.

But, lo! when hunger to him came
He went the sons of men to greet,
Thinking the hardest heart to tame
With strains so marvellously sweet.

That which had lulled the tempest's roar
And made the dark sky smile again,
In mighty chords he did outpour
With mellow and melodious strain.

But what the storm and sky obeyed
Fails utterly men to impress;
And when his songs in vain he played
The shamed lute breaks in pained distress.

Such is the lyre's unhappy tale,
But of the bard's career who knows?
None can tell when misfortune's gale
Brought his long suffering to a close.

Before a younger race he stood,
After the lapse of many years;
The grizzled locks beneath his hood
Had scanty grown through cares and fears.

"A few small pence for charity!"
His piteous, faint voice then demands,
While, like a sere twig, quiveringly
He stretches forth his trembling hands.

Then sympathetic voices ask:
"Who art thou thus with grief bowed down,
Whom fate hath set so hard a task
And on whom God doth seem to frown?"

He pleads again and tells his name;
"A few pence," when, O, strange to hear!
The answer comes, "Stop, child of fame,
Thou dost not need to beg: good cheer!"

"Thy name shines brightly as, by night,
The starry heaven glows in fire,
The songs men once despised, delight
The world which now applauds thy lyre!

"Hail to thee, great one; haste to change
Thy rags and be in velvets dressed.
A bounteous board we shall arrange,
A laurel wreath on thee shall rest!"

"I thank ye for this speech so fair,
But hunger's pangs I feel no more;
For velvet garb I have no care,
But wear these rags which long I wore.

"A goodly thing it is to see
The laurel wreath a proud youth crown;
But sprouts and leaves can no more be,
When sapless trunks are crumbling down."

"But still a few pence I require,
And grateful for them I shall be;
The coffin-maker waits his hire
Who fits my final home for me!"

THE STEPDAUGHTER.

Louis Tolnai.

Calm is the evening, lulled are grass and tree,
From Bana's pond songs echo cheerily;
While the flax-beaters pound
From Bana's pond one hears
Full many a new and well-known ditty sound.

"Now, girls, good girls, who beat the flax-shears
here,"
Begins Eliza, "to my song give ear."
Their strokes become more slow
Upon the pound's damp flax
"Yes; now, Eliza, let thy cadence flow!"

"Upon a berry bush no rose we find,
To no stepdaughter's lot was ever kind.
How sad she did not wait—

Poor Sarah whom I sing—
How sad she spoke to Aleck, her fit mate!

"Her hateful stepmother felt envy's thrill;
She was a witch, a demon if you will;
One stormy night and dread

She took poor Sarah out
And in a well next morn they found her dead!"

A frog exclaimeth from the marsh near by:

"Who saith so in his soul doth lie;

She so disgraced her name,

'Twas known the village through;
And so I killed the girl who had no shame."

Then on the shore a willow's bough is stirred;

"God knows that I am pure," sings a sad bird,

"For, being wicked, she

Did my true love desire,
And so in envious spite she murdered me."



THE HERO'S GRAVE.

Michael Vörösmarty.

His battle's o'er, the warrior gray
To his retreat now wends his way.
Scanning with hopeless, weary gaze
His youthful and adventurous days;
His youthful years and loves are done,
His fights are fought, his victories won.

Fatigued, disabled, dreams alone
The son of wars' and laurels' own.
Vague are his dreams, unsound his sleep;
His soul alone its strength doth keep.
He yearns to rest beneath the ground,
In marble and in song renowned.

After the long day follows night,
The cloud-veiled moon withholds its light.
At midnight when sad dreams appall,
A voice sounds through the ancient hall,
The bugle calls to war once more
The old man with his strength's proud store.

The bugle sounds forth loud and shrill;
The night its strident echoes fill;
And boldly he pursues the sound
For pleasure bids to danger's ground;
Pursues the loud, awakening tone
Through deathly quietude, alone.

He hears the distant battle's clash—
The shriek, the turmoil and the crash;
The noise of serried ranks that break,
The battle-song that night awakes:
Swords clang, drums beat, the horse doth fly,
Its wounded rider trampling by.

Still on and on the hero hastes
Through dim night's wild unpictured wastes;
The din has ceased, the field blood-red
No more resounds with war-song dread.
And sudden silence straightway falls
Where late the noisy fight appalls.

A third time is the bugle blown,
Then sadly dies its lingering tone;
A sudden lightning flash makes clear
A pedestal the warrior near—
The hero's grave o'er which doth stand
A sorrowing statue—Fatherland.

So after many a strife and quest
The hoary hero here finds rest;
His venturous and victorious days
The night succeeds that lasts always.
His soul gains rest, his valor long
Lives on in everlasting song.



CHRIST.**Joseph Kiss.**

Nigh holy Calvary, a beauteous spot,
In meadows green, beside a shady lane,
I live within a straw-thatched wooden hut,
And cheerfully my loneliness maintain.
The dawn His face doth goldenly make shine;
Methinks He smiles on me kindly, benign!

Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

With single heart and an abiding faith
A village painter wrought this image rude;
Self-taught, his painful art could not but be
Pathetically awkward, simple, crude:
Dew, frost and rain the painting washed away
The eyes alone are bright, He smiles all day:

Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

Thou can'st be happy here, thou suffering God,
Who hast with death atoned for mankind's sin;
Not heard are here the moans of those downtrod

And poor and pleading; silent is all din
Of human cries. Sweet scent and song arise
To Thee, instead of Misery's groaning sighs,

Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

The world which I have known, the world out there
Is otherwise, is sadly otherwise!

Why shall I speak? Thou art of it aware,

For Thou omniscient art and wholly wise:
Still smite the Pharisees their hollow breasts,
Still Pilate, smiling, sends to death the best—

Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

The sons and the sons' sons of those who cried:
"Crucify, crucify Him!" still abound.

The ancient plea which ancient sorrow sighed
Throughout the world doth sadly still resound.
Come, awful Judgment, on the world descend;
Of shameless and successful sin make end—

Our Lord and Saviour, Jesus Christ!

THE STONE SAINT.**Ladislaus Torkos.**

Where through the glade a streamlet flows
A carved stone saint stands 'neath green boughs;
Around stretch meadows rich with grain,
O'erhead the lark its praise avows.
The busy peasant wields his scythe,
The treasure of the fields doth glean;
The earth is glad, the heaven is brightly blue,
The while the saint still smiles serene.

O'er the horizon darkness broods
And clouds on clouds above appear;
The storm comes on, and with him brings,
As comrades, death, destruction, fear.
The tempest rages; man and beast
And timid birds seek sheltering screen;
In swelling moans the streamlet calls—
The while the saint still smiles serene.

With thunderous clamor rules the storm.
The rains pour downward, ice congeals;
With death-pale face a woman comes,
With wail that loudlier still appears.
Kneeling, she cries: "O holy saint,
Do guard the orphan's portion lean!"
Her heart doth throb, her hot tears flow—
The while the saint still smiles serene.

There is no mercy, neither grace;
The elements still blindly waste.
With maniac shout and bloodshot eye
The woman springs away in haste;
With foaming lips she curses loud,
Spits on the saint and smites him clean;
The tempest howls with dire force—
The while the saint still smiles serene.

The thunder rolls; one lightning flash—
The maddened heart is still for aye;
Mute, motionless, she lieth there,
The wide, glazed eyes behold not day;
In the cold breast all cares are tombed
Where peace hath made his calm demesne;
The pain, the curse, the moan are o'er—
The while the saint still smiles serene.

THE RUBY PEAK.

Ladislaus Névy.

The chamois hunter tracks his game
O'er mountain peak and vale the same;
O'er highlands, by the calm blue mere,
Where browse the goats and dappled deer,
And where the sheep girl's song sounds near.

The hunted chamois speeds away,
In silence dies the maiden's lay,
The lake reflects the heaven's light,
Love in the eye is mirrored bright;
"Dearest, be my sweetheart this night."

The eager youth says yearningly:
"My little maiden, come with me;
Be mistress of my humble cot,
Where in the woods I cast my lot;
A paradise, 'twill be, I wot."

The playful maiden answers straight:
"To gain this hand the cost is great.
Behold, on yonder mountain's brow,
That ruby which doth glisten now;
That ruby is the price, I vow."

Bright gleam the chamois hunter's eyes;
None, as a marksman, with him vies.
His arrow spans the bent bowstring,
Then, like a lightning flash, doth wing,
And quick the ruby down doth bring.

"I have it! Nay, where hath is sped?"
The ripples of the lake show red!
The water fairy smiling cries:
"Come for the stone; see, here it lies;
Surely the bride the gem will prize!"

Into the deep descends the youth,
No more to rise again, in sooth.
The mermaid who doth own the place
Loves him, and in her charmed embrace
Holds him; the ripples leave no trace.

The bride doth wait and wait in vain,
Her bosom filled with anxious pain.
With dread her broken heart is rent,
Till, all its hope and treasure spent,
To seek the youth she also went

THE BELLS OF STRASSBOURG.

Anthony Várady.

As though his words, who on the earth did pray
Turned into stone upon their heavenward way,
The venerable Strassbourg minster stands
And by its ancient wall respect commands;
Prayer charmed to earth by some mysterious
power—

The melody that once infused it rolls,
As still the bell so timeworn tolls, tolls, tolls,
As if to say that all, above, below,
Of wealth or want or rank is but vain show.

It marks deciduous centuries growing old;
It marks them with regard, calm, earnest, cold;
In any newborn age that meets its face
It findeth nothing strange and no new grace.
Only as if a mournful plaint were pressed
Out of the stony and most rugged breast—
The olden pain of centuries— there rolls
As still the bell so timeworn tolls, tolls, tolls,
As if to say that all, above, below,
Of wealth or want or rank is but vain show.

While crowns and sceptres fell into decay
And nations without vestige died away,
As though upgrown from earth, untouched of time,
And knowing that its mission is sublime,
It stood erect, that coming tribes might see
The lessons of eternal truth that be,
And while they live proclaim with voice that rolls,
As still the bell so timeworn tolls, tolls, tolls,
As if to say that all, above, below,
Of wealth or want or rank is but vain show.

While on its brow a century new doth rest
And looks around from the cloud-mantled crest,
While at its foot another people 'hide,
Have labored, joyed, destroyed, created, died,
From past to future still its voice doth sound—
Its olden voice, mournful yet profound;
That over all the wheel of change still rolls,
That all things lie, it tolls, it tolls, it tolls,
As if to say that all, above, below,
Of wealth or want or rank is but vain show.

And on a night begirt with calm and cloud,
Just as the old year doth prepare his shroud,
All his bells clang aloud in unison—
No human hands—none knoweth how 'tis done!
By unseen agency it seems to touch the spring

Of all earth's sorrow, and to all men's eyes
The tears of grief spontaneously arise,
As still the bell so timeworn tolls, tolls, tolls,
As if to say that all, above, below,
Of wealth or want or rank is but vain show.

THE KING AND THE POET.

Cornelius Ábrányi jr.

From the fort's ramparts o'er the placid sea,
Where, with a nymph-like smile, the country lies.
The king beside his bard sits silently,
Watching the sunset in the western skies.
Up from below the evening zephyrs bear
A sound, half song, half water's murmuring flow;
A half-unconscious sigh breathes on the air,
The soul's responsive secret answer low.

At length he speaks, and thus the king doth say:
"Behold, how beauteous all things are and fair!
None on the harp such melodies could play
As might compete with this quiescent air;
Ah, in such songs a king's self-unconsciousness
Is lost and soareth to an unknown sky;
To be but mortal causeth sore distress!"
The poet answers: "Sire, we all must die!"

Again the other: "Listen well, I pray,
And note my wishes when I shall be dead:
High on the peak which looks far every way,
Where weary eagles to their rest are led,
Where the chance lightning, if it come at all,
Strikes only rocky headlands bleak and bare;
Where no malign earth vapors can appall,
Let me be laid in Death's last slumber there.

"Let some old mountain-cavern be my grave,
Which ever echoes to some hidden voice,
At whose command there issues many a slave
To do their ruler's will and ask his choice;
My sword in hand, my crown upon my head,
While all my battle-flags my pillow form,
So the pale moon, looking on me with dread,
Shall touch the harp to weave my dreamful charm.

"And after I have closed my dying eyes,
Those whom in life I loved shall come with me.
My dog, my falcon, my true steed, my prize,
And none on earth their owner yet shall be;
And last of all the one who ruled my heart,
With whom alone my kingship was forgot,
Upon whose breast no care with me had part,
My fair young queen behind me I leave not.

"So, when the grave-pit yawns, with them I go
To dream, to sleep, until the spirit-hour
Allows me revel till the cock's shrill crow
Driveth me back to Death's uncanny power.
The land o'er which I ruled shall never know
For one year's term a single joyous day;
All shall be dark and dismal, full of woe!
Now, poet, what is thy wish; prithee say!"

The poet answers: "When I die, my king,
I wish a peaceful valley for my grave,
Where gracious forest streamlets ever sing
And where the songbirds come to drink and lave;
Where joyously they start their jocund lay,
A rivalry with zephyrs murmuring low,
And where the wanderer; resting on his way,
Sits down and sings a song ere he doth go,

"And those I loved, to whom it will be pain
To know at last that I am called by death
Although entombed, to them shall yet remain
My heart, my songs, which were my hearts' true
breath.

May life, for them be beautiful and long,
May fate disburse to them all choicest store;
My falcon free shall soar on pinions strong,
My steed shall hear commanding words no more.

"And her I loved, and from whose kisses sweet
I drew the inspiration of my song,
I would not have my loss with tears to greet,
But wait for me, nor deem the waiting long.
Nay, may she not my very grave-place know,
Yet, resting there by chance, pluck up a flower
And dream that from my heart its root did grow
When sleep brings dreams of love's eventful hour."

MISS AGATHA.

Joseph Kiss.

Her father was a country judge, and all
His property—a farm and homestead small—
He left to her; and, like her father, she
From court of law is never wholly free.
Like him, in suits she takes supreme delight,
And has one claim for which she still must fight.

Strange is her claim, and such as of it hear
Involuntary smile or drop a tear.
To those who list she tells her piteous tale,
Expecting them her grievance to bewail;
And sympathetic say: "Your wrong is great—
Heavy the cross imposed on you by fate!"

'Tis years since first her sad complaint to lay
Before the councillors, she made her way:
Before my garden is my murderous foe,
The wild stream Körös, who has, long ago,
To rob me of my heritage begun,
And will not cease, I fear, till he has won."

To humor her the council, when they meet,
Resolve to send some officers to greet
The angry stream, and ask it to forbear,
Since when they have of nicknames had their share,
Albeit their eloquence was spent in vain,
The stream was at its wild work soon again.

Then to the county chief judge she doth wend
With a petition which her own hand penned;
Many quaint characters it doth contain,
She deems that thus importance it may gain;
And less the quill's unaided work prove vain,
To press her work in person she is fain.

Her ancient fur-trimmed cloak doth form her gear,
Before the judge she could not else appear;
A large gold chain adorns her withered neck,
Long elbow gloves her hands and arms bedeck;
Old-fashioned courtesy marks her greeting now;
Her mother in such wise did doubtless bow.

"Your Excellency"—then her tears break out;
His Worship feels uneasy, shifts about,
Soothes her, and calls her kindly, "my dear child,"
He must make ending of her anguish wild,
The county her endangered place will buy,
Pay her, and all her loss indemnify.

Miss Agatha springs up—"Of no avail,
My ancient property is not for sale;
No wealth or price for it could make amend;
This little garden is my only friend;
The quiet nursery of my memories dear
I cannot, will not, part with; it is here.

"Each sod endeared to me is in good sooth,
Reminds me of things precarious, of my youth,
Of spring time, such as since I have not seen,
And of the song which only once, I ween,
The nightgale within the heart doth shed—
A living message from my love, long dead,

"By moonlight in my garden, wet with dew,
A rosebush once was planted by us two;
And then he went. At freedom's call he rose.
Where his grave is to-day—God only knows
Last at Kápolna's battle he was seen,
Alas!—and yet the rosebush still blooms green.

"I will defend the spot where now it stands:
Give my petition back into my hands.
Straight to the king I now will go,
Who will secure to me my right, I know,
He will command the county to protect."
Me, a poor orphan, and my claims respect."

On autumn's yellowing leaves the dewdrops play;
Miss Agatha grows older every day;
Scarce in her locks can one dark hair be found,
Where formerly black tresses did abound.
Her once bright eyes to dimness she had cried,
Her trembling hand the pen can hardly guide.

Morose she hath become; she is not seen,
As formerly, oft in her garden green;
With pain alone the ruin she can view
With fear the murderous Körös thrills her through.
Still flows the stream which washeth strife away,
Endangering the rosebush day by day.

On one spring eve, beside her rosebush there,
Yearning she dreameth of the past so fair:
Its scent thoughts of him, who doth await
Their meeting, memory calls up straight
The song of nightingales heard sweet above
And recollections of her fond true love.

By stealth, her neighbors kind and true unite
Dig up the rosebush by the roots at night;
And, yearly, prompted by sweet charity
Plant it unto her dwelling-place more nigh;
Her many tears have made her blind, I wot;
Gone is the garden—but she sees it not.



A MODERN DELILAH.**Gregory Szász.**

Within thy eyes two dazzling diamonds shine.
Flown into one, upon thy face divine
Are night and day, thy form's a cedar's like;
But him who sees you, thousand woes will strike.

And mother nature at thy birth had said:
Thou should'st be beautiful, and overspread
With grace thy form. Thy heart and soul, howe'er,
Revolting imprints of the demons wear.

Thou art an angry sea, a holocaust,—
Whom thou allur'st, thou tortur'st,—he is lost,
Bewitchest him with thy most potent art.
Give, murd'rous angel, give me back my heart!

At one time, shadow-like I followed thee,
What cared for stormwinds I, I could but see
Thy beauteous smile, and bravely I became
A human night-moth flitting 'round the flame.

Within me burned the fires of hell, but I
With heart and soul but thee would glorify.
Thou castest me into an icy sea,
To suffer all the more fell misery.

And while I suffered all these direful pains
Thy velvet hand with love to pat me deigns.
Into my trembling heart pour'st venom's sprays,
A shooting star like I fell 'midst bright blaze.

But thou remain'st above 'midst rosy haze,
Thy fairy self constantly laughs and plays,
New shadows follow thy triumphant train;
Some day, these too, thou wilt have foully slain.

'Midst life and death my humble path I trod;
I do not curse thee, but I pray to God:
Protect, oh God, all mankind, good and true,
Guard all the trembling hearts that might know you.

IN THE CONFESSIONAL.

Alexander Szabó.

On mountain top an ancient cloister stood,
And dreary, gloomy were its walls, but still
More so the thoughts the inmates' hearts did fill.
The walls heard their laments, un-understood;
Naught soothes the pain of their poor brotherhood.

Of all the monks one more disconsolate
Than all, a pale-faced youth, with dreamy eye,
Morose, and always mute, and ever shy,
Silent beneath his self-assumed fate,
Did suffer, but did bravely bear its weight.

On blessed All Saints' Day, and then alone
There seems some life to come into that place.
The populace around, in search of grace
Come to the lone church, its sins to atone,
And absolution seek before God's throne.

The sinner, who confesses, can't be seen,
The holy Pater can not be espied,
They are apart, though almost side by side.
A compact grating's always found between
The sinner and the priest who lists serene.

Hark! hear the voice! The chapel's silver bell!
The organ pealeth forth its pious call!
The men and women most devoutly fall
Upon their knees; one thought doth all impel:
Will peace divine henceforth within them dwell!

A lady comes, in deepest mourning she,
And, oh, so sad is her most beauteous eye.
Her whole self does so clearly testify:
No joys she knows, she must unhappy be,
And grief and sorrow her's in high degree.

Her hair is loose, falls down below her knee,
Within her eye there sits the deepest woe;
Bathed in tears, her face as white as snow.
"Oh, Lord! Oh, God! Oh, hear my earnest plea!
I came here to confess my sins. Hear me!"

"A handsome, noble, manly youth I knew:
Blessed was his soul and blessed his heart of
hearts;

A manly man! A master of the arts,
His voice divine, his love all pure and true;
I loved him, too; but, oh! I faithless grew."

"The youth then disappeared, and heedless, I
Lived day by day and never thought of him;
When lo! one night, his shadow, pale and dim,
Before me stood. I since then vainly try
To disregard his mute, yet plaintive sigh."

"Most serious his charge, though silent he,
Solemn his look, his bleeding heart he shows.
No flight, which I have tried, will ease my woes,
Where'er I go, but him I hear and see;
Who faithless to her love, a sinner she!

"Were he alive, I would become his slave,
And is he dead, most solemnly I swear
His grave e'en gladly I would with him share.
Full wormwood is my cup, despair's my share,
And yet, my misery I try to bear."

"I know it that the grace divine on High
Forgiveness may grant. I came that He
Who's infinitely good, make me sin-free!" . . .
The organ in response doth softly sigh,
And burning tears roll from the lady's eye.

The kneeling woman sobs,—then calmer grows.
In whispers low she prays, when to her ear:
“God has forgiven your sin!” comes low, but
clear.
“What penance dost, thou holy man, impose?”
“None!” . . . in beatitude her fine face glows.

And when the pious monks had finished prayer,—
Confession over,—went into their cells,
They saw a sight, to wonder all compels.
One of their brothers sat with death's cold glare,—
His icy hands were kissed by Lady fair . . .

THE MOTHER OF MATTHIAS HUNYADI.

John Arany.

Elizabeth
Szilágyi
Had penned a tender note;
Pathetic
Loving tears
She shed o'er what she wrote.

To her son
Who in Prague
In prison was confined,
Her missive's
Gladsome news:
To bear hope was designed.

“My dear son,
Do not stir,
Do not attempt to flee.
I will soon
Ransom thee,
And soon shalt thou be free.”

"Treasures great,
Jewels, gems,
Thy liberty will buy.
Thy return
To our home
To my fond heart is nigh!"

"Do not try
To escape,
My poor, forsaken son.
Thou art lost,
Darling, if
Foul cabal's plot be done."

"Let this note
Come to my
Beloved son's very hand.
He alone
Shall learn from
The letter what I planned."

Mourning black
Sealing wax
Applieth for her seal.
While without
Servants wait,
To tend with loyal zeal.

"Who to Prague
Carries this
Note in the shortest space?
Purse of gold
And the horse
Is his, who makes the race.

"Carry I!
His reply
On seventh day bring here!"
"To my heart's
Yearning love,
Each day would be a year."

"Carry I!
Just three days
For his reply I need!"
"To my heart's
Yearning love
It is like three months' speed.

Oh, my God!
Why have I
No wings, that I could rise
Where my heart's
Eager wish,—
The mother's longing,—flies?

From above
Through the air
A coal-black raven flies.
On the shield
Of Hunyad
Its painted image lies.

Swiftly swept
From the clouds,—
From where it seemed, it dwelled,
And it plucked
From her hands
The note the mother held.

"Quickly! Save
What I wrote.
Recover from the bird!"
Servants and
Multitude
To action quick are stirred.

Ravens are
Killed by score
With arrow and with stone!
Not a trace
Of the bird
Which with the note had flown.

Unto eve,
Field and wood
Explored are, but in vain!
Midnight strikes!
Lo! a knock
Sounds on her window's pane.

Who knocks there?
What is it?
It is a raven black.
He has still
My own note;
Brings he another back?

Beauteous red
Is the seal!
The lines so smoothly run.
"Blesséd be,
Raven black,
The writing of my son!"

CORIOLANUS.

Béla Joseph Tárkányi.

"My curse on thee, home of discord!
No more thy son I'll be.
I curse thee, for unjust has been
Thy sentence harsh of me.

"These scars, these wounds, heaven and earth
Attest: I had been true.
Thou exil'st me! Revenge is mine!
Thou shalt thy action rue!"

'The curses' thunder ceaseless rolls,
He only stops his flight
'At his own country's border line.
That back to look he might,

Upon his grim and ghastly face
Pernicious vengeance lies,
Malicious joy his eyes betray,
To his lips curses rise.

Behold! a wild hyena he,
See his malignant sneer!
Hear him his native country curse,
Coriolanus, hear!

Again he retribution swears,
He looks back once again,
Then turns and disappears, as doth
The passing hurricane.

With fury's wrath an army corps
Of hirelings now appears,
The earth to vibrate seems, it bears
Revenge! Death! on its spears.

A giant knight,—the leader bold,—
Is high at horse before:
His sword is drawn against his land,
Thirsts for his brother's gore.

Upon the Tiber's bank they camp,
That corps of mighty size,
And over them, once more he casts
His watchful, eagle eyes.

The morning dawns, the trumpets sound,
The noises louder grow.
Behold! a hoary mother comes
With stately steps and slow.

Around her women, children swarm,—
The din decreases now,—
A proud self-consciousness adorns
Each woman's candid brow;

The churlish hero totters, pale,
His good old sword lets fall;
And stretching out his hand of mail,
"My mother!" he doth call.

The snow-haired woman backwards steps,
The leader stands amazed;
Within his breast, a tempest of
The wildest feelings raised.

"Stop! Sir, I do not know as yet,
Have I to my son come;
Art thou my son?"—thus spoke the dame,
"Or art the foe of Rome?"

"Tell me, a slave or mother who
Before thee now doth stand,
Is joy my share, or slavery's yoke,
And curses of my land?"

"Is it for this I've lived so long,
My hair's grown white as snow
To see thee as an exile and
As my own country's foe?"

"Against the sacred land could'st war,
That bore and nurtured thee,
And could'st forget thy hearth and home
For wounded vanity?"

"And as before proud Rome thou stood'st,
Could'st still be filled with ire,
And to destroy the town be bent,
Its altar's sacred fire?"

"Gave I no birth, had I no son,
Rome'd not be terrified,
A woman free, in a free land,
Could have contented died!"

"Go, if thou can'st, step o'er this form,
Thy mother's body 'tis,
Kill me, and conquer then the land,
The famous Rome it is!"

Thus to her son the mother spoke,
Veturia, the old,
The leader hides the burning tears
Which from the son's eyes rolled.

"Thou conquer'st, mother! Rome is free!
But thou hast lost thy son!"
Mother, wife and child he kisses
Lovingly, one by one!

He, whom the land and messengers
Of peace could not appease,
Child-like submits, was conquered by
His mother's tearful pleas.

Ay, Rome was free, the enemy went
Grumblingly home again,
In wroth, howe'er, their softened chief
As sacrifice was slain.

THE VETERAN.

John Garay.

The three men sat together, the squire with portly
girth,
A soldier home on furlough, the town clerk full of
mirth,
Around the other tables gay peasant lads were
found
To quaff the vineyard's honeyed juice 'midst merry
sound.

They had been there, imbibing, since evening-
vesper time,
The wine-filled bowls ring out the tune of joyous
chime;
Not King Matthias was cheered so much on
Danube's shore
As he, the furloughed veteran whom all of them
adore.

There were reasons for this, good reason for each
cheer,
Of all the heroes brave, John furloughed, was the
peer.
Men's hair stood on the end when list'ning as he
told
Of deeds he had performed,—the warrior brave
and bold.

And now again—first gulps a mighty wine-filled
bowl,—
Great stories of events from his suave lips roll;
Where he had been, what he had seen, what he
had done;
The rustics list amazed to yearns by Johnnie spun.

How he whole regiments crushed; yes, he himself,
alone!
How he crossed the oceans, knew North and
South Poles' zone;
Once paved his tent with heads of an entire town,
And where the earth doth end, his feet were
dangling down!

"All this, howe'er, is naught!" his habit is to say,
And all push nearer still, their eagerness betray.
"What! Naught?" the squire exclaims,—indeed,
this is a lot!
Let's have a drink! To you!" and each one drinks
his pot.

"Not so, my friends, I say" the funny town clerk
cried,—

"The best part he left out, could tell it though with
pride:

How he, himself, alone, the great achievement won
To make a prisoner of great Napoleon!"

"Pshaw!" said the furloughed soldier,—
"Napoleon the Great!"

His shoulders shrugs,—
"he might be that in his
own state.

By Jingo! though, he is not that with Magyar lads,
And surely not with us hussars!" off-handed adds.

The furloughed infant'rist here meant himself, of
course,

Although in all his life he never sat on horse;—

But he so often spoke of his war-horse, that he
At last believed himself a brave hussar to be.

"Well, once upon a time,—I've forgott'n where and
when,—

We met him—Nap—with just two hundred thou-
sand men.

We Magyars were just hundred fifty strong, but
then

Each one and every one a hussar spick and span."

The funny town clerk here then sneezed a mighty
sneeze,

But John, our veteran, thus went on with his piece:

"Just hundred fifty we, two hundred thousand they;
Can you, dear squire, c'en guess the end of that
affray?"

"The end of that affray?"—the squire replies at
once,—

"I hope your Captain didn't fight, he couldn't be
such a dunce."

"Indeed he was no dunce, but bold and brave was
he,

Of course we fought, and what a fight! O holy
geel!"

"I was first to enter; 'twas a glorious sight:
 The heads of thousands falling and thousands put
 to flight.
 The sun stood still to see two hundred thousand
 men
 By hundred fifty conquered and beaten there and
 then."

The funny clerk again then sneezed a mighty sneeze,
 But our brave John therein not a suggestion sees,
 And he goes on: "The French—oh, my!—were on
 the run,
 But up! and after them, each Magyar mother's son.

"Among the fugitives their leader I behold,
 Sat in a jeweled saddle, the stirrup was of gold,—
 I up! and after him; I gave my horse the spur;
 O, how he flew! and soon he is my prisoner.

I grab him by the neck, bring to a close his run,
 Tell me, I say to him, are you Napoleon?
 The truth's the truth, says he; the Emperor am I!
 My life but spare, brave men, and I will testify

My gratitude with rich reward—ask what you will!
 The Emperor of France your wishes will fulfill!
 By Jingo! No! says I, as my big fist I clench,
 My captain shall decide your fate, you nasty
 French!"

The funny clerk again then sneezed a mighty sneeze;
 But our brave John doesn't care, goes on with per-
 fect ease:

"I took a hold of him, and on and on we go,
 A carriage with six horses meet in the vale below.

Within the six-in-hand a stately lady sat,
 With gems and jewels covered, and diamonds in
 her hat;

When she beheld me and my charge, she screamed
 aloud,

For she was Maria Louise, the Empress fair and
 proud.

Thus, great Napoleon, thus must I thee behold,
A prisoner in chains, who millions controlled!
Who art thou, hero brave, who caught him? What's
thy name?

By Jingo! I replied, John Harry! gracious dame!

"List' what I say to thee, Sir Knight, so brave
and bold";

And with her beauteous eyes lot of sweet things she
told,—

"The deed thou hast performed, until the end of
days,

The world shall speak about in most unstinted
praise.

"If thou would'st let him go, I swear by God above
We both shall think of you with our most tender
love!"

"By Jingo! gracious dame!" said I, and bent my
knee,—

"I know what's due a lady,—your husband, he is
free!

"For lady fair and maiden sweet the whole-souled
knight

Through blazing hell-fire goes in day-time or at
night.

Mister Napoleon! The lady saved your life;

Get in, and take your seat, next to your charming
wife."

The funny clerk again then sneezed a mighty sneeze,
But Harry went on talking, fresh as a morning
breeze:

"The emp'r'r got in, but ere he drove away,
Gave me two golden watches in memory of the day.

"One of the two, that night, I to my Captain gave,
The other one my Colonel as a gift did crave!

By Jingo! if but one I would have kept, to show!
For now my word to doubt you people might,—I
know!"

But they believed it all! The squire with portly girth,
 The peasant lads around, the town clerk full of mirth.
 The latter sneezed again, and solemnly then said:
 "You are the bravest man of whom we ever read!"

THE SORROWING HUSBAND.

Charles Kisfaludi.

At Szatmár Village is an inn,
 Fair Mistress Therese lives within.
 Her eyes are lustrous, black her hair,
 Her form all grace, beyond compare,
 She is the fairest of the fair.
 But woe!—the truth,—it must be told,—
 Though beautiful, she was a scold.
 Just now a quarrel she began;
 To chide, to brawl, to rail,—it ran
 As but an angry woman can.
 This time it was the husband who
 Upon himself her anger drew.
 He meekly sat behind the stove
 From whence him with a broomstick drove,
 When sudden, in the noisy hum,
 A cry is heard: "The Tartars come!"
 Though each one trembles, runs, hides, weeps,
 Still, our good Mistress Therese keeps
 Her courage, goes into the street
 For boldly any man to meet,
 A splendid weapon is her tongue.
 As said before, she's fair and young,
 Just now, more beautiful than e'er,
 Her face all rosy from the flare
 She had been in; neck, arms bare,
 Her heaving breast, her fiery eye
 Her usual good looks amplify.
 The Tartar comes. His eyes are fire,

And burning with a brute desire
When Mistress Therese he espies
He promptly her as his best prize
To be decides. With no ado
Up comes to her the Tartar foe
And taking hold around her waist,
With one strong pull he had her placed
Beside himself, and then with haste
He into the far distance raced.
Ne'er finer woman his saddle graced
Than now he, drunk with joy, embraced.
The spouse, whose wife had just been stol'n.
Feels, that his eyes with tears are swoll'n;
Looks up the road o'er which they fled.
"Poor Tartar!" is all that he said.

THE SONG OF THE SEWING MACHINE.

Joseph Kiss.

I.

No one has painted her; bright glory
Encircleth not her head, yet I believe
She truly is a saint,—her story
A legend is.

A stormy wintry eve
It was, methinks, that Christmas tide was nigh;
Upon the marble table in my room, where I
My tea partake of, when returning home
Late from the desultory haunts through which I
roam;

A note I find; the writing well I know,
Letters of dainty shape and graceful flow;
Each letter seems an arrow fair to be;
Oh, hand that wrote the missive, I bless thee.

I open it; but even if I do not so,
 The invitation that it brings I surely know.
 "By sacred rights of friendship"—ran the lines,
 "Each clause whereof is law, the undersigned
 opines;
 "We now our will do publish and ordain
 As follows here, hoping we do not write in vain,"
 Etcetera, and thus did the epistle end:
 "To-morrow eve at seven o'clock on us attend.
 The menu will include rare venison, steak and wine,
 I need not urge you, for you can scarce decline,
 Next fricasse with rice—and then—my house rules
 are improved.
 You are allowed to smoke soon as the cloth's re-
 moved.
 Be sure to come, let this be understood.
 You'll find here all you wish and even all you could.
 Among ourselves we'll be, almost alone;
 No strangers will intrude; those here are all my
 own,
 My husband, certainly, and you, my dearest friend,
 The children and Therese and here the list doth
 end."

Who could withstand so exquisite a call,
 Of which each line such pleasure doth forestall?
 And could one possibly not visit those
 Who in such cordial mode to entertain propose?
 I'll surely go, why shall I not? but see,
 Therese? Therese? I know her not; who can she
 be?
 However I revolve that name within my mind
 None such in all my memory's depths I find.
 Of kin she is perhaps, yet this can't be the case,
 In all the family I know not a Therese;
 Is she a friend? But even this I doubt;
 Only "our own," she writes; no "stranger" be about.
 And "friends" would strangers be, for I alone
 The one exception blest and by her known.
 But, after all, in these days full of woe

Many a woman named Therese may come and
 One of them she may be, perhaps more old
 Than I could wish; such thoughts and manifold
 Of import like I harbored all throughout
 The following day, suppressing not my doubt;
 Who can she be? However, soon from me
 The veil of secrecy removed will be,
 And face to face Therese I sure will see.
 And prompt as in a comedy's last act,
 The marriage climax at the end doth come;
 So did I, at the hour of seven exact,
 In evening dress enter the charming home
 Where I had oft enjoyed all things my heart attract.

It is a cosy, tasteful nest;
 I know its charming qualities the best;
 I even can choose blindly in my mind
 The lounge on which most easy rest to find.
 I know each nook, and on the mantel-piece
 The many little odds and ends one sees.
 The Sevres cups, peachblows and bric-a-brac;
 In short, I intimately know the home of my friend
 Jack;
 I know it as, beside me, no one can know;
 A fairy palace, 'tis, a heavenly home below.
 Within, there reigns a rosy fairy queen,
 My friend's dear wife, a beauty to be seen.

I was received as I had been before.
 To see Therese, howe'er was yet for me in store.
 The lady laughed in playful glee.
 "Ah, you are looking for Therese, I see!
 Although you even know not who she be.
 I did not think that you were such a butterfly.
 Put, see; behold this bow, this scarf and tie,
 This ruching here, these ruffles of fine lace,
 Almost invisible to ordinary gaze;
 Yet if it were not there 'twould leave an empty
 space;
 These plaits, these loops, this gown—this is
 Therese!

But only part of her—only her smallest part;
 She has a history, one that must touch the heart,
 Grand and sublime, a story which I know
 You will write soon; you must not say, 'Oh, no!'
 You'll gladly write it, since yourself declared to me
 That what you write must from life's models be;
 Your model is Therese, well—this is she——"
 This woman's story, who now through the door
 Entered with easy grace—Therese—I knew her not
 before.
 I've written down as told in language plain;
 Her name I even kept, Therese, it doth remain.

11.

Five orphan children had remained behind
 When their dear mother endless rest did find,
 After her years of suffering; one alone,
 Therese, the oldest, being somewhat grown,
 To her it fell to take the others' care.
 At once she started to fulfill her duty's share;

And heavy though the burden was to bear,
 Herself a child, she was a mother; where
 The motherless, forsaken children cried,
 Her loving care the burning tears soon dried.
 She watched with sweet solicitude and love
 O'er all the house trusting in God above.
 While he, her father, restless labor's slave,
 Came home but seldom to the hearth that gave
 No warmth for him since his wife found her grave.
 But hardly had the year of mourning passed,
 Ere new life reached the house; Therese, aghast,
 Foresaw it, and she prayed with zest to God
 To punish not with such a cruel rod;
 And yet even now a step mother had come:
 A widow, handsome, gay and frolicsome.
 At first she kissed away the children's tears,
 But later she grew heartless and severe,
 And spiteful, too; she had children of her own;
 No worse or wilder children e'er were known,

Gluttonous, ill-bred boys; lying, deceitful girls:
That was her dowry, and her glossy curls.
And e'er the year was o'er, for mine and thine came
ours.

While secretly Therese shed tears in showers.

• • •

The nest grew narrower, all went topsy-turvy,
The step-dame grew each day in deeds more scurvy.
No victor in the conquered enemy's land
Is as unfeeling as this strange, rude band
Of new-comers to the poor orphans, who
Daily in weakness, meekness, and repression grew.
At first surrendered were the little toys,
To soothe the ire or quell the stranger's noise;
And then their favorite nook they had to yield;
Inch by inch driven, there was none to shield;
Their rooms and even each downy little bed,
With loving hands made by their mother dead;
With brutish greed, all, all was from them taken;
The orphan children seemed truly God-forsaken.

Then the old oaken wardrobe's locks were broke,
And sacrilegious hands, 'midst cruel joke,
Took out the wealth of foam-like linen,
Jealously guarded and collected by her, when
Amidst her sacred work she died; nothing was
spared;

All were besmeared, belittled, with rags compared:
The old silks and satins she had hardly worn
The new mother took out, soon to be torn,
The wedding robe, though old, yet almost new,
The step-dame boldly wore, for well she knew
She need not be afraid; the garment fitted well;
The dead will not return that it was her's to tell.
And thus things went along, but wherefore dwell
On scenes like this, repulsive and so fell?
It is an ancient song, an old complaint,
Making the sufferers heart-weary and faint.

At evening in the hall, or garret room,—
Hither had driven them their wretched doom,—
The orphans would together come, around
Therese, from whom alone relief they found;
One would her knees, and one her neck embrace,
While one in love would smooth her careworn face;
But all were mute; there are no words, I guess,
Such children's secret sorrow to express;
The freely flowing tears alone did show
The grievous sufferings they must undergo.

It was a murky, misty autumn eve;
The spider, silence, had commenced to weave
Its cobweb, which at times encloseth all
Within a room that even doth appall;
The youngest, then a pretty little blonde,
With sweet blue eyes, bright as a diamond—
Who in her mother's time had been chief pet,
Reached out with trembling lips and eyes quite wet
Towards Therese, and whispered in her ear:
“Dear sister, once the story I did hear
At midnight she doth come; she lifts her veil—
At midnight she retires—so lovely is the tale—
She kisses all her babes with tender care,
Settles their room and bringeth order there.”
O, sister, during many a night
I watch for mother, hoping that she might
Yet on a midnight visit come to me;
Therese, sweet sister, will this ever be?

“Surely, my dear; she surely comes to you,”
Replied Therese, and to her breast the baby drew.
Then silence reigns—Therese's breast alone
Doth heave, while in her eye a light unusual shone.
Long since she bore the burden of a thought
Which now the child to ripening action brought
And like a ripe and juicy fruit it fell,
Her trembling lips the following words doth tell:

Hark, my dears; fortune changes, as you know
 Our own affairs to better things may grow;
 But one must do his share, must ever try
 To change his fate, and not sit idly by.
 Therefore, if on some morning when you rise,
 And empty is the bed where Therese mostly lies,
 And she cannot be found, be not at all in fright;
 Mourn not, keep courage, let your hearts be light;
 You will then know why I am gone away;
 Guarded by prayers my dear ones daily say.
 Until it is given me to return one day;
 To guard and keep you here, sweet Lizzie, may;
 She'll sew and patch for you, and keep you neat,
 And read to you when nightly here you meet;
 And wash your things when you are gone to sleep.
 And strive as I, the little ones neat to keep.
 You, Madge, the smaller ones will teach to read,
 And you will all be good, and none more need
 plead;
 Yes, promise to be good children when I'm gone.
 Therese could not be found at the next day's
 dawn.

III.

She boldly started toward the human sea,
 Where light and shadow seem as one to be,
 Where wilder flow the human passions strong,
 Moving remorselessly the human throng
 And all of the strifes which to our life belong.
 To where the struggle yields melodious strains:
 The turmoil and the noise, and joy it gains;
 The loneliness, which even to song doth cling, the
 rue!
 So to the capital Therese went; few
 Were her small jewels— keepsakes sweet of happier
 days—
 And few the long kept, yellowed fabrics of old lace;
 These, all she had, she, needy, went and sold,
 Therewith her bare existence to uphold,
 To gain a shelter where at least to rest,
 To have a crust with which her hunger to arrest.

At a poor teacher's house she found a room,
 Four flights of stairs led to her living tomb
 Beneath the roof's small space so full of gloom.
 And there, like her, a swallow built her nest,
 To have for a short spring a home wherein to rest;
 And when, at last, she had secured her modest bed
 Wherein she could lay down her weary head,
 She went to look for work, to Golgotha the road
 Is not so rough as that whereon she bore her load.
 Her heart's blood freely flowed, each tear
 She shed while on her way—burning sincere,
 Fell to the ground she trod with hope and fear.

It happened, too, that in the mirror of her eyes
 Some people looked in rude and lecherous guise;
 It chanced that brutal words fell in her ear;
 In silence she passed on and dropped a tear.
 Some pitying, wish alms in her hands to slide—
 Then how rose in might her woman's pride!

From day to day, from week to week,
 Hopelessly she for work did seek.
 Each evening, when returning to her room,
 The world seemed darker, deeper sunk in gloom,
 Before her woe, despair within her soul.
 But when deepest was her anguished dole,
 Dame Fortune's eyes shot out a fiery ray
 Wherewith to light her rugged, weary way,
 And hope unto her sad heart to convey.

She found some work to do. In the town's heart.
 Amidst the capital's gay, busy mart,
 Behind the great show-window's grand display,
 Admiring crowds beleaguered it all day—
 A group of pretty maids—some dark, some fair,
 Were busily engaged—white slaves indeed they
 were—

Flirting with passers-by and sewing there.
 And in the corner of the store there stood
 A little sewing machine, which use none would,
 It being known as one too difficult to run;
 On this machine Therese her new career begun.

Some kind, good soul,—I have forgotten her name,
 And cannot therefore hand it down to fame,—
 Taught her to sew upon this small machine;
 Soon defter hands than hers were seldom seen,
 Since wings controlled the needle, ever since
 The sewing machine the world's approval wins.
 It was not industry, it was a great deal more;
 A fever 'twas, work's fever known not heretofore,
 That now inspired, enthused her with a fire
 Ceaseless to work, of working never to tire,
 Waking her from her early morning sleep,
 And late at night still at her work to keep.
 Labor whereof the human frame breaks down,
 And yet by which the soul receives a heavenly
 crown.

She was not handsome, yet at sixteen years
 An ordinary face charming to view appeared,
 Since 'tis illumined by youth's gentle mind,
 And in expression tender is, and kind.
 Even at times, when sorrowful the heart,
 To a bewitching smile the lips will part;
 This charming beauty born of scent and light
 Was lost to her companion's envious sight,
 And because homely they her face did find,
 Forgave her that she gentle was and kind.

She went to work, many a week and month,
 Thoughts of despair would during labor hunt
 Her soul, and chill it, and the distant aim
 Still farther off appeared, remote became;
 The more she worked, the less she seemed to gain,
 What was the use of all her mighty strain,
 To suffer patiently, to melt hard fate;
 Naught will her grief and sufferings abate.
 The pay is small; it barely doth suffice
 To yield her the most needful of supplies;
 Her brave desire hath carried her so far
 To hope she could bring help to those who are
 So near her heart; desirous to become
 A mother to her little ones at home.
 The blind to lead the blind! . . .

Bitter were
 The tears shed when she thought on her life's share,
 And then the little sewing machine would stop,
 The thread become entangled; and as the tears did
 drop,
 The wheel would cease to turn. But when the
 cloud
 Had passed that did her mental sky o'ershroud:
 "Foolish Therese, shame on you, dull Therese,"—
 She would reproach herself in her own gentle
 ways—
 "Is there not God above you? Why complain?"
 And the sewing machine would smoothly run again.

IV.

One year hath passed, to happy beings but a dream.
 A walk among sweet-scented roses it doth seem.
 But all endless walk in utter dreariness it is
 To him, sore burdened with life's miseries.
 To him, by life's battle tossed about,
 The thorn pricks, and the tangled path doth rout.
 And who the burden of life doth bear around
 Like the beggar, who ever in his rags is found,
 Who wears his rags till they are but a shred,
 To him I say, a year is long, and dread,
 And weary doth he count the days
 Which come and go, but none his woe allays.

But here, I frankly must confess,
 This prelude's somewhat meaningless,
 My old and crazy musical instrument,
 I feel, on giving inharmonious sounds is bent;
 As the host, when asked the value of his wines,
 Changes the subject, so the bard; the poet declines
 To proceed with his story straightway to the end,
 But oft his mind through by-ways oft will wend.

But when Therese had been at work a year—
 And in this time she shed full many a tear—
 And in the scissors' art and of needles grew
 Expert, a better one indeed the shop ne'er knew,

And all that fashion knew as copied or as new
She had acquired, thus she an expert grew
To speak of those unchristian, heathen names
Which best are spoken by the tongues of dames
As Brocade, Tricot, Cheviot and baige,
Or whatever new cloth may be the fashion's rage,
Then something happened, as it sometimes will,
When, as it were, the tenor quick falls ill,
A chorister his place takes, sings the part;
And in this way first gets an upward start,
And then doth forge ahead and gains great fame.
Many an artist thuswise won his name,
That tales like these are false,
Men know in their own heart.
Susanne, the old forewoman of the shop,
The planet of the place, the brightest ~~sun~~ on top
Of all the rest she was, in fashion's realm supreme.
One day, the date I mind not, but to scheme,
As I have little doubt, discomfiture to bring
Unto a customer, announced aloud
That if "that Banker's wife" who was so proud,
Thought she was going to a ball that night
She erred; although it might her pleasure blight,
Yet, Susanne cannot—her head aches her so much—
Try on the dress or give it the last touch.
All those who knew Susanne sighed with sad face.
Pitied that "Banker's wife," fallen from grace.
They sighed aloud, but secretly felt glad,
Suspecting well that something has gone bad
With old Susanne; she'd go, but is afraid
Some danger scents the talkative old maid,
Since in all likelihood her slanderous tongue
Again as oft before, but where? and when? went
wrong.
The end of this—the reader must have guessed—
Was that Therese was in the service pressed,
That she in Susanne's place was told to go
To try the dress, and, where 'tis needed, sew.
As herald to the graces she was sent,
She, in whose soul pure virgin virtues blent.
Will she her pathway strewn with roses find?

And will the dame to see her be so kind?
 Bearing the rustling dress she then set out;
 Her mind was filled with many a serious doubt;
 Why shall I state not, in a heroine
 Such doubts do show but scanty discipline;
 She was aroused, and like a child of Eve,
 Curious she was experience to receive
 Of how the world doth look where all is bright,
 And ever seems in revels to delight;
 Where naught, it seems, save sunshine has access,
 Where silks and satins are the daily dress.
 Noiselessly glide her feet across the floor
 Covered with rugs unseen by her before,
 Softer than moss, from India's richest store;
 And entered then a small and quiet room,
 A perfect gem; a sweet-scenting perfume
 Pervaded it and greeted her; a place
 Full of bright sunshine and of heavenly grace,
 So that, o'erwhelmed, she stood, with wondering
 face.

Upon a silken rocking-lounge she saw
 A radiant woman who in splendour beamed,
 No sphynx, no fairy she; no dream can draw
 Such as she was; of each a part she seemed.
 It was the banker's wife; upon her rippling hair
 A gold-embroidered little cap shone fair—
 A sweet, capricious dainty thing she wore
 No other woman dreamed of ere before.
 Around her graceful form a wrap of lace
 In many folds but partly hid her grace.
 It should—but nay! No man should dare to view
 The charms round which her wrap she quickly
 drew.

She saw Therese, and speedier than the thought,
 With swiftness and with grace her feet she sought
 Even as a blithesome Bayadere
 When for her lively dance she doth appear,

Or like—but we must tell the truth in prose
 "She was a little foolish," as the saying goes.
 "Ah! here's my dress! But see, where is Susanne?"
 "Her nerves!" "Well, well, her nerves! I see
 we can

No more have our 'migraine, 'tis no more 'chic';
 The shop girls now have learned from us the trick,
 Show me the dress at last! come, show it quick
 Heavens! What can this be? Is this thing a dress?
 It is a clown's masquerade costume, I guess.
 What mingling of what colors—why, it screams
 The rainbow's every hue was used it seems.
 The trimming on the left, and on the right—
 This bow, this rag, the front, oh, hideous sight!
 And here another bow—and then the banker's wife
 She pulled the bow, and tore it off, as ~~it~~ were
 Susanne's—who dared to have migraine—~~an~~ Su-
 sanne's hair.

Therese stood still and gazed with fright aghast,
 Over her pale face though the tears rolled fast,—
 Sad burning tears,—and, faltering she confessed:
 "This is my own, my first attempt! I guessed
 "That I should thus your satisfaction gain,
 "Forgive me, pray! I see I worked in vain!"
 The tender pathos wherewith Therese doth plead
 Goes to the heart, the banker's wife can read
 In her sad look and in her tearful eye
 The truth. "Oh how," she straight doth cry,
 'Could I so cruel and so inconsiderate be!"
 And, resting then her eyes with tender care
 Upon Therese all trembling feverishly
 Doth say—"Let's try it on, come over there,"
 And there before a splendid looking glass
 In Venice made, upon the gown they pass!
 And full of joy she clapped her tiny hands.
 "How nice, bizarre!" her praise has now no ends
 "How beautiful, original, how sweet!
 'I never saw a dress with this compete.

"Oh darling child, this is a work of art!"
 Her praises cease, soon with a sudden start
 Her joyous features sudden earnest grow
 And then with more than usual radiance glow.

"I have offended you!" her bright eyes shone
 "Forgive me, dear I'm ready to atone!
 "That your forgiveness fully I may gain
 "Where is that bow? I'll sew it on again!"
 And earnestly as a remorseful sinner,
 She curls up in a chair; like a beginner
 With big, big stitches she tries hard to sew
 Into its former place the torn-off bow.
 Then suddenly she screams aloud with fear.

"Tis blood," she cries and in her eye's a tear
 Upon the rosy finger of her hand
 A tiny ruby-colored drop doth stand,
 While on her snow-white skirt there little stains,
 Three ruby dew-drops have filtered from her
 veins,—
 Such drops of blood as from a needle's prick will
 flow,—
 No more, no less, not dangerous I trow.
 Therese, touched to heart, bent over this
 And on the bleeding hand she pressed a kiss.
 What angels saw this scene in distant heaven,
 To them a boundless joy was straightway given.

V.

The "costume" pleased, created a sensation,
 And there Therese's star of fortune rose,
 She was the fashion among dames of station.
 The Banker's wife, in confidence told those
 Who asked her name, and thus in little time
 Her fame was well established; in her prime,
 Her name was spoken of at balls and fêtes,
 In speech of ladies' „jours" and "tete a-tetes."
 Her name was quoted, value had like gold
 Or some good share, which on the "Bourse" is sold.

Therese's wings of hope now grew anew,
Sorrow, that cruel hawk, had broken them
before,

Her faith, her hope grew strong and good and true
As she herself hath been; now joy is at her door
And confidence in self, this wondrous talisman,
Despair and dread drive far off under ban.

Up in the attic where the swallows nest,
In her cold garret-room where she found rest,
Up there, her room assumed a fairer look,
Soon it filled up, the corner and the nook.—

At first a trunk, a bureau and a bed
To articles of ease and comfort led.

A picture here and there, a mirror, blinds of lace—
Though all was plain, they filled with charm the
place.

Though modest all, her earning gave it grace!
Then came a thing that seemed with life imbued
Which our grandmothers would with fear have
viewed,

Deemed devil's work or witchcraft dire I ween,
It was, however, but a sewing machine.

That was a most eventful day

Pen cannot tell how blithe and gay
Therese was. Just as the poor peasant feels
Who, after abnegating years of toil

At last, with grateful tears and pious, kneels
And thanks his God, his task at length is done

That for his household he a cow hath won,
Which now will help his little ones to feed,
And, when he thinks that he once did despair

In his ambition to at all succeed,

He quickly to his stable doth repair

And pats his prize, mild, big-eyed, white of hair:

Therese now did the same; with joyous mien
She tripped around and 'round her new machine.

She patted it as if it were alive,

She wished it joy, to flourish and to thrive.

She then sat down to try the little thing.

(As a girl would her new pianoforte)

To see what mellow music it will bring,

And when it ran, it seemed to her in short
 That a glad "Hallelujah" it doth sing;
 A glorious song, praising our time's achievement
 And tearfully, with joy and in bereavement
 She leans o'er the machine with tearfilled eyes,
 "O, dear, do not forsake me!" then she cried
 "Two hands I only have, but we are five,
 "For five I have to work, to labor and to strive!"

A letter then she wrote of which each line
 Dictated was by love, pure and divine.
 It thus began! "My Dearest Father — — — pray"
 And ended: If pleased, Eliza send to me you may.
 I'll have her educated with fond care
 I'll be a mother to her I declare!"
 A year ~~for~~ thence she this word wrote again,
 And what she wrote caused her but joyous pain,
 "Send Madge;"—And when four years had
 swiftly run
 Their course, the task, she proudly had begun
 Was well—nigh done. The home hearth motherless
 No orphan children sheltered in distress,—
 They were provided for. That loving mother
 may
 Now peaceful in her earthly tomb e'er stay!

VI.

And now came days more busy than before.
 They ran on into years, and still with zeal
 She ceaseless worked, now in now out of door,
 To warm the nest built for her orphan's weal.
 Herself, alone, a helpless girl, the nest,
 Without a mate, even the bird's gay guest.
 Fully enough all day she had to do,
 To feed the little ones, to train them too,
 To dress them neat, to be their mother true.
 But only he can know what is all this
 To whom to do it, also, once was bliss.
 Who knows how to resign a present's pleasure,

In view of the uncertain morrow's treasure,
And to command the heart no more to dream
In moonlight nights, of phantasies supreme;
The heart which barter not, but which in time
Will beat aloud, command, and feel sublime,
And to this heart the lark's song is a bliss
Fills it with longings, yearnings for a kiss:
To do this all as if indeed 't were not
A sacrifice, but her most natural lot,
To do this—to her glory be it said—
Only a woman has the heart and head!

Thus in prosaic commonplace
Many a year hath run its race.
The little girl a blushing maid had grown,
Also the boys have come to be young men;
Soon will they all from her dear nest have flown,
Poorest Therese, when this occurs, why, then
You will remain behind again alone!
As one by one her loved ones all depart
She feels a chill to creep around her heart;
If all her darlings soon must from her go
On whom shall she her blessings then bestow?
Her hands are faltering, 'tis not loss of strength
The inspiration goes a length.
Many an hour finds her sad and weary
She tries to overcome a feeling very dreary
Alas! she cannot! will she yet be cheery?
She seems to feel, that while she strove for heaven
She lost the earth, and that her youth, now gone
Will by no charm or spell again be given
To her; that life will end as it begun — — —
She seems to feel, that there is still a voice
Within her soul so desolate in hue or shade.
Which if it would break forth, life's woes would
fade!
And wick alone can bring the heart such joys
As make to heaven akin this earthly glade.

And secretly she peeps into her looking glass,
 To give its answer back is difficult, alas!
 "An old maid soon you'll be!" whispers Therese
 "There is no harm!" she thinks, and smoothes her
 face.

She gently smiles, there is no danger yet,
 Her forehead still is smooth and bright her eyes;
 And sweet her smile, ah! well! she feels without
 regret
 That she has still a right to long, to dreams and
 sighs.

And in such gentle, drowsy frame of thought
 (A state within which pleasant 'tis to dream,)
 A germ to life within her heart was brought
 Of a belated love yet pure, supreme.
 Of a first love in which midsummer's heat
 With the ethereal charms of gentle spring compete.
 Which will not even in winter quite forsake
 Not even then when known — — — but a mistake!
 Oh even then 'tis sweet for memory's sake!

VII.

One day Madge, exhausted from a race
 Came home; she sped along at deerhound's pace,
 (She was that time just fourteen years of age)
 This is the time when girls' minds first engage
 In other thoughts than dolls and girlish plays,
 To wear when she "comes out" ere many passing
 days,
 A fitting dress with train, in woman's ways.

"Just think, Therese, 'twas fun I tell you now,
 "I had an accident; I don't know how
 "It happened, but I slipped, fell on the stair—
 "I didn't hurt myself, you needn't scare,—
 "When quickly, just as in the story book,
 "A gallant knight appeared who boldly took
 "Me round the waist—I'll show you—just like this
 "And cried 'hoop-la'—there is no great harm done

"And then—and then — — — and then gave me a kiss."

Here Madge's tears began to run.

"The brazen impudence! how did he dare?

"I tell you it's a shame and I don't care

"I'm not a little girl; it was not fair!"

Forgotten long this incident hath been

But one impetuous little head, I ween,

Still thought of it with thoughts serene.

"Therese!"—her sister thus she seeks one day.

Mysteriously a secret to convey,

"I know him now!" she cries, "oh what delight

"I know who saved me then, my gallant knight!"

"Your gallant knight?" "Why, don't you know?

"The one who caught me when some weeks ago

"I tumbled on the stairs"—"Yes dear Madge well?"

"Well," proudly Madge goes on, "I came to tell;

"A student, studying medicine and my love,

"He lives in this same house, two floors above,

"Just in the room in which my sweet Therese

"You yourself lived, when poor, in earlier days."

Therese's face hearing this piece of news,

Suffused with vivid blush of roseate hues,

Then suddenly she grew most deadly pale

Like one in theft caught, whom no words avail.

Ah, did the memory of days gone by

Thus move Therese and bring tears to her eye?

Or did she ponder that a man lives now

Where her asylum was, and God knows how.

And this man was living in that room

She had once thought to be a living tomb?

Who knows? I only write down what I see;

It is of little import unto me.

Not speculations I record, but history.

Therese then took her sister's curly head,

Laughed, pressed her lovingly but naught she said.

Her mirth seemed bashful and constrained to be

And yet not quite devoid of girlish glee.

And when Madge would recur in joyous chats
To him she now called "knight" and erstwhile "fool"
Therese replied with loving hugs and pats
And blushing caressed her as a rule.
It happened too that Madge, would often call
Him by his name, "Eugene," when talking of her
fall.

Sometimes the three, when on the stairs or hall
Would meet,—Eugene a man so fair and tall;
Therese and Madge would pass their arms entwined,
entwined,
And gently bow as courteous he inclined.
No further recognition 'twixt them passed
Just as two ships which o'er the ocean vast
Sail onward, when in middle sea they meet
Each other they majestically greet,
Madge, at such meetings thought it was no harm,
Just as a joke, to pinch Therese's arm,
And when they reached their rooms Madge laughed
in glee
Whereas Therese still, and thoughtful be.

And then again wild little Madge would say,
Half to herself, half for Therese to hear,
"That man above's a spendthrift in his way
"He spends the oil most lavishly, though dear
"And is the first his nightly lamp to light."
Therese saw more. She saw that late at night
That lamp burned still and ever was the last
Darkened to be long after midnight passed.

Therese oft thought—"for whom this feverish
zeal?
For whom this sacrifice—toil day and night?"
Thus she would think, when in the dark she'd steal
To where she could behold his lamp burn bright.
Has he a sister dear, perhaps a mother
Or—and she shivered—is there yet another?—
She is unwilling to pursue this thought
Which naught to her but misery has brought.

And, hiding in her window-bay she sits
Her thought to one, the sweetest, subject flits
And in this thought there is so great a charm
That she feels glad; her heart grows light and warm.

But thus is chanced, on one eventful night
She watched in vain for the familiar light,
The window all the evening dark remained.
Next morning she the awful news obtained
Which filled each loving heart with deepest gloom;
That at the College's dissecting room
Where science tries all secrets to reveal,
And from dead bodies lessons seeks with zeal,
A youth, of all the students counted best
While at his work—some theory to test—
Had scratched his hand and thus so badly fared
That now of his own life his friends despaired.

Therese read this sad news, in silence lone,
Not even by a sigh or faintest moan
Did she betray what in her heart she felt
How dire a blow to her soul had been dealt!
Oh! what she nursed on was a sacred thought
It had to her the revelation brought
That she so dearly loved, yet cool and calm
She seemed and sought, what most she needed.—
For her bruised heart, in toil and as she sighed balm
She bravely did her work, left naught behind,
In all her agitation seemed serene,
Worked ever at her sewing machine
Until the night came when with weary head
Her little sister Madge had gone to bed.

Quietly then, yea, it would seem
As if she acted in a gentle dream,
She stepped into her window-bay to stare
Up to the unlit, darkened window there,
She looked out through dense vistas of the night
Where a few glimmering stars gleamed far and
 bright,
Her thoughts, so sorrowful, so full of gloom
Were constantly in yonder upper room,

Where she had erewhile lived and where now he,
If he not at death's door indeed should be.
Sudden she wakes and rallies now to act
She is resolved to know what is the fact,
And from her lips flows plaintively, yet plain
"I do so want to see him once again!"

She went, and when at midnight she returned,
She seemed o'erjoyed! her eyes new light did glean
For while she had not leave to see Eugene,
She yet was happy, for his life, she learned
Was safe, and, all the danger surely o'er
He soon will be as well as e'er before.
She smilingly above her sister bent
And kissed her tenderly and with content:
Madge in her sleep, returned the loving kiss
While an angelic smile o'erspread her face.
The tears that fell from Therese' burning eyes
Lit Madge's cheek as dew on rosebud lies!

VIII.

Spring, gentle spring had come; Therese
Opened her windows all, the zephyr sways
Delicious scents, the long expected rays
Of the new spring sun filtered in, and shone
With lustre in the rooms Therese had known
So long. A worker's sanctum it had been,
So bright, so beautiful, so neat, so clean,
On walls and furniture 'its plainly seen
That loving industry hath here a throne.

Upon the virgin bed, full many a dress,
Satins and silks lie heaped in carelessness,
Therese sits by the window and inhales
The balmy air which joyously prevails;
Lost is she now in pleasant reverie —
But not for long doth yield to phantasy.
She wakes, and with decision she begins
Her daily work with needles and with pins.
When all at once, there comes a gentle knock

Upon the door,—she feels a sudden shock, -
And entering,—she thinks she only dreams - -
While all her blood flies to her face it seems —
She now beholds, that man so knightly fair
Whose picture she had jealously kept there
Within her breast full many a weary year,
For whom in secret she shed many a tear!
Her love, her pain, her dream and her desire
For whom her soul went out with passionate fire
For him, Eugene, to her the known unknown,
And face to face they stand at last alone!
Therese dares not to raise her eyes
And timid bashfulness she shows likewise
“I came alone,” he slowly then begins,
When soon his courage back again rewins,
“Good morning, Miss Therese; I came alone”—
So tender and so solemn is his tone,—
“I have not anyone for me to plead,
“Till now I could but to my work give heed,
“But I have done! Thank God, I have at last
“My work complete, and my probation passed!
“Since yesterday my studies ended were,
“As a Physician now I take up daily care,
“I have inherited a small estate
“And though’t is modest and by no means great,
“It ~~is~~ enough to settle down in life.
“Not far from here, in a small country-town
“I’ve lived there az a boy.—I’ll settle down;
“There I posses a house, a garden of some size,
“It is a perfect lovely little paradise,
“Tis there I want to take with me my wife.”

Suddenly, from the close-adjoining room
There comes a voice, but how? from whom?
As if it would Eugene to cease command,
And say no more! A dainty hand
Set the machine at work once more, and this
Broke in upon the talk so full of bliss.
It runs so fast and ever faster still
As if it fain would speak, her speech to thrill.

The speech of the machine in yonder room
Interpreted, runs this way, I presume:

"For Heaven's sake, my sweet Therese, what ails thee?

"Courage, Therese! If all thy courage fails thee

"What will he think?! Or did'st thou really hope?

"O God, that must not be, do not in darkness grope,

"Look up! But never think of that, it cannot be,

"How could'st thou ever think, Therese, that thou
and he—

"Ah no! Oh no! the thought is bliss, but thou art
sick,

"The air's too sultry! close the windows quick,

"The air of gentle spring for thee won't do,

"Touched as thou art e'en now with winter's hue!

"Come, come, collect thyself at once, Therese,

"Thou can'st not show a weakling's trivial ways,

"It is unworthy of thee, 't is not fair:

"Poor giddy fool, not even a seat, a chair

"Hast thou yet offered to him, I declare!

"Therese!—She must be deaf and blind I ween

"She sees, she hears nothing but him—Eugene!"

"Since seven years we have been living here

"Under one roof, our trials were severe,

"I studied hard, you fought life's battle in a way

"That if a man had done it, the world may

"Have marked him out a hero brave to be,

"While women we admire but silently,

"They are called angels in the holy heaven.,

"But here on earth no name to them is given!

"Secretly I have watched with tremulous fear and
hope

"The pretty little bud, how it will open!

"I dared not venture to the floweret nigh,

"Although I pined for it with many a sigh,

"When still too young and full of childish glee,

"I then resolved my wife she yet shall be,

What then, my hope, a youth's bright golden dream—

"What then I vowed I come now to redeem,
"Oh, dear Therese, oh, crown with bliss my life:
"Give unto me your sister Madge as wife!"

The buzz and whirring of the quick machine
Came to a sudden stoppage now within;
Therese was scared, she really knew not why.
Was it because all silent grew near by?
A deathly pallor overspread her face,
It seemed that all things whirled round space;
And when at last she raised her eyes that were
Of wont so eloquent, she could but stare.
Her eyes that used to show such ardent glow
Did now but fright and deadly whiteness show.
She hesitates, some word to speak she tries,
She cannot; on her parched lips language dies.
It lasted but a second, sense prevailed;
She tottered to the door and quickly hailed
Her sister to come in; her voice is hoarse,
She looks as if to life had come a corse.
While, as if blind, she stretches forth her hand—
And Madge comes in like spring tide in the land;—
A radiant maiden, beautiful to see,
She blushes deep, as if by love's decree,
Her eyes betray her love, oh! how they burn.
When to the knightly youth their gaze they turn;
She speaks, her tones like heavenly accents, and
Her arm around her sister she has wound.
"Therese! Therese!" is all that she can say.
And see—the spell is broken, flown away;
The mother's love indeed has gained the day!

And sobbingly she draws her to her breast
And covers her with kisses without rest.
One word repeating often in her ear,
That shows her own resigned love, oh, how clear!

That one word shows how dear and great the price
She now pays as a mother's sacrifice.
That word is "love!" "Oh, love him, sister, dear—
"Ay, thou wilt love him, sister!" Freely flows her
tear.

THE FIRE IS ALL ABLAZE.

Alexander Csizmadia.

The fire is all ablaze!
Unchecked by tenets foul, the flames leap high,
And higher still! The raging fire has spread,
To cinder and to ash reduced the past, now dead.
"We fanned the eager flames!" is our proud cry,
By murderous dagger struck, though, to the core!
We are alone! What does it signify?
For thousand years this self-same curse we bore.

The sun has gone to rest.
While over us descends the gloom' of night
The foul inmates of mouldy caves awake,
A host of darkness doth upon us break.
Home, Nation, Flag,—once more for them we fight.
Each of these names again is but a hope,
And he who dares to ask for his good right:
An outcast mean, and fit for hangman's rope.

Are we but worthless dogs?
A ragged mob, fit only to be slayed?
Vile murderers, the base dross of the land,
Upon whose brow's burned shame's hideous brand?
We must take heed? These words to us conveyed
Familiar sound. And history records
How serfs and feudal slaves, enchained and flayed,
Fell 'neath the cruel blows of savage lords.

The days of old gone by,
Recall them to our memory, that ne'er
Might we forget, ye patriots, how you
Had dealt with us. Our sires enslaved you slew;
The earth that drank their blood, let it now bear
Us witness, that it was no brutal foe
Who plundered us and laid our heartstones bare.
A cruel despot 't was who wrouht our woe!

It was a ragged mob.
It had been vile and blindly bent its knee,
And trusted you. You loaded yoke on yoke
Upon its neck, its manly spirit broke.
Doltish it kissed the despot's hand, while he
With scourge and dagger paid the blood—stained
debt,
Ravaged its home and stole its liberty!
Wretched indeed who all this could forget.

How fierce the storm wind blows!
This might be but the battle's start. It might
Even be the struggle will sometime seem to be
At end. But no! Fore'er, by fate's decree
The spirits roused, will carry on the fight.
This epoch is the mother who gave life
To us; the task of centuries we write
Down as our own days task: "War to the knife."

Rise Proletariat!
Naught else is sacred but the people great,
The people's all! The people is divine!
Woe unto him who dares with fell design
To raise his hand 'gainst man! And be our fate
Curse, prison, bayonet or burning stake,
We say: "Saint are the ties that will create
Concord, of mankind one great family make!"

It is the horny hand,
The thought creating busy human brain
And labor, mighty, vigorous and strong,
Which will sustain the world, to which belong

New worlds to form. Awed indolence in vain
 Doth howl, Labor's alone the right to live;
 Crushed might be into dust what the worlds contain,
 Labor's immortal! that is positive.

The fire is all ablaze!
 Unchecked by tenets foul, the flames leap high,
 And higher still! The raging fire has spread,
 To cinder and to ash reduced the past, now dead.
 "We fanned the eager flames!" is our proud cry,
 By murderous dagger struck though, to the core!
 We are alone! What does it signify?
 For thousand years this self-same curse we bore.

CHRIST BEFORE PILATE.

(Munkácsy's Painting.)

Charles Szász.

He stands erect! The pain of heart divine
 In anguish draws the lips to firmly set.
 To-day against Him rise with fell design
 Who yesterday his path with palms beset.
 "Hosanna!" then,—to-day, the "crucify!"
 And from the palms, it seems, but thorns had
 grown;
 And "To the cross with Him!" is now the cry!
 Ye ragged, wretched mob, with heart of stone.

Behold! his executioners have tied
 His hand with coarse, deep-cutting rope. But
 why?
 His hands to raise He never would have tried,
 Those soft hands, which His wounds but beautify.
 His agonies enunciate His power!
 The mob spits in His face, yells and blasphemes.
 Alive, He is subdued, but in the hour
 Of death He wins! His blood man's sin redeems.

Seel how the herd, the worthless, mean and low
And brutal mob, attacks Him rude and rough.
For one moment might they some pity show? .
Oh, no! of woe He has not had enough!
All that in man is vile,—his passions base,—
Greed, envy, hatred,—all against Him press,
While He,—though almost dead,—silently prays,
Forgives their sins, and all of them doth bless.

Accused, defamed and mocked, endureth He
The curses, taunts, and blows which on him rain.
While he, the judge, whose word could make Him
free,
Doth wash his hands and unconcerned remain.
In what a heap of sin of earth and hell
They revel in with savage, fiery zeal;
While He, on whom fall curses foul and fell,
Alone, for them, doth with compassion feel.

A woman, too! One of Jerusalem's
Fair daughters she! To thee, the God 's un-
known;
The brutal blows thy noble heart condemns,
Thou weepst for the suffering man alone.
The tear, which rolleth down thy frightened face
Falls on thy darling, sleeping baby's breast.
The child, as if it knew, with tender grace
Looks up from his angelic and sweet rest.

Christ looks at him. These are the future's years
Which He, with eyes victorious beholds!
What here is sin, as hell's foul work appears:
That lok, as mankind all redeemed unfolds!
Love conquered and Love reigns all o'er the world,
The sufferings of all mankind ended sees, . . .
And silenced are the curses at Him hurled:
The cross became the sign of blissful peace!

O, artist great! Who all this in thy dream
Hast seen,—with voiceless brush and color told
To all the world, which holds you in esteem;
Among the greatest masters art enrolled.
Thy glorious work to all the world doth speak,
Swells with enjoyment of millions the heart,
To own the rich treasure all altars seek,
But ours it is, and ours thyself thou art!

ICARUS.

Michael Tompa.

I am tempest-tossed upon a bark at sea.
No coward shall my grave behold in me.
I boldly onward press!
He feareth not the depths who dared, as I
Into the heights, up to the sun to fly,
And felt no dizziness.

Up high, up high I've been. Then I plunged deep,—
I may be lost,—but my reward I reap.
Success has been my share.
The crown of glory gained is also his
Who of his own force,—though he goes amiss,—
Thinks bold, and dares to dare!

We sat upon the desert island's sand,
Admired the sea, and thought and planned
And pondered o'er life's worth.
The yonder shore! Ah, me! that distant shore;
Be there one who it ever will explore,
One who is born of earth?

To fly!—"create something for thee!"—I mused,
What nature and what fate to me refused:
Made me,—of wings a pair.
When I then left the earth, rose to the height,
Triumphal shouts accompany my flight!
Lo! conquered was the air!

I rose high up in air, I yearned and flew,
With keen delight inebriate I grew,
No danger knew, nor fear.
High up in air, sublimer heights to reach!
That I, some day, the son of earth might teach
The secrets of yon sphere!

For daring what no man e'er dared or planned:
The proud, vindictive sun grew angry, and
His deadliest blow dealt.
He shot at me his hottest burning rays,
The air was like one all-consuming blaze,
The wax began to melt.

I fell!—I battled with wind and wave for life,
Ecstatic bliss felt in that very strife,
That fall itself sublime!
The ocean's deep,—the angry gods,—who cares?
Oblivion come,—I lose,—but he who dares
Has nobly served his time.

The waves roll towards the shore, their mystery
Is told by them to reed, to grass, to tree,
And to the birds betray.
Soon over hill and dale that secret shall be known,
When in man's heart its atom seed be sown,
It nurtures like sun's ray.

Then life will spring forth o'er the barren earth,
The thought sublime shall have been given birth,
And men will reach the goal!
There will be those who, fearless, will defy
The gods, will boldly rise to reach the sky,
Although the thunders roll!

The mission of my life has been fulfilled,
The ocean be my grave the fates hath willed;
A mighty rock am I!
The sea shall break its howling waves on me,
All unhurt I remain, complacent see
Its foam rise to the sky!

The angry waves, immersing me, which try
To bury me, e'en they shall testify:
I bravely did my share!
No risk or danger could my arm restrain!
The howling of the sea has one refrain:
Ye mortals! ye must dare!

RACHEL'S LAMENTATION.

John Arany.

Upon my soft bed's snow-white linen sheet,
How beautifully sleep my babies sweet!
Your dreams are golden fair?
You're late my stimulating breast to take,
With foolish hope I wait for you to wake,
I wait in vain, howe'er.

Ah, me! You nevermore shall wake; your sleep
Is more than rest, is more than slumber deep.
I know;—gone's all my bliss:
To loving smiles with smiles you'll not reply,
My babbling speech to mimic do not try
The lips, I'd fain to kiss.

How deep their wounds! A smaller one had not
Sufficed to cut their young lives' tender knot?
Must death's door be ajar?
Will not a finger e'en the blossom break?
Will not sure death the young dove overtake,
Whose heart brute forces mar?

Oh! let me kiss the bleeding wounds which cry
To heaven! Though dumb they are, they terrify!
I'd lave them with my tears.
Cry out, ye open wounds! for vengeance call
Upon the cruel heart, crushing to fall
For having killed my dears!

In vain! In vain! My children rise no more.
Could vengeance cause the flow of guilty gore,
My loved ones would not wake.
The waves on which the heart floats have run dry.
No sea of blood can 'gain revivify;
My heart's condemned to break.

Dreadful Herodias, if you were bent
To shed the blood of sweet babes, innocent,
You should the sword have felled!
Bloodthirsty brute, you should have come alone,
The children's sight—e'en from your heart of stone
Would mercy's spring have welled.

Ah! had you seen my babes! had heard my pleas
As I implored upon my bended knees
The brutish slave you sent!
Crawling in dust, with sobs I'd him entreat:
"Oh, kill them not; they're mine, these children
sweet!"

His heart did not relent!

True, in his eyes I saw a tear to shine,
He faltered,—and I thought it a good sign . . .
Forgot, he's but a slave.
If you had shed a tear, you cruel king,
At sight of a poor mother's suffering,
Their lives you'd surely save.

Daughters of Bethlehem, you who had been
Mothers yourselves, do not, with envy mean,
Look on my doubled woe.
While you had not the right to hope with pride
As Rachel had, I am aware, you cried
For half such grief I know.

Come to to-morrow's funeral! Let all
Of you upon your dear departed call!
Now I am not afraid.
My pale two babes,—asleep in the arms of God,—
We lay to rest beneath the self-same sod
Where you your offsprings laid.

A cycle's beauteous spring-time vanishéd,
A generation of our race is dead,
And buried 'neath the ground!
When Bethlehem's youth into manhood's grown,
No birthdays in these two years will be known,
Two years of grief profound!

Hark the complaint! Sterile's the age's womb!
But I behold the future's dawning boom
Which no tyrant can stem.
Of whom the prophets sang and ever sing:
I feel it, He was born, Judaea's King
In little Bethlehem!

Despite your jealous, fearful, direful vow,
Bloodthirsty Herodias! learn it now:
He is alive to-day!
Your days are o'er. The age is born anew!
Whom you had feared: He lives! You couldn't
subdue
The Word which lives for ay!

JEHOVAH.

Joseph Kiss.

I.

I have seen the great world, I have wandered afar,
I have worshipped the southern clime's beauteous
star;
From Tisza's bright shore I have wandered far
forth,
By my spirit of roving sent south and sent north.
At the foot of the Alps, where the rose grows
knee-deep,
And the blue sky of Italy never doth weep,

Thus came and went before his aged eyes
Some generations, and dissolved the ties
That he had known, and all was frail that came,
Steadfast but he and great Jehovah's name.

Unspeaking, melancholy and morose,
Beneath his eyelids, it seems in deep repose
A world of thought doth lie, a boundless world,
Which storm and lightning flash had oft-times
hurled
And tossed about. His fellow-men he shunned;
Indeed, it seemed as if he lived beyond
His days; but when one was about to die,—
Unbid or bid, he promptly came to try
With hope divine to fill the dying soul,
And sacred hymns then from his lips would roll.
The dying man would ope his shaded eye,
And gather strength and faith wherewith to die.

Full many a night no sleep nor rest he had,
But needs must struggle for his daily bread.
O'er parchment leaves he would for hours bend,
And trace thereon the writ, with iron hand;
The holy writ, the testament of old,
He copied carefully, and strong and bold
His letters were, and day and night he wrote
The name of Him, who in his anger smote
Him, who revered not Him, with iron rod, . . .
The name of Him he loved, Jehovah, God, . . .
Because all day these letters dead he saw,
The letters dead became for him the law.
Fanatically he, the bygone days
Did wish returned, the awful dark, dread ways
And when on earth Jehovah was — the torch,—
And who profaned Him died by sword or scorch.
The letters dead to him were living law,
To punish swift, the high priest would but draw
His sword; and burned on stake or stoned to death
He who the wrath of God encountereth.

III.

And at this barren rock's stone feet there grew
A beauteous flower, fair and sweet to view.
The brooklet's murmur and the zephyr's sigh
To nourish her, would with each other vie.
The soil was barren, no moisture from above,
Privation, poverty, no parent's love
Her share, and yet, in spite of all, she grows,—
This child of Job,—as lovely as a rose.
So sweet and pure, a fairy queen she is,
There blend in her in charming harmonies.
Those gifts of heaven which heart and mind most
please.

Her form divine, her movement queenly grace,
And radiantly beautiful her face.
Melodious her voice, like silver bell
Which holds the rustic listener in spell
When in the eve he hears the distant knell;
And what she says and what she thinks is bright
As wings of gaudy butterflies, which light
On flowers fair, in dewy morn and night.
Above all these, her eyes, ah, me! those eyes!
It matters nothing how my fish-line tries
To hook the proper word, I'll not succeed
The superb beauty of those eyes to read;
But I will tell a tale, do you give heed:
The midnight's depth, the height of mid-day's sun
Each from the other loving glances won;
They longed to meet, and for each other sighed;
They met, each other loved, and ever bide
Each with the other, and until to-day
They live in bliss: the truth of what I've told,
Do Miriam's flaming, darkling eyes enhold.

The fields and gardens gave her needed food,
Her soul grew in its very solitude,
A kindly nursing which in its due course
Matured her feelings and with hidden force

Her fancy rose. From tattered leaves she found,
She learned to read and write; and held her bound
Full many a night, when she would read by stealth
Each word, each line, each tale, each song; and
wealth

Of thought did gain. Her hungry soul did yearn
In learning's banquet hall to sit and learn;
Her soul with almost holy fire aglow,
To rise above her sphere, so dull and slow,
Aspired; and she did vow to learn, to know;
Her daily life to cast away, not prone
'Fore fate to lie; but make her life her own;
And this she did, more pure her life, more bold
Half dream of hers and half as story told. . . .

And once a book came in her hands, complete,—
Though coverless and gone the title-sheet,
And pity 'twas, the author was unknown.
She read it oft, an hundred times a year,
As if it were a song which to the ear
Melodiously clings, and we repeat,
Because it fills our hearts and souls complete.

She read each play and felt that every role
Had taken hold, and filled her very soul;
Now Juliet, she roamed in love's estate,
To-morrow moaned o'er Desdemona's fate;
Then Lady Macbeth, with her blood-stained hands,
Then Imogen,—Cordelia now she stands,
And when the foolish, simple country swain
Would seek with awkward praise her love to gain,
She would the role of Queen Titania play, . . .
Thus Miriam, Job's daughter, lived her day.

IV.

In autumn eve, the poplar tree tops sigh,
The swallow soon will flit, soon homeward fly:
To-morrow's dawn may find unfilled the nest,
Sweet bird, wilt here, thou seek again thy rest?

The window of the straw-thatched hut now
brightly shines,
The poplar's trembling crown it illumines.
The poplar's trembling crown seems golden
bright,
Its beauteous hue lends glory to the night.

V.

His hoary head old Job leans on his hands,
Lost in deep thought, though work his care com-
mands;
Before him lies the yellow parchment leaf,
And quill and ink, and yet, some hidden grief
Keeps him from work; he cannot trace his pen,
The very letters' dance when now and then
He tries to work; some cloud bedulls his brain;
But as a lion wakening, his mane
Doth toss, so now old Job doth seem to wake;
Into his hand the quill doth firmly take,
And, dipping deep in ink, begins to write,
And what he writes, brings to his soul delight.
It suits his mood, 'tis Moses' second book
And chapter thirty-two, and he, whose look
At holy writ is frequent, knows how there
'Tis told, the old law-giver was aware,
That while he was with God, on their behalf,
The people made and worshipped the golden calf;
How great his wrath, his sorrow greater still,
And Moses' song men's souls must ever thrill.

Joshua said: "Dost, Master, hear the voice
From yonder camp? O'er victories they rejoice."
The Master said: "It is not so, my son;
'Tis not the joyous voice of victory won
That comes from camp, nor yet defeat's sad wail,
But other voices reach us from the vale." . . .
And marvel: As these things he now indited,
Something his senses certainly incited;
His ravished ears hear song and shout and hail
As once old Moses heard in ancient tale.

And song and shout and shout and song he hears,
Roused are the spirits of those bygone years,
Yet no, no spirit voices these, 'tis plain,
This music earthly is, this noise profane,
A band of strolling players at the inn
Have built a tent, and there their plays begin;
The villagers, or all who could but go,
Are there, enjoying this uncommon show.
They cheer and weep, the play has touched their
heart,

The play and players gain the praise of art.

This was the voice old Job had heard, and then
He slowly takes again in hand his pen
To write, but lo! he soon again must cease,
It seems his soul to-night can find no peace.
The music dies away, no noise below,
He sees the wraiths of days of long ago
That torture him, the weary, hoary head—
Why are the days gone by not really dead!

He once three manly boys had called his own;
Life took them all, not death; aye, life alone
Robbed him of them; the one who really died,
Alone, lives in his heart with loving pride.
The strife, the times, the change, the very air
Of the to-day, which dawns ere one's aware,
And which we notice only when their wave
Prevails, and yesterdays are in their grave:
The spirit of the times which ever runs,
Had swallowed, Moloch-like, all his three sons.
No faith, no aim, ideals none, no rite,
The father and the son do now unite;
The holy tie, which with its powers divine
Men in their hearts with loving care enshrine,
The ties of heart and blood, old Job, with scorn
And pride, from his parental heart had torn.

He blessed his son, and for his welfare prayed;
Told him to go. A last farewell him bade!
The boy was only thirteen years of age,
Too young, think you, to enter on life's stage?

But custom and the law demand it so,
And out into the world the lad did go.
For years he seemed as lost, but once there came
A letter from a place of strangest name:
"Dear father,"—wrote the son,—"here in this land,
The victories of steam are truly grand."
The father's answer was one single word:
"Jehovah!"—as the son had often heard.
Another letter came: "Here on the banks
Of the Missouri I, in labor's ranks
Toil day and night to fell the ancient trees,
And inch by inch new territories seize;
Lay railroad ties, and oft the Indian chase.
At night, to starlit heaven I often gaze,
And think of home when the hyena's howl
And Indians' shrieks around our camp who prowl
Keep me awake; but then the amulet,
Dear father, which you gave, I have it yet."

And then no further news, and years rolled by, . . .
The young grew old, the old perforce must die.
The eldest son of Job was long forgot, . . .
When to the village came with lively trot
On horse and wheel, as might a king in state,
A train of men; what stir it did create,
The horses, carriages, the lively swarm;
The negro servants in their uniform;
It was a lively, captivating scene,
The like of which the village ne'er had seen.
Before the straw-thatched hut they stopped, behold
Upon the threshold stands erect, though old,
Proud Job; and from a carriage steps a man,—
The southern sun had turned his skin to tan,—
A giant figure, he, a worthy son
Of worthy sire, pleasant to look upon.
A lady, too, alights; a woman fair;
He leads her to his father, standing there.
Old Job outspreads his arms, about to kiss
His long-lost son and daughter, his is bliss!
When suddenly he shrieks and starts aback,
A golden cross hangs on the woman's neck.

"Apostate, thou!" he cries; "thou'rt not my son!
Apostate, thou! No nearer come! begone!
Ne'er shalt thou o'er my threshold step, swear I,
Jehovah, witness! I my son deny!"

VII.

His memories are sad. Beneath their weight
His soul doth rise, as even then, too late . . .
The old wound opes and freely bleeds again
As it bled once when first he knew life's bane.
He sobs and weeps, his heart may almost break,
Most painful are the ways his thoughts do take.
He had, yea, it is true, another son,
A splendid boy, who admiration won
By his bright thought and brain and mind.
He, too, went forth,—and onward, but to find
Himself on paths his sires had never trod;
In plant and stone he sought to find his God.
The highest goals of learning he did gain,
Found everything, but sought a God in vain.
His name and fame shine brightly as a star
Among the great men who immortal are.
Savant, philosopher, known o'er the globe,
Alas! no longer he a son of Job!

And silently a sentient, burning tear
Rolls down his face, so strong and yet austere.
God only knows, these tears well from his heart,
The thought for his third, youngest son impart.
He suffered not, that he the world should roam.
He loved this boy the best, kept him at home.
A lively youth, of mischief full and fun,
That kind of boy who's loved by every one,
The picture of himself while he a boy,
This youngest son of his, his greatest joy.
He was not yet fifteen, . . . when lo! the world
Did seem to turn and quake; flags were unfurled,
Thrones shook, and shouts did mark the Bastille's
fall.

With martial noise "To arms!" goes forth the call!
Blood-red the very grass, blood-red the dawn . . .
The boy enlists, nor waits till he be drawn.
Beneath a heavy gun he would succumb,
And his the burden was to bear the drum.
And with his drum from field to field he went,
Until at last a bullet his rest sent. . . .

VIII.

The taper's burning low, and now to bed
He is about to take his weary head;
And as he rises, 't seems a deeper gloom
Obtains; his own dark shadow fills the room.
"Miriam, my darling child!" he whispers low,
Thou art still mine; the boys, oh, great my woe,
I've lost them all! May angels guard thy sleep,
Gabriel, Raphael, o'er thee watch, and keep
From thee the evil spirit of the night,
That naught thy golden dream and slumber blight;
Jehovah, keep my Miriam sweet, secure!"
And then, to still the pain he must endure,
He goes to look upon his child, his own;
And to her room on tip-toe steals; a throne
To him her couch, on which his child inclines!
But, lo! the pale moon only illumines,—
Has he seen right? he stares,—he sees, to-night
An empty couch.—Miriam had taken flight.

IX.

And as the stag, who hears the shot and feels
It whistling, grazing past, and knows it deals
A deadly aim; though once that aim was bad,
And suddenly stands still,—with eyes like mad
Looks right and left, and sniffs the air; then he
With sudden leap will fly, but to be free,
Though danger lurks perhaps behind each tree:
Thus acted Job. First stunned, he gasps for breath
His glaring eyes are shadowed, as by death;
His mind grows blank; he knows not what to do;
The heart is broken of the poor old Jew.

And then in accents slow: "She, too; she, too;
My last and only child is gone from me,
My Miriam is taken by God's decree."
And then he sobs, and freely flow his tears,
He weeps as those who stand before friend's biers;
Not for himself he feels the awful blow,
'Tis for his child his burning tears do flow.
When past the agony of his great woe,
While still convulsed his sturdy, giant frame:
"All gone, all lost, yet I fore'er exclaim:
Steadfast is One! Jehovah is His name!"

And then his window opes, His eye is dry;
But here and there a star is in the sky;
His eagle eye far into night doth spy.
The heavens, it seems, are overcast with clouds,
As if all nature donned funeral shrouds,
As if to list to him had come in crowds;
As if all heaven and earth had come to know
That he, in spite of awful blow and woe,
His ancient faith in Him did not forego!
Then with a voice, which shakes the very walls
Of his small hut, and by its power appalls,
Into the night with trembling voice he calls:
"Lord! God! Thou givest and taketh with thy
 breath,
Adonai, God! Thine is all life and death!"

THE DEATH OF PAN.

Julius Reviczky.

The sunset's purple 's set over the boat,
The ocean's bosom heaves in peaceful sleep.
The playful zephyrs o'er the water float,
And, sportively, the waves in motion keep.
A tepid vapor trembleth in the air,
The pale moon rises in the distant sky,
Her pallid hue veers to fiery flare . . .
All nature seems in slumber deep to lie.

But down below,
 The sailors, though,
 Hold merry feast.
 Restraint released,
 They shout and sing
 And long-necked bottles swing.
 Capricious fortune tempt with dice,
 And, skilfully, throw for the prize.
 Fair maidens flit
 Around, or sit
 Upon their knees
 In perfect ease,
 Though almost bare
 Of things to wear.
 Lip and lip meet
 In honeyed sweet.
 Come, Lesbia, kiss me! Sweet life let us cheer.
 Let naught with our ecstatic bliss interfere.
 Long life to the fire which within us glows,
 The rapture which from the wine-filled goblet
 grows,
 No wine, women, song where the Cocytus flows.
 And louder and louder still groweth the roar,
 The air's full of shrieks and the curses they swore;
 Then, toasting Tiberius, over the floor—
 Their custom demands it,—Caecubum they pour;
 A pair of young lovers seek a curtain's protection,
 Escape teasing devils who mock at their affection;
 The sensuous Cordax to dance others insist
 Their frolicsome gods, full of spirit, assist
 Their feast to make merry.
 When lo! from somewhere came
 A voice, calling aloud the Captain by his name!
 "Thamus!" What's that? Who's there? This
 ear of mine
 Must be at fault! Of course, the head is full of
 wine.
 But no! I hear the self-same voice a-calling loud.
 "Thamus!" Oh, no! To fool me no one is
 allowed;

I'll see to this! He goes up on the deck. The
night
Is glorious, and the horizon silver bright.
The waves reflect the starry splendor of the skies,
Or are the shining lights the Naiad's laughing eyes?
And far away, as far one's sight can soar,
Is seen the darkened outline of Etolia's shore.

And Thamus looks around. Intensely gazes 'round.
No breath of air, all's mute! No sight and not a
sound.

"I was mistaken!" And he starts to go below,
Where wait Melissa, dice and goblet's golden flow.
But lo! again, the third time he distinctly hears
"Thamus!" in some mysterious tone to strike his ears.
This is no voice of man, this voice comes from the
high!

"Who art thou?" and "What dost thou want?" his
eager cry.

And then resounds a voice like mighty trumpets'
blow,

Now even it is heard by the people down below,
And this they hear: Thamus, old sailor of the sea,
Unconsciously to-day a prophet thou shalt be.
When to the heights of Palodess your ship be nigh,
"Great Pan is dead!" "Great Pan is dead!" he then
thy cry.

The crowd conviving and carousing in the ship
A-sudden stop their noise, and mute is every lip.
The food, the wine, the games, the dance have lost
their charm,

And Thamus and his men are filled with dire alarm.
When—horror-struck—the heights of Palodess he
had

Reached with his ship. "Great Pan is dead! Great
Pan is dead!"

He yelled into the night!

When lo! who ever heard
Such marvelous things? All nature seems to have
been stirred.

Trees, bushes, boughs and stones
 Emit heartrending moans,
 Soul-stirring sighs and groans.
 Convulsively, from surface and the deep
 Come sob and cry, all nature seems to weep.
 Despair and fear and horror's spread,
 "Great Pan is dead! Great Pan is dead!"

The pipe with which the nymphs he put to flight
 Lies prone. Henceforth the gods shal' not delight
 To play on earth; all will be void and bare,
 From hill and dale and grove, from everywhere
 The satires, sylphs, the playful Naiads fair,
 In every bough some deity then dwelled,—
 Have flown! Left dell, spring, grass, as if expelled
 By the announcement heard, the news so dread:
 Hear ye! Great Pan is dead! Great Pan is dead!

From all of nature now the soul is flown,
 Frolicsome gods on earth be no more known.
 No thoughtless minds their sportive lives maintain.
 Self-consciousness, which dulls the heart, shall
 reign.
 Of sad monotony come now the days!
 This, Thamus's what thy prophecy conveys.
 No longer reign the pagan gods, who fled,
 Because: "Great Pan is dead! Great Pan is
 dead!"

The sailors hear,—but do not understand,—
 "Great Pan is dead!"—dazed, as if in dreams, demand

Who solves this hundred-voiced and boundless woe!
 Ye gods! who shape our fates, oh! let us know
 What meaneth this all natures' plight and fright?
 Into the gloom we grope in,—send a light!

The forest roars, a cold wind chills the crew,
 The black night changes to a grayish hue;
 Over the shore a mist descends from high,
 A mystic voice then giveth this reply:

Pan and his kin are dead, but God still lives,
Though not in grass, tree, stone; in hearts he gives
To men! The wanton gods are dead! No more
Shall reign the insolence of heretofore.
The sufferers shall henceforth own the earth,
Their flowing tears to sweet bliss shall give birth,
The forest's mute and gentle solitude
Shall soothe the troubled mourners' doleful mood.
A pagan's he who sorrow never knew,
This message comes from Golgotha to you;
From Him who's merciful, pious and meek,
The world of all the sin to free doth seek.

And from the East, where purple hues are drawn
O'er the horizon by the breaking dawn,
Where into one, it seems, flow earth and sky:
A flaming cross 's seen shining in the High!

PATRIOTIC SONGS AND HYMNS.

“No other land than this expands
For thee beneath the sky!
The fates may bring thee bane or bliss—
Here thou must live and die!”

—Michael Vörösmarty.

THE LIVING STATUE.**Michael Vörösmarty.**

A statue I! but all my joints now ache,
And boiling blood of pain runs in my veins.
My torpid muscles e'en with anguish quake,
The suffering my nervous system strains.

Before my eyes of stone pass pictures old
Of ruinous wars, fought in the days gone by:
Brave patriots their ancient rights uphold,
And northern hirelings who fight and die.

The shadows of my own sons I descry,
Who fell, that mighty, final struggle's prey.
Old Warsaw's walls, towns which in ashes lie,
My savage foes' blood-written names display.

I hear uproarious din of battles lost,
What traitors, base and foul, to whisper dared;
But can't destroy them with one holocaust,
Nor hurl at them the curse of the ensnared.

I can not weep, though like a heavy rain
Would freely flow my tears, if they did not—
As from my eyes they pour without restrain,—
To pearly beads of ice freeze on the spot.

Within my brain, like storm-swept, pursues
One insane thought, another insane thought;
My mind now patriotic deeds review,
Now deeds most foul by treason's cabal wrought;

Now failure's every direful phase that weighed
Upon my people sorely tried by fate;
Bright glory's theirs when they unsheath the blade,
Defeat, shame, death's theirs when wars terminate.

And then my heart! how great its constant woe!
How feverishly for revenge it pines:
A burning home,—the owner locked in, though,—
Must perish when the neighbor help declines.

And while without cessation throbs my pain,
My laden soul with sighs heartrending 's filled.
Some magic spell, howe'er, holds them in chain
Beneath my sore heart's stony shield, all chilled.

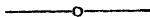
I cannot speak. Half mutely I but moan,
And speech and sigh upon my dumb lips die.
The hawks of thoughts and sense that gnaw my
bone
Thrive on the sufferings that inward lie.

Unsheathed is the sword for ready use,
And yet my arms benumbed I can not raise;
My stiffened limbs their services refuse,
When I by flight attempt to leave this place.

Dissolve, assume quick life, ye limbs of stone!
Break forth, out of my heavy breast, ye sighs!
Be as the roaring tempest furious grown,
Thy awful wrath and ire signalize.

And thou, unspoken word, thy prison leave,
And climb into the generation's heart,
That all the coward hearts and ears receive
The thunderous message which I shall impart.

It is not much, but great my heartfelt cry:
"Men, World, all Nature and the human race,
Be justice here on earth, and grace on High,
To me and to my woes then turn your face!"



MY FATHERLAND.

Alexander Petöfi.

The sun had set, but stars did not
Shine brightly in the sky above.
Nowhere a light, my midnight oil
Burns and my patriotic love.

The love of home's a beauteous star,
In comely splendor does it shine.
Poor fatherland, poor fatherland,
But few of such bright stars are thine!

My oil-lamp's light is fluttering
And flickers. Why quivers the flame?
The midnight struck. Might not the ghosts
Of my ancestors fan the same?

Not to ancestors look, Magyar,
They are like coursing suns on high.
You must not look into the sun,
The bright light but blinds your eye.

Ye glorious forefathers ours!
Whose rising once shook all the earth,
On crumbling Europe's forehead, who
Inscribed your own, your nation's worth!

Yea, great were you, Magyar, one day,
And lands and power you possessed;
In Magyar seas were lost the stars
A-falling north and east and west!

It is so long, that laurel wreaths,
Dear Magyarland, adorned you,
That fancy,—though a swift-winged eagle,—
Grew weary ere so far back flew.

That laurel wreath upon your crown
Hath dried so long ago, it seems
To be a legendary myth,
Or has been seen but in our dreams.

Since long I have not wept, but now
My eyes are filled with tears anew.
Tell me, my Magyarland, is this
Your morning's dawn, your sunset's dew?

My nation's glory, what were you?
A shooting star, that shone on high,
Then fell with sudden sweep and lost
Forever is to human eye?

Or, glory of the Magyar, are
A comet you, which comes and goes,
And which in future centuries
Returns, the world to hold in throes?

THE STORK.

Michael Tompa.

The air has softer grown and sweet and clear,...
Our good old friend the stork again is here.
He is at work upon his ancient nest,
Where his expected brood shall soon find rest.

Back, back! be not deceived, for truth you took
Delusive sun's rays and the babbling brook!
Back! back! This is not yet the spring that came,
Our life is frozen, held in winter's frame.

Pace not the field, it is a graveyard great,
Near not the pond, blood made it inundate;
And seek your rest upon the church's spire,
You might step into still a glowing fire.

If from my house you moved, it would be best;
But where's the roof where you could build a nest,
Beneath which you'll not hear despairing sighs,
And need not fear the lightning from the skies?

Back! back to where yours are, the southern isles.
Fate has for you, dear bird, much kinder smiles
Than has for us. Two homes you call your own,
We have but one, and that is overthrown!

Fly, fly away! when in the southern isles
You chance to meet some of our land's exiles,
Tell them of our beloved country's grief,
And that we're scattered like an open sheaf.

Many are dead, others in prison lie;
Those who, alive, go 'round with moan and sigh,
And many, weeping, their woe to cease,
Do seek a home somewhere beyond the seas.

The bride hopes that her life will void remain,
For children dead to weep, parents abstain.
Glad is the hoary head with furrowed brow,
He will not have to live much longer now.

And tell them, too, how you our shame beheld,
Not only that we like an oak were felled,
But in the fallen tree the wood-worm gnawed,
And brothers dare the traitors' deed applaud.

Brothers brothers ensnare, sons dupe their sires,—
But no! Pray speak not of what here transpires.
Lest be, the exile, hate his fatherland,
That needs his honest heart and faithful hand.



SWEET FATHERLAND.**Coloman Lisznyai.**

Where is your cheerful state of mind, dear land,
Your far-famed, rose-hued joy? Has it been banned?
Did it to the forest go,
That there like a rose it grow?
Or is the field preferred
To seek the freedom of a bird?
The forests represent
Your hopes aspiring high;
The songster's carol meant
That morning's dawn is nigh.

But why this woeful mood, dear land of mine?
For clouds will soon pass by, and sun will shine,
And with his golden rays
Bring glad and glorious days.
A blissful, balmy breeze,
Wafts hope from tranquil seas.
Cheer up, dear home of mine,
For by His grace divine,
E'en weeping-willow tree
Wears flowers fair to see.

THE FALLEN STATUE.**Alexander Petöfi.**

A monument stood on a mountain high;
So lofty was the mount, seemed to the sky
To reach; the clouds its girding belt suggest,
The noon-sun on its shoulders took his rest.

Upon this mountain top, a monument
In bronze, majestic and magnificent
Stood. There he holds a sword to action drawn,
And waves aloft a banner to the dawn.

How came this statue to the mountain top?
Fell it from heaven? Did men carry it up?
If heaven-borne, 'tis sacred all the time;
If built by men, still more is it sublime.

It was the joint work of earth and heaven.
To mortal men's toil God His help hath given:
Miriad hands, at work for centuries,
Achieved the shaping of this masterpiece.

But it was done! The statue stood erect.
All Europe looked at it with deep respect.
All knees bend low, some with esteem sincere,
While others crawl in dust, impelled by fear.

The mountain stands, though barren is its crown.
But where's the monument? Did its renown
The heavens covet, and from here below
Transplanted it into its realm? But no!

An earthquake came, which shook it from its base,
And then the storm-wind swept it from its place,
Till thundering it fell. The statue's now
Down in the valley, swallowed by the slough.

My fatherland! Thou saintly monument!
Dragged into the mire, all impotent,
Three hundred years unmercifully bled,
Then left in the foul swamp,—a living dead!

Around thy head, which once the stars on high
With gems to deck would with each other vie,
Came worms of earth to crawl. It was supposed
That bled to death thy life's career hath closed.

My fatherland! Beloved fatherland! ⁸
a sentiment was it, that I, unmanned
By gruesome recollections of the past,
Felt my heart quiver like a wind-tossed mast?

To stand? But no! Our doleful days are o'er!
The saintly monument which we adore
We rescued from the slough into the air
Of light and freedom and the sun's bright glare!

Come one! come all! Let us its body clean,
Untarnished shall it be, as it has been
Of yore! Come all! The women with their tears,
Men with their blood to wash the scars and sears.

When in the former splendor it shall shine,
We can retire to rest, dear friends of mine.
But no! Not even then! New tasks await
Our undivided efforts for the state.

We must replace the statue on the height
Where once it stood in glorious splendor bright!
From whence with sword and battle flag unfurled,
Looked dignified on the admiring world!

Up, all of you, my nation's sires and sons!
Disgrace on him who now his duty shuns.
Esteem is his who truly pays his dues:
Disgrace,—esteem!—between the two now choose!

THE GOD OF THE MAGYARS.

Alexander Petöfi.

Away, ye narrow minds, who even now
Dare harbor doubts about the future's days;
For who will not a mighty God avow,
His loving care for our home who gainsays?

The great God of the Magyars lives! Our land
Is held by Him in His parental care;
For centuries He has upheld our Land,
To fight the robber foe from everywhere.

The times, the people's tempests, dire and dread,
Would have scattered us, as if we were
But dust; His saintly wings were o'er us spread—
The gales past o'er our heads—and all was fair.

The volumes of our story read, you'll trace
His power divine on every page thereof;
Like golden thread runneth His kindly grace
Throughout our life, which He hath blessed with
love.

And thus we lived the thousand years that passed
And should these thousand years have lasted but
That now, when we have reached the port, the last
Waves shall us all unsparingly engulf?

Not for a moment think that this can be;
It would be sacrilege to think this e'en.
No human being would, of course not He,
Upon His children play a trick so mean.

The Magyar nation sinned, her sins were great;
For all transgressions though she did atone.
She has had virtues, too; rewards await
Her still—rewards the future can't postpone.

Thou, my dear home, wilt live because thou must
Sweet joys and glory be henceforth thy share
Forever freed of woe and care, 'tis just
To look expectant toward a dawn most fair.

MOHACS.

Charles Kisfaludy.

Thee, Mohács field, burial ground of our nation's
greatness,
Reddened by blood of the braves of our land,
tearfully greet now.

Baneful destruction its ominous wings spread over
thy field, and
All its tremendous fury attempted but to consume
thee;
Over the lifeless corpses of heroes, thunderous
lightning
Marketh now the victory brutal it gained with in-
human power.
Why did'st, Tomori, proudest of leaders, abandon
the priesthood?
Thou and the gem and the flower of our land would
not be dead now.
Certain of victory, off to the fight with passionate
ardor,
For thee many a glorious youth fell, perishing
bravely!
Narrow the land had been, now narrower still the
sepulchre!
Mute is forever thy trumpet, and rusty the battle-
axe groweth.
Peacefully rest! With thee fickle fortune merciless
hath been;
Light be the clod of the earth 'neath which thou
blissfully sleepest.
Oh! how many a youthful heart, full of temporal
gladness,
Was struck down by fate, when obeying war's
animate cry!
While in his life's gentle spring, many fell who yes-
terday only
Had been swayed in the tenderest arms of rap-
turous pleasure!
All disfigured he lieth, his body imposing, all
mangled
Under the iron hoof of the war-horse galloping for-
ward.
No more smootheth the lovelorn lassie his beauti-
ful forehead;
Mire and congealed blood his exquisite curls to
hideous view changed.

Vainly doth wait on the highway, his sweetheart
 holding a garland,
Hoping against all hope her cherished warrior
 might come.
Every leaf that stirs her fancy arouseth: "he
 cometh";
Eagerly watching with breath she represses and
 heart agitated:
Ah! it is all in vain to gaze in the hazy remoteness:
He, the beloved one, doth not come; her heart is
 awearied.
Finally learneth the sad news of the disaster at
 Mohács—
Delicate, flower-like, fadeth away the woe-begone
 virgin.
Over her grave, in the dawn, the mild breeze whis-
 pering bloweth,
And the guardian angel of true love watcheth her
 lone tomb.
Many a warrior brave, deserving glory immortal,
Lies in an unmarked grave, not even a stone to
 denote it.
Gallantly fought he with sinewy arms for ancient
 freedom,
Fearlessly presseth he onward, deadliest harvest
 he reapeth;
Where is, however, the strongest not conquered by
 numberless thousands?
Hemmed in by death he fighteth, although his own
 life is ebbing.
His impetuous war-horse, losing the master it loved
 well,
Snortles and pranceth and rageth and shaketh his
 leonine long mane,
Breaketh away, rideth home, to make known the
 death of the master
Whom the lamenting wife with anguished soul
 was awaiting.
Tearfully grieving, death gnaweth her heart, she
 seeketh her husband,

And of the empty and desolate house the ruins survive. Thus
Buries the proud oak, which for centuries vigorous
hath been,
Felled by the orkan's furious ire, its powerful
branches.
Many a true knight died like this, but only the fame
of
Victors endureth, the stars of the conquered pale
and extinguish.
Thus they turned to dust in the humblest mossy
sepulchres;
Left to forgetfulness with mute oblivion's dark
night.
Now the shepherd, playing a flute, lies prone on
the furrow,
Not imagining that on a hero's grave he reclineth.
Unconsciously, howe'er, he is sad, and sad is his
carol,
As if the shade of the heroes filled him with solemn
emotion.
Over the battlefield, lost in profound thought,
roameth the rover,
Pondering o'er human fate's capricious and un-
stable labor.
Glances around, grows sad, with downcast eyes
hurries onward,
As if the wounds of old had opened, newly to pain
him.
Where the sunset nebulous shadows o'er the arena
Casts as did it intend to hite it, not to be noticed:
There had battled our King, ill-fated Louis. The
war-horse
Heavily mailed sinks deep in the marsh, he, cum-
brously armoured,
Vainly extends his arms for aid, his warriors fallen,
Nobody giveth succor, to release him nobody
neareth.
Deeper he sinks in the bog, his gold shield's
covered with quagmire.

Thus to perish is grievous. King of memory sainted.
Thou died thus! With thee the sun of Hungary
went down!

Young wert thou, feared no pitfall, the forfeit is
awful,

May the angel of peace thy dust be lovingly guard-
ing!

Wo! discord and cowardly envy caused the disas-
ters.

Stout in unity, factious secessions deadened our vigor,
Slavery's chains were forged this wise for Hungary
orphaned!

No! not an enemy strong, her sons her deadliest
blows dealt;

Field of memories sad! Thou source of miseries
untold,

Every blade o' grass attests thy fate calamitous.

Buda's mountain peaks groan 'neath despotic and
cruel

Soliman's iron heel, which crushed the life of the
nation!

Virgins faded away in his lewd, sensual clutches,
Prisoners found deliverance in the waves of the
Danube.

All seemed lost, the Magyar had grown an alien
at home;

Over the towers of cities the crescent haughtily
flaunted.

Pass on; pass, dark pictures; vanish ye, hideous
spectres!

Gone the disastrous days, and over us newly the
sun shines.

Magyars still live, Fort Buda still stands, the past
is a lesson,

And inspired with love for our land, press gal-
lantly onward!

Mournful field grow rich while peace is blissfully
reigning

Over thy boundaries, burial ground of our national
greatness.



RAKOCZY MARCH.

God grant that o'er our land on high
May brightly shine the azure sky;
O'er Danube's and o'er Tisza's shore
Thy clouds shall blessings rich outpour.
Pour honey into Tokay's wine,
To Alföld's fields rich grain assign;
Grant that our home, which suffered long,
By Thy rich blessings be made strong;
Give strength to the heroic race
That bravely they their foes may face.

E'er and e'er

She was fair;

Pure as gold,

Manly, bold;

E'en her language full of grace.

For king and fatherland
Lead on, brave warrior band;
And sacrifice your life
In thy victorious strife.
In days of peace let all unite
To honor law and honor right!
And if the call "To arms!" should sound,
Send heroes to the battle ground.

A SUMMONS.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Loyal and true for aye remain,
Magyar, to this thy home!
Here, where thy cradle stood, once more
Thou'lt rest within thy tomb.

No other land than this expands
For thee, beneath the sky;
The fates may bring thee bane or bliss,
Here must thou live and die!

Thy fathers' blood for this dear spot
Hath often freely flowed;
Great names for full ten hundred years
Have hallowed this abode.

Here fought, to found a native land,
Arpád against his foes;
Here broke the yokes of slavery
Hunyad, with mighty blows.

Thy glory flag, O Freedom, oft
Unfurled hath been here!
And in the bloody wars we lost
Our bravest and most dear!

In spite of danger, perils past,
In spite of sanguine strife;
Though bent, we are not broken yet—
Our nation still hath life!

And all men's country, great wide world,
To thee we now appeal!
The wounds that bled a thousand years
Should kill us, or should heal.

It cannot be that all these hearts
Should here have died in vain;
That countless faithful breasts for naught
Have suffered deadly pain.

It cannot be that all our minds,
Our sacred iron will,
That all our efforts, hopes and faith,
A ghastly curse shall kill.

Yet it shall come, if come it will,
The blissful, brighter day,
For which a hundred thousand lips
Most reverently pray!

Or, if it come not, then let come
The day when we shall die,
When o'er our tombs our country dear
Drenched in its gore shall lie.

The grave where we are sepulchred
Nations shall then surround,
And men in millions will shed tears
Of sorrow most profound.

Magyar, to this, thy native land,
Ever devoted be!
It nourished thee, and soon, when dead,
Its earth receiveth thee.

No other land than this expands
For thee beneath the sky!
The fates may bring thee bane and bliss;
Here must thou live and die!

NATIONAL SONG.

Alexander Petöfi.

Rise, Magyar; 'tis the country's call!
The time has come, say one and all:
Shall we be slaves, shall we be free?
This is the question, now agree!
For by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

Alas! till now we were but slaves;
Our fathers resting in their graves
Sleep not in freedom's soil. In vain
They fought and died free homes to gain.
But by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

A miserable wretch is he
Who fears to die, my land, for thee!
His worthless life who thinks to be
Worth more than thou, sweet liberty!
Now by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

The sword is brighter than the chain,
Men cannot nobler gems attain;
And yet the chain we wore, oh, shame!
Unsheathe the sword of ancient fame!
For by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

The Magyar's name will soon once more
Be honored as it was before!
The shame and dust of ages past
Our valor shall wipe out at last.
For by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!

And where our graves in verdure rise
Our children's children to the skies
Shall speak the grateful joy they feel,
And bless our names the while they kneel.
For by the Magyar's God above
We truly swear,
We truly swear the tyrant's yoke
No more to bear!



THE FORSAKEN MOTHER.

Michael Vörösmarty.

I know a widowed mother fond, whose grief
Maketh her pine, and none can give relief;
Whose daughters all avoid her and forsake,
To whom she cries as though her heart would
break:—

“Oh, to my arms now return,
Children, my fair ones, I pray!
Blessings to give you I yearn,
My hands await you each day.
Turn to your mother most dear,
Weeping so desolate here.
Come to me, children so sweet,
Ere the last hot tears are shed
Forth of these eyes now replete;
Come to me, ere I be dead!
Have I not borne you and bent
Over your soft cradle-nest?
Yes, for your lives I have spent
Even the strength of my breast.
Also your babyhood I
Cherished with tender control,
While yet within you did lie
Slumbrous the infantile soul.
Unto your eye I gave sight,
So that you look on the sun,
Which to behold would delight
Many an envious one.
Unto each beautiful face
I its sweet charm did impart,
Waking an echo of grace
Deep in some answering heart.
Charming contour I bestowed,
Ravishing beauty of form;
Virtue, which in my soul glowed,
To you I gave, virginal, warm!
Honey-dew, heavenly sweet,
Your lips did gather from me,

That which for man's mouth is meet,
E'en with the sting of the bee;
Yea, and those radiant eyes,
I am the giver thereof;
They are the stars in earth skies,
Shining and liquid with love;
One single ray of the spring
Gladdens the bountiful earth,
While yet another may bring
Desolate burning and dearth.
Wholly my beauty I gave,
So that, in life's waning day,
You the dear words that I crave,
'Mother, dear mother,' should say.
Turn to your mother most dear,
Lonely and desolate here;
Come to me, children, so sweet,
Ere my last tears may be shed—
Forth of these eyes now replete,
Come to me, ere I be dead!"

Thus pleads the mother all in vain,
None answers her appealing call,
None comes to her maternal arms,
Or on her loving bosom fall.
Fate her sons follows, fearing she doth yearn;
Her daughters beautiful to strangers turn.
There sits she in her loneliness and woe,
The tears no longer from her eyes do flow;
But, as her soul doth heavenward gaze, one sees
How dreadful are the mother's agonies.
Her beating heart alone attests life's breath,
At every throb she dies another death.

This mother's picture, fatherland, is yours:
Your womankind the hard heart's curse endures.

ONE THOUGHT TORMENTS ME.

Alexander Petöfi.

One thought torments me sore, lest I
Upon a pillowed couch should die—
Should slowly fade like fair, frail flower
Whose heart the gnawing worms devour;
Or, like the light in some void room,
Should faintly flicker into gloom.
Let no such ending come to me,
O God! but rather let me be
A tree, through which the lightning shoots,
Or which the strenuous storm uproots;
Or like the rock from hill out-torn
And thundering, to the valley borne!
When every nation wearing chains
Shall rise and seek the battle plains,
With flushing face shall wave in fight
Their banners blazoned in the light!
"For liberty!"
Their cry shall be—
Their cry from east to west,
Till tyrants be suppressed.
There shall I gladly yield .
My life upon the field.
There shall my heart's last blood flow out,
And I my latest cry shall shout.
May it be drowned in clash of steel,
In trumpets' and in cannons' peal;
And o'er my corpse
Let tread the horse,
Which gallops home from victory's gain
And leaves me trodden 'mid the slain.
My scattered bones shall be interred
Where all the dead are sepulchred—
When, amid slow funeral strains,
Banners shall wave o'er the remains
Of heroes who have died for thee,
O, world-delivering Liberty!

FAREWELL.

Joseph Eötvös.

Land of the brave, my country dear, farewell!
Good-bye to valleys deep, to mountains high!
Land of my hopes and where my sorrows dwell,
I leave thee now—Farewell! For e'er good-bye!
And if, my dear land, I return to thee,
May thy sons through thy bounds contented be.

Not like to Switzerland's high snow-clad hills,
No, not like these the mountain-peaks thou hast;
Though fairer be Provencal plains and rills
Than are thy vales and cornfields rich and vast;
Summit or plain, what are they all to me?
My fatherland, I long, I live for thee!

One treasure Heaven doth give to every land,
And nations guard the same with jealous care.
France proudly names her Emperor the Grand;
Rome boasts antiquities renowned and rare.
Of ruins is famed Hellas vain; but, lo!
My country, thou hast but thy hallowed woe.

Quiet now reigns upon the Rákos plain,
Too long the Magyar silent is, alas!
The fathers' traces fade away and wane,
The winds spread over them fresh sand and grass;
Death reigns over the field! Our trembling heart
And silent tear proclaim how great thou art.

And Buda must in sorrow now complain,
No more does she of fame and glory boast;
A graveyard of the land she must remain,
Reminding us of all my country lost.
Time long before destroyed her ancient fort,
Her crumbling stones heroic deeds report.

And ancient Mohács stands, and higher grows
The wheat upon her fields, the grass more green;
Their roots spring from the dust of dead heroes
Whose blood the irrigating dew has been.
No stone shows where the patriots were slain,
The silent field doth fill our heart with pain.

So long as on the Danube's silver face
A Magyar's eye will gaze, upon her brink
Will live one of the sturdy Magyar race,
So long our hearts with sorrow's pang shall sink.
Pray, tell me, Danube old, that floweth here,
Art thou a stream, or but my country's tear?

I love thee in thy hallowed, silent grief.
Unbounded is my love, dear land, for thee!
Thou art my heart's most cherished fond belief,
Though stricken down with woe and misery.
Cheer up! The future holds thy hope supreme,
Soon to dawn o'er thee in a golden gleam.

And now, good-bye! Farewell, thou blessed spot;
Farewell, forever fare thee well! I go!
Whether again 'twill be my blissful lot
To see thee happy—this Heaven alone can know.
And if, my dear land, I return to thee,
Throughout thy bounds may thy sons blessed be!

APOTHEOSIS.

Joseph Bajza.

They are at rest, the heroes brave,
Who were in battle slain;
They are at rest, and o'er their tombs
Grow verdant bush and plain.

Verdant grows bush, verdant grows plain
Because the heroes' blood
Was, as hot tears of gratitude
Their irrigating flood.

Their war was not a party strife,
No dream which vision wrought,
Which, over forts it had destroyed,
To build new ramparts sought.

Which from the depths of hell call up
The spirit of discord,
That he may paint the sky of peace
With stern and gory sword.

That on his heels may follow crime,
Dark, dastardly and fell;
That he the century's brightest hopes
May ruthlessly dispel.

Their war was holy freedom's fight;
For law and order's sake,
The nation's liberties to save,
The tyrant's yoke to break.

Within their breast gleamed bright the flame
Of love for public weal,
And in their iron hands the swords
With which they fought with zeal.

The tyrant's arrogant commands
And chains they would not bear;
While freely flowed their blood for thee,
O, freedom, bright and fair!

Ah! freely flowed their blood. They fell,
But victory crowned their fall;
Their glorious deeds will brightly shine
Throughout the ages all.

The fairest flowers of glory grow
There where they buried lie;
And from their tombs, on zephyr's wings,
Their memory's tidings fly.

The muse of history engraves
The record of their deed
On marble, that their bravery
The future world may read:

How they for freedom nobly fought,
How they for freedom fell,
And those we leave behind shall yet
A tale of valor tell.

A graveyard is their fatherland,
Of people even bare;
Where palaces and hamlets stood
Now grass and weed grow there.

In streets of once great busy towns
Death's quietude doth reign;
The women's haggard faces show
Great suffering and pain.

Amid the ruins wander men,
Bent down with age and care,
Who o'er their country's future fate
Think almost with despair.

Ye dames and children, weeping now,
Ye hoary men, good cheer!
O'er your down-trodden fatherland
Bright days will soon appear.

This fairest land, now bowed in dust,
In might again will rise;
There is a Judge above the clouds,
Above the thunderous skies.

Reason's almighty power doth rise
In her behalf, and Time
Gaineth o'er mercenary swords
A victory great, sublime!

The agonizing shrieks and groans
Change into shouts of glee,
From east and west, throughout the land
It now believed shall be:

That on the plains where patriots' blood
For freedom freely flow,
There will the fairest blossomings
Of general freedom grow.

HYMN.

Francis Kölcsey.

O, my God, the Magyar bless
With Thy plenty and good cheer!
With Thine aid his just cause press,
Where his foes to fight appear.
Fate, who for so long did'st frown,
Bring him happy times and ways;
Atoning sorrow hath weighed down
Sins of past and future days.

By Thy help our fathers gained
Kárpáth's proud and sacred height;
Here by Thee a home obtained,
The heirs of Bendeгүй, the knight.
Where'er Danube's waters flow
And the streams of Tisza swell,
Árpád's children, Thou dost know,
Flourished there and prospered well.

For us let the golden grain
Grow upon the fields of Kún,
And let Nectar's silver rain
Ripen grapes of Tokay soon.
Thou our flags hast planted o'er
Forts where once wild Turks held sway;
Proud Vienna suffered sore
From King Mátyás' dark array.

But, alas! for our misdeed,
Anger rose within Thy breast,
And Thy lightnings Thou did'st speed
From Thy thundering sky with zest.
Now the Mongol arrow flew
Over our devoted heads;
Or the Turkish yoke we knew,
Which a free-born nation dreads.

O, how often has the voice
Sounded of wild Osman's hordes,
When in songs they did rejoice
O'er our heroes' captured swords!
Yea, how often rose Thy sons,
My fair land, upon Thy sod,
And Thou gavest to these sons
Tombs within the breast they trod!

Though in caves pursued he lie,
Yet he ever fears attacks.
Casting on the land his eye,
He finds that e'en a home he lacks.
Mountain, vale—go where he would,
Grief and sorrow all the same—
Underneath a sea of blood,
While above a sea of flame.

'Neath the fort, a ruin now,
Joy and pleasure erst were found,
Only groans and sighs, I trow,
In its limits now abound.
But no freedom's flowers return
From the spilt blood of the dead,
And the tears of slavery burn,
Which the eyes of orphans shed.

Pity, God, the Magyar, then,
Long by waves of danger tossed;
Help him by Thy strong hand when
He on grief's sea may be lost.

Fate, who for so long did'st frown,
Bring him happy times and ways:
Atoning sorrow has weighed down
All the sins of all his days.

BEGGAR SONG.

John Arany.

From door to door I beg; I come and go:—
O, do not say to me the heartless "no;"
Do not incite the dogs to bark and bite
I have not hands enough with them to fight.
A soldier maimed I am, helpless and gray—
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

I fought on many fields, and bore our flag
At Versecz, Szolnok, Vác and Isaszeg; I
My right arm I have lost, and though a crutch
I bear, it helps—one foot is gone—not much.
These rags are all I saved that awful day—
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

Nor cast slurs on a beggar; hard the name;
This beggar's staff should bring to others shame;
If all their duty did, no tears would flow
With each mouthful into my cup, I know.
Though maimed and crippled still I would be gay;
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

How much of strength and blood was lost, I wot
Another scene like this the world knew not;
'Twas discord caused our might and pride to fall;
Our leaders moved by faction and cabal,
Our hearts'-blood flow with them was merely play:
Give me of what God gave to you. I pray.

A slice of bread and then a cent or two—
What for? That shall be frankly-told to you:
When weary I—how hot the midday sun!—
I take a drink, a strong, refreshing one;
Upon that inn's hard bench my head I lay;
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

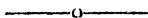
The world me as a drunkard doth decry,
Though, if I drink, I have a reason why.
Sad is my fate, yet this with ease I bear,
One gets accustomed to a daily fare,
No balm my other tortures can allay;
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

When in this breast this wound begins to ache,
My soul's each chord doth tremble nigh to break.
"Come, Gypsy, play thy saddest air for love."
The Gypsy plays; bless him, our God above!
His brown face bathes in tears, so sad his lay;
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

This life is full of woe; it would be best
If, by to-morrow, I had found my rest;
But you patch up this book—my life—so torn;
In years, our children's children to be born,
Should in it read true narratives some day;
Give me of what God gave to you, I pray.

When I went forth to fight, my land, for thee,
Ten acres land as pay, were promised me;
Ten spans, I thought, were just enough for you,
Suspecting not that this was but too true!
If once you find me dead, here on my way,
Bury me in my fatherland, I pray.

1 Battlefields of the Hungarian revolution, 1848-1849.



DEAR CAPTAIN MINE.

Paul Gyulai.

"Dear captain mine, dear captain, see!"
"What is it, boy, what aileth thee?"
"See, blood upon your doublet flows."
"Heed not, 'tis from my bleeding nose."

"Dear captain, take a rest, I pray,
You almost fell here on the way."
"I stumbled o'er a stony row;
Fix bayonets straight and forward go!"

The Honvéds onward press; not so
The captain, wounded by the foe;
"Onward, my boys!" he cries again,
And joins the dead upon the plain.

MOHÁCS.

Joseph Eötvös.

Where on the battlefield our fathers bled
At Mohács, greener grows the grass, 'tis said;
The flowers sweeter perfume gain,
The farmer's lands yield richer grain.

This ground was soaked with heroes' precious gore,
Wherefore our gracious God blesses it the more.
Thus sacred cannot sterile lie
The spot where patriots dared to die.

Weep not for him who nobly met his death,
Who for his country yielded up his breath
Calmly upon his mother's breast,
While blessings guard him, he doth rest.

The brave, true heart, which for his dear land burned
Now fructifies the earth, to dust returned;
His spirit hovers o'er the grave,
An inspiration, to be brave.

THE MAGYAR LADY.

John Garay.

A Magyar gentlewomen thou
Be proud of this, thy fate;
Exalted is in all men's thought
A Magyar lady's state.
O women! who your beauty's charm
And power supreme do know,
That heaven a mission you has sent -
Blessed are you here below.

God made thee beautiful because
A woman he designed;
The fragrant flower of life thou art
Most perfect of its kind.
A gem, a precious pearl thou art,
Found in the heart's deep sea;
A star which shines within love's sky
Forever brilliantly.

Two missions most divine are thine,
Thou can'st not fail to know—
To be a lady and thy love
On thy dear land bestow.
To live, to love, and to be loved,
Is not alone thy goal;
As Magyar wife fate gives thee now
A nobler sphere of soul.

Thou art the daughter of this land,
Too long in gloom o'ercast,
The mother of a rising race
Which now wakes up at last.

For thee it cannot be enough
O'er stagnant pools to shine,
Or even a beauteous flower to be
Placed on a graveyard shrine.

To duty 'tis thy lot to call
Thy father, and to lead
Thy husband to the patriot ranks
Who give their lives' poor meed
Willingly for their native land;
And thine the mother's call,
Which with the patriot's zeal inspires
And moves thy children all.

That unity may have a home
Where it had none before,
Let all thy sons' and daughters' hearts
With love of home brim o'er;
Let Árpád's race in one be linked,
One circling diadem,
And of this shining coronal
Be thou the central gem.

A Magyar gentlewoman thou,
Be proud of this, thy fate:
The genius of one's land to be—
That is a lot most great.
O women! who your beauty's charm
And power supreme do know,
That heaven a mission you has sent,
Blessed are you here below.

THE MAGYAR POET.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Here, doth the wandering wayward exile go,
And ever his music is laden with woe;
So sadly it flows from his heart and his lip
That the rocks to hear it from the mountains would
slip.
He sings of the fatherland's prosperous days,

Of olden wars, golden deeds, warriors' ways.
He singeth of rosy love, maiden's bright hair,
Fair faces and glances, and youths in despair;
And while the sad melody breaks on the ear,
His face fills with sorrow, his eye with a tear.

"My friend, of the fatherland's prosperous days—
Alas, fled forever—'tis fruitless to sing.
The fair maiden feels not; the youth doth not praise;
For love-songs no mistress will crown thee with
bays.

No more let thy song's plaintive cadences ring,
Or, sing to thyself those lugubrious strains
Where the eagle by night on the mountain-peak
reigns;

And of the sad lay the appropriate crown
Is a wreath of the willow that meekly bows down."

Thus, crownless and lone, doth the youth wander on,
Unheeding of dust and unmindful of dawn;
His country neglects him, until in his breast
His song, like his heart, loses passion and zest.

"O, tree of the forest, the youth's name now hide;
O, rock, for his heart in thy bosom make room,
That haply, in silence his dreams shall betide;
O, nightingale, sing to him dreams full of gloom."

He spoke thus, and since he hath dwelt in the shade
Where the wolf makes his lair and the deer seeks
the glade;

'Mid dangers and perils he wakes to the light;
'Neath far-flashing lightnings he lies down at night.

The winter-moon sails o'er the hills up the sky,
With countless attendant stars smiling on high.
O, youth what fair dreams do thy slumbers invade—
Beauteous dreams that the nightingale sings from
the shade?

And the timid deer halts, and the wolf sulks away.
And the tempest is lulled—by his dreams' gentle
sway.

THE HOMELESS.

Michael Vörösmarty.

"O'er untrod pathways who dost fare
With breast to storm and tempest bare,
A stranger unto joy?
Who art thou, man with sorrow bent?
Why is fate's sword to 'smite intent?
Thou treadest rude rocks—why?"

"Let me o'er the rude rocks roam,
Let tempest on my bared breast come:
A fugitive am I
This heart of mine more wild is far;
The storms which heave it fiercer are;
Great is my agony."

"Perchance thou once wert rich and great,
And now, bereft by cruel fate,
To indigence art brought?"
"Yes, I was rich, and that is well;
My poverty is dire and fell;
But this doth matter naught."

"Two names are sacred, then to you—
The faithful friend and maiden true—
And they thy trust belied?"
"On earth I know no bitterer curse
Than faithless love and friendship worse!
But true to me they died!"

"They died? Thy wife and child, maybe,
And all of joy earth held for thee
Down to the grave did go?"
"Yes, all I loved lie buried there,
But much the human heart can bear,
And mine hath found it so."

"Thou liv'st though great thy sufferings be;
Does honor lost then trouble thee?

On thee dost rest a stain?"

"Disgraced indeed are name and fame,
For Fatherland I bore this shame,
This is my awful bane!"

"Ah, thou art exiled then, indeed
The country for which thou did'st bleed
Doth punish thus with woes?"

"A fatherland the exile hath,
And while he suffers want and wrath,
It lives and ever grows."

"The land of which I was a son,
A gory, dismal death has won.

No more shall rise its crest.
For millions' loss my woe is dread;
I bear with me a people dead—
A scourge within my breast!"

A SIGH.

Joseph Baiza.

Thy past is bare of joy;
Hopeless thy days indeed!
Decaying, beauteous home,
For thee my heart doth bleed

For thee doth still complain
In accents sad my lay;
Beneath thy stormy clouds
My life is all dismay.

After such great attempts
From out a turbid stream
To gain at length the shore,
No guiding star doth gleam.

Thou who didst hearts create,
And taught'st them how to feel
For hearth and fatherland
With love-enduring zeal:

Whose might prescribes all laws,
All futures doth forecast;
O, God of Nations, send
A ray of hope at last!

WAR SONG.

Alexander Petöfi.

The trumpets blare, drums beat the call;
Our boys are off to fight or fall;

Forward!

The bullets whistle, sabres clash
And rouse the Magyar spirit rash.

Forward!

May freedom's flag wave on the height,
That all the world behold the sight!

Forward!

Unfurl the flag! the world shall see
The proud inscription, "Liberty!"

Forward!

The world the Magyar valor knows,
He bravely faces all his foes:

Forward!

A virtue God the Magyar gave;
He made his nature truly brave:

Forward!

Upon a gory ground I tread,
A comrade's blood has made it red:

Forward!

A hero he! Can I be less?
Boldly onward let me press:

Forward!

If, our blood this earth must blot,
If even to die here be our lot:
Forward!
For thee our lives we freely give,
Dear Fatherland, that thou sha't live!
Forward!

THE PILGRIM.

John Garay.

He went into the holy land,
A friar, to atone;
Clad in a cowl, with ashes crowned,
He wandered far alone.

He cast away his shoes that, while
He wanders in the heat,
The stones and thorns upon the road
May freely pierce his feet.

He mortified himself with fasts
And thirst's devouring pain;
To wrongs he bowed, and yet to wrong
Others he did disdain.

Throughout his weary pilgrimage
Devoutly still he prayed,
Yet from his soul he could not lift
The weighty sin there laid.

From Palestine to Rome he went,
His anguish naught could ease.
Before His Holiness, the Pope,
He fell upon his knees.

"O, Holy Father, tell me, pray"—
His tears did freely flow—
"Will Heaven on me for my dark crime
Forgiveness yet bestow?"

Then, tremblinkly, he did confess
His crime. The Pope arose,
Stricken with awe; his kindly face
Did anger stern disclose.

His eyes, which ever gleamed with grace,
Then burned with wrath and fire,
And like the thunder of the sky
He spake in deepest ire:

"Almighty God alone forgives,
Mercy is in His hand!
But not e'en He will overlook
Treason to fatherland!"

SOLOMON'S CURSE.

Michael Vörösmarty.

"My curse upon thee light, O Magyar land!
Curse thee, Magyar, rebellious, haughty, proud!
May the crown shake that on thy head doth stand!
Thy homes may darkness evermore enshroud!
Hard be thy fate, as is thy sword and heart!
And in thy ranks may discord still have part!

"And Thou, O God, Who hath anointed me,
That here on earth I Thee should represent,
Not having looked on me protectingly,
To all Thy grace I am indifferent.
To Solomon no resting place is given,
No peace on earth and no desire for heaven."

Thus, like the outcast angel, curseth low
The King, to exile banished by his land.
His shield and helmet he away doth throw
And broken is the sword he hath in hand.
The patriots' blood has left thereon its trace;
Red as their blood glows his heroic face.

His body crushed, his spirit more so still,
A gruesome, deep-cut wound doth give him pain;
And yet this wound hath not for him such ill
As this that he could not his crown maintain.
He flies, but be his flight ever so swift,
The anguish from his soul he cannot lift.

The royal fugitive in haste retreats;
Hills, vales and streams he hath already passed.
Arriving at the borderland he g.ects
An old umbrageous forest's depth at last.
Here endeth now the path of our sad knight,
An over him is cast the gloom of night.

The years roll by; the trees, now richly crowned,
Their verdure lose and soon stripped bare are seen;
Time passeth by and then one hears the sound
Of sweet bird-songs within the forest green.
The antlers of the wild stag yearly grow;
How old his freedom is they proudly show.

A broken sword is there the exile's cross,
And God's free earth his sacred altar there;
Piously doth he kneel on the green moss,
Throughout the year he spends his days in prayer.
A long gray beard flows o'er his pain-filled breast;
Each hair is seemingly divinely blest.

What once have filled his soul—the passion strong
Are now subdued; time brought his healing balm;
Long since he hath forgotten all his wrong,
His face now even is benign and calm.
One fervent prayer his longing heart doth fill,
That blessing on the Magyar be God's will.

Long since hath died away the awful curse;
Forgot is what the haughty King hath dreamed;
His better self more noble thoughts doth nurse,
The man his purer nature hath redeemed.
"Be happy, my dear Magyar fatherland,
And may thy virtues make thee strong and grand."

Thus prayeth he, and o'er his shattered frame
 Death gains at last his victory with ease.
 He yields to death's most unrelenting claim,
 And neath the yellow leaves he sleeps in peace
 Where in the woods the kingly exile died,
 The howling beasts of prey now prowl and hide.

IF GOD.

Alexander Petöfi.

If God Almighty thus did speak to me:
 "My son, I grant permission unto thee
 To have thy Death as thou thyself shalt say;"
 Thus unto my Creator I would pray:

"Let it be autumn, when the zephyrs sway
 The sere leaves wherewith mellow sunbeams play;
 And let me hear once more the sad, sweet song
 Of errant birds, that will be missed ere long."

"And unperceived, as winter's chilling breath
 Wafting o'er autumn bearing subtle Death
 Thus let Death come; most welcome will He be
 If I observe Him when he's close to me."

"Like to the birds, again I will outpour
 A mellow tune than e'er I sang before,
 A song which moves the heart, makes dim the eyes
 And mounts up swelling to the very skies."

"And, as my swan song draweth to its end,
 My sweetheart fair and true may o'er me bend;
 Thus would I die, caressing her fair face,
 Kissing the one on earth who holds most grace."

"But if the Lord this boon should disallow,
 With spring of war let Him the land endow;
 When the rose-blooms that color earth again
 Are blood-red roses in the breasts of men."

"May nightingales of war—the trumpets—thrill
Men's souls, and with heroic passion fill;
May I be there, and where the bullets shower
O, let my heart put forth a deadly flower.

"Falling beneath the horse's iron heel
Here also may a kiss my pale lips seal:
Thus would I die while I Thy kiss obtain,
Liberty, who 'mid heavenly hosts dost reign!"

—O—

THE SONG FROM FÖT.*

Michael Vö-ösmarty.

Upward rise within the cup,
Pearly beads,
Naught can stop it, as each globe
Upward speeds;
Skyward let all things ascend
Pure and white,
Leaving on the earth beneath
Dross and blight.

Strength and force our body gains
When we dine,
But the soul gains nourishment
From the wine.
Wine and spirit still were friends
Good and true.
What fish e'er in water spawned
Famous grew?

Brimming cups make love more sweet
And more dear:
All the gall therein I drink
Without fear.

*Föt, a village near Budapest, the poet's country place.

Fairest rosebud, sweetest dove,
Laugh not, pray:
If thou lov'st me, tri-une God
Bless thee may.

For thee joyous gleams this glass
Of bright wine,
Ardently for thee beats this
Heart of mine.
Pretty maids and red wine are
My delight,
And o'er my dark life can shed
Pleasant light.

Friend and countryman, I ask,
Art thou glad?
Art thou filled with doleful thoughts,
Sombre, sad?
Take to wine; both health and youth
'Twill restore;
Heaven for us no cure beside
Holdeth more.

Care and grief sleep like a child
After wine;
For cycles was the Magyar's fate
Sad, malign.
Now his time has come to rise
Up again,
And his former glorious state
To maintain.

Wine the Magyar always quaffs—
Which is fair;
Wine will injure none who drink
With due care.
Then his fatherland he toasts
Joyously:
O, that he would something do,
Land, for thee!

Never mind, for all things yet
Will come right;
Helping thee with word and deed,
All will fight.
It 'tis God's wish, as our own,
We no more
Will disgrace thee; Hungary we
Must restore!

Up, my friends, and let us take
One more drink!
Care and trouble perish, when
Glasses clink.
For our sacred country now
Raise a cheer!
But, when called, our lives we'll yield
Without fear.

Our beloved King is first
In the land;
All true patriots now by him
Firmly stand.
May his land's success to him
Pleasures bring!
Famed and happy be the rule
Of our King!

Let each man be ever true,
A Magyar,
Whom the earth bears, o'er whom shines
Sun, moon, star!
Strong in love and calm in peace,
Such a race
Need not fear and bravely can
Perils face!

He is a traitor, who, my land,
Loves thee not!
Shame or death of scoundrels all
Be the lot.

Rear not, fairest land, such boors
On thy breast,
Let them not within thy bounds
Ever rest.

As the seven leaders brave
Shed their blood,
When before the nation they
Swearing, stood;
So this wine flows and, by God
High above,
Let us swear that we our land
Still will love!

Let each hope of ours a prayer
Be for thee,
Country dear; and for thy great
Liberty!
To thy health we drink this glass
Of glad wine;
To drink this toast no Magyar man
Can decline.

Peace, dear land, shall have a home
In thy bounds;
And be healed for aye thy sore
Bleeding wounds;
And thy face, from ancient grief
Haggard now,
Soon may, after tempest's rage,
Brightness show!

May thy children dwell in love
And calm peace;
Here may wars and strifes, we pray,
Ever cease!
May our land be mighty, rich,
Ever free!
Truth and justice, laws divine
Here decree!

When are sought our lives, and fortunes,
By our land,
With our heart's blood let us meet
The demand;
Proudly claiming, peace or war,
What e'er come,
"We repaid but what we owed,
Sacred home!"

FAREWELL.

Alexander Petöfi.

The sun had hardly dawned, when lo! it set.
I had but come, and now I must depart.
Scarce had I time to greet and kiss thee, dear,
When duty calls and we again must part.
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

I carry now the sword and not the lute,
The minstrel as a soldier now must fight.
A golden star hath led me heretofore,
The blood-red sky is now my guiding light
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

"Tis not ambition which prompts me to leave;
No laurels rest where thou the roses red
Of happiness hast placed upon my brow,
Which I shall never take from off my head.
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

"Tis not ambition which prompts me to leave;
Thou know'st ambition died within my soul.
'Tis for my fatherland I sacrifice
My life upon the field where cannons roll.
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

It none my dearest country should defend,
Alone I would defend her with all might;
Now, when all rise to seek the battle plains,
Shall I remain at home, afraid to fight?
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

I ask thee not to think of me when gone,
The while I fight for fatherland and thee;
My love to thee is pure and well I know
One thought alone thou hast, and that for me.
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
(Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

Perchance a crippled wreck I shall come home,
But thou, my darling wife, wilt love me still;
For, by our God, when I return, the same
Pure love, as now, my heart shall ever thrill.
God's blessing on you, pretty little wife,
Good-bye, my heart, my love, my soul, my life!

A HYMN.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Help us, O God of kings that be!
Turn unto Thee our monarch's heart,
That, like the sun, his mind may see
And apprehend his mighty part;
That he, o'er millions set in place,
May shine in valor and in grace!

God of the people, help us yet!
Make ours industrious, true and leal;
Each task whereto its hand is set
Accomplish for the public weal;
Grant that what hand and mind can gain,
Not by free gift, shall obtain!

Help us, O, God of Nations, Thou!
Clothe with Thy blessings this fair land;
As Eden, blessed of old, endow
With fruitful bloom on every hand;
So may its true sons live in joy,
And for its weal their minds employ!

God help us, God of Liberty;
Thy burden let us comprehend;
Grant a brave watchful heart, that we
The people's sacred rights defend,
Honor in iron words of law,
And with our blood, if need we saw!

Almighty God of Unity,
Holding together worlds most wide!
Grant that through all life's fates that be
One grand and noble thought shall guide:
Our nation's every step and deed
Be crowned by honor's brilliant meed!

I AM A MAGYAR.

Alexander Petöfi.

A Magyar I! The splendor of my land
Naught can surpass. She is the loveliest
Upon the globe, and countless as the sand
The beauties are she bears upon her breast.
In mountains she is rich and from their height
One casts his glance beyond the distant sea;
Her fertile plains are wide, you think they might
Extend to where the world's end seems to be.

A Magyar I! By nature am I sad
As are the first tunes of my nation's lay.
And though I often smile when I am glad,
I never laugh, however I be gay.

But when the utmost joy doth fill my breast,
In freely flowing tears breaks out my glee;
Yet joyous seems my face when most depressed,
For none shall ever dare to pity me.

A Magyar I! With pride I cast my eye
Over the sea of history past and see
Vast, mighty rocks that almost reach the sky;
They are my nation's deeds of bravery.
We, too, were acting once on Europe's stage,
And ours was not an empty, useless role!
When, at the play, our sword we drew in rage
All feared us, as the child the thunder's roll.

A Magyar I! But what is that to-day?
Ghost of a glorious past that restless stirs
At dark, but which the midnight spells must lay
In dreamless sleep down in his sepulchres.
How mute we are! Our neighbors nearest by
Scarce gain a sign that we are yet alive;
One brother will the other villify
And in our land, but wrong and falsehood thrive.

A Magyar I! But O! how I deplore
To be a Magyar now! It is a shame
That while the sun in brightness shines all o'er,
No gleam or dawn to us as yet there came;
Still all the wealth on earth could not suffice
My love of thee dear spot, e'er to efface;
Dear native land, I still must idolize
And love thee still in spite of thy disgrace!

A HOLY GRAVE.

Alexander Petöfi.

Far, very far away,
Whence in the gentle spring,
To us the swallows come;
Far, very far away,
Where in our wintry days,
The swallow has her home.

A holy grave doth rise,
Close to the green sea-waves
That wash the yellow shore;
A weeping willow's branch,
A wild shrub's crape-like veil
This lone grave shadeth o'er.

Besides this single shrub,
There comes no thing to mourn
The glorious dead's decease,
Who for a century,
After a busy life,
Sleeps here in endless peace.

He was a hero bold,
The last-left valorous knight,
Who for fair freedom fought;
But how could fate protect
One on whom his own land
Ingratitude had wrought.

He into exile went,
Lest his degenerate land
He should be forced to see,
And, seeing, he should curse;
While from an alien shore
He looks with charity.

And here, day after day,
He watched the clouds that came -
From his own dearest home.
Was it the sunset glow,
Or yet his country's shame
That burned in heaven's dome?

He often sat to catch
The murmur of the waves
That move the rolling sea.
He almost dreamed he heard
His country, once again,
Was happy, proud and free!

That he should hear once more
His native land was free
Was still his fond belief.
And for this freedom's news
He waited, until death
Brought him most sweet relief.

At home, even now, his name
Is hardly known. But one
Remembers him, the bard.
Forgotten he would be—
Sang not the bard of him,
Freedom's eternal guard!

TO MY FATHERLAND.

Charles Szász.

No news from you I hear to-day
My beauteous land of vale and grove;
Yet, now that I am far away,
You above all things else I love.
Your mountain-peaks, your valleys deep
I never, never can forget;
That on your breast I still may weep
Is the desire that burns me yet.

Naught in thy niche can e'er repose,
Nothing thy image e'er efface;
I ask the stream that swiftly flows
Why it has left his native place;
I ask the passing bird that flies
If drought-killed are thy forests great,
That from thy boundaries he hies
Like faithless man that emigrate.

Methinks the heavy lowering cloud
Is as a widow's veil to thee;
Methinks the wind that weeps aloud
Is as a well-known flute to me.
Methinks the scent of flowers that blow
Are just thy mournful sighings now;
The stars above, bonfires that glow
Upon thy mountain's lofty brow.

In every vista now descried
Some image I behold of thee,
And, walking o'er the fields, each stride
The shadows of thy hills I see.
The mother to her errant son
A holy relic gives to prize;
And that, though years and years roll on,
Forever on his bosom lies.

FORWARD.

Coloman Tóth.

The motto of the Guard is known
O'er all the world and on each field
Of battle: "The French Guard will die,
But never, never will they yield."
And we as well a watchword had
That roused the Honvéd when they heard:
No hint of death it spoke,
Nor of surrender's yoke:
"Forward!" it was. One single word!
Our patriot girls with needle wrought
This motto in the flag they made;
This word inspired each conscript boy
For whom a mourning mother prayed.
But if another yet were left
For whom his country had to call
She ceased to weep for one,
But sent her other son;
And "Forward" went he, though to fall.

And wonderful this youthful host,
For whence it came from no one knew;
Born in a day, yet firm and strong
As though for centuries long it grew;
Like fiery tempests they advance—
Already half have bit the ground—
Wrapped in a smoky cloud
They're lost; no! for aloud
The magic "Forward!" doth resound.
As each sea-breaker in a storm
Upheaves the mighty ocean's breast,
Thus did they mingle in the fight,
Father and son with eager zest.
The father falleth and the son
Bends low above the stricken head;
"One word, my father dear!"
The dying eyes grow clear;
"Forward!" he utters, and is dead.
O, precious treasure, which no earth
With countless graves can cover o'er;
Word which, although unuttered calls,
Nor can be taken from us more.
'Tis graven on the forest bark,
On deathly brows 'tis written plain,
On bones which rot away,
But which will rise one day,
When the loud "Forward" sounds again.

ON A SICK BED.

Paul Gyulai.

When like a veil withdrawn,
From life's great secret gone
Over me, pale, doth creep
The everlasting sleep,

Lay me not in a bier;
Bear me to fresh fields near,
Where the light clouds of spring
The rising dawn doth bring.
Then fragrant blossoms spread
Over my silent head;
The sun's last kiss shall die;
O'er me the starlit sky,
And moon ray which on crests
Of thirsty poplars rests,
'Mid nightingales' soft stream
Of song, shall watch me dream.

And yet, ah, no! not so!
In the earth lay me low;
There in yon valley deep
Dig me a grave for sleep.
I, of the world forgot,
Its sounds shall hearken not;
Shall heed no joyous strain
Nor harmonies of pain.
My yearning love, my own,
Shall visit me alone;
Only her gentle tear
Shall fall upon me here;
Then will my heart's dust wake.
Thereat its thirst to slake.
And from it o'er my tomb
The violet will bloom,
To her my dreams to tell,
My love and griefs that well,
As though my lips did sigh;
The tears bedim her eye,
More quickly beats her heart;
A sob her lips dispart,
Then dies and wings its flight
Through summer's quiet night.

What is it? What say I?
Groves shady, mountains high,
My native land so sweet!
Here let me find retreat,

In forest or on hill,
Where eagles soar at will,
Sun, lightning, clouds, all pass.
Where thick woods and tall grass
Round nature's altar-pale
Weave a dense Isis veil;
Here secrets great abide;
Where morning like a bride,
With blissful dew descends
And evening gently ends;
The noise of earth and air
Are drowned in thunder there.
There on the hills' crest
Lay me at last to rest.
Under the fir-trees green
The storm shall vent my spleen
And evermore prolong
My painful, sacred song.

I DREAM OF GORY DAYS.

Alexander Petőfi.

I dream of dread and gory days,
Which come this world to chaos casting,
While o'er its ruined works and ways
The new world rises everlasting.

Could I but hear, could I but hear
The trumpet's blare to carnage calling!
I scarce can wait till on my ear
The summons sounds, to some appalling.

Then to the saddle quick I'd spring,
My mettled steed with joy bestriding,
And haste to join the noble ring
Of heroes, who to fight are riding.

And should a spear-thrust pierce my breast,
There will be One—a fair thought this is—
By whom my wound will then be dressed,
Mi pain assuaged by balmy kisses.

If taken captive I should be,
This One, my dungeon's gloom adorning,
Will surely come to visit me,
In radiance like the star of morning.

And should I die, and should I die
On scaffold or 'mid cannons' rattle,
This One with tears will then be nigh
To wash away the blood of battle.

TO FRANCIS LIST.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Renowned musician of the world,
To us, where'er thou art, still kin!
Hast thou for this sad land a song
Ta thrill the core and brain within?
Hast thou a song to move the heart,
A song to make all grief depart?

The load which for a hundred years
Weighed on us was our sins and fate;
Thus bound, this wavering race hath lived
Content to be inanimate;
And if it rose it was in vain,
As thinks the fever-stricken brain!

A better epoch comes; the dawn
Of morn, for which so long we prayed,
Has, amid throes of sweet relief,
Unto our hearts new hope conveyed;
The love for our old home revives:
We gladly for it give our lives.

We feel each beating of its pulse;
Our hearts rejoice to hear its name;
Our country's wrong we all endure;
We blush to know its slightest shame!
O, may the throne forever stand
Joyous and steadfast o'er the land!

Great scholar, from this home of storms,
Wherein a world's heart beats, and where
The sun, grown bold at last to dawn,
A blood-red semblance seems to wear;
Where fiends of hate are forced to hide
By generations' swelling tide!

Now, in their place, in snow-white robes,
Walk industry and peace divine;
In the new era's temple halls
Art comes to set its heavenly sign,
While countless brains think for the land;
Ne'er rests the nation's giant hand.

O, Song's great master, sing for us!
And when thou sing'st of days gone by
Let thy lay be a storm, wherein
We hear the thunders roll on high;
And in this ode, wild, grave, profound,
May victory's paeon-song resound.

Sing such a lay that from their tombs
Our forbears even shall awake;
So as, with their immortal souls,
The present race from sloth to shake—
A lay which brings to Hungary bliss
And treachery damns to shame's abyss.

On recollection's manly arm
The plae-faced lady, Grief, doth come.
And Mohács' storm we see again;
A civil war lays waste our home;
Although the tear our vision blurs,
The balm of hope our heart yet stirs.

And thus thou wak'st that love for home,
Which ever patriot souls has thrilled,
Which to the memory of past truth
Clings, and a future bright doth build.
Then may thy song be full of fire,
Our hearts and spirits to inspire.

And thus, to holy passions roused,
Our son's love may to deeds nature;
Let us unite in sacred bond
For thee to labor and endure.
Like one man should the nation stand
To conquer with an iron hand.

And even the rocks, as if our bones
They were, with hallowed joy should shake;
The Danube's waves flow free, as when
Our blood we shed for home's dear sake;
And, where we knew days glad and dire,
Thy song should joyous hope inspire.

And dost thou hear how, at this song
Our nation rises with one will?
A million lips repeat the lay,
Which fills all hearts, all souls doth thrill;
Come back to us! With thee we say
Thank God, our race doth not decay!

DRUNK FOR THE COUNTRY'S SAKE.

Alexander Petőfi.

God bless you, boys! Come, drink again,
Let us the jovial glass fill high!
Pray let me not my country see
Forsaken and in misery,
Far rather drunk in dreams I'd lie.

For then I dream that once again
At home the voice of cheer I hear,
It seems to me that with each round
Of joyous drink I heal a wound
Thou sufferest from, my country dear.

If it could be while I lie here
My country truly happy were—
You never should, good friends, I say,
Even if I might live for aye,
Behold me sober more, I swear!

WHO WOULD BELIEVE?

Alexander Petőfi.

Who would believe that on this plain
A few weeks since two armies stood,
Engaged in fierce, destructive fight,
Drenching the country with their blood?

A direful day it was throughout,
Foe facing here, foe charging there,
Death in the van, death in the rear;
Sabres were flashing in the air.

Then, like a troubled brow,
The sky was cloudy, dark and wild.
Now it looks pleasant, like the smile
Upon the bright face of a child.

The earth was like a hoary head;
Covered with snow was all the scene;
Now like the hopes of ardent youth
The earth is dressed in brightest green.

Then bullets whistled through the air,
We heard the mighty cannon's roll;
Above us now the nightingale
Pours out in song her lovebound soul.

Wherever then we cast our eyes
We only saw death's ghastly show;
But now the sweetest-scented flowers
In bounteous efflorescence grow.

Who would believe that on this plain
A few weeks since two armies stood,
Engaged in fierce, destructive fight,
Drenching the country with their blood?

HUNGARIAN MUSIC.

(Dedicated to Eduard Reményi.)

Charles Szász.

Hear the violin's voice, O hearken
How she weeps and speaks distress!
That within four chords such sorrow
Could be found, one scarce would guess.

Do you hear her plaintive sighing,
Like the nightingale love-lorn?
Like an orphan, hear her crying,
Who a mother's loss doth mourn!

Hear the violin's voice, O hearken!
List the chant her strings indite,
Low at first, then loudly bursting
Into Rákóczy's wild fight.

Overwhelming and inspiring
Is her plaint; all grief and pain
Die before hope's noble future,
Buried with the past remain.

Curses breathes she; swords are clashing
Like the curse resoundeth far
War's wild din, yet all these voices
By one weak bow summoned are.

Hear the chords once more, O hearken!
To-the people they speak plain,
And the nation's joy and sorrow
Find their echo in the strain.

Now a whoop and now a whistle
Sends a Csikós from his chest,
When, in Csárdás dance, he presses
His brown sweetheart to his breast.

Then, afield, the maiden reaper
Sings a sweet and merry lay,
That doth swell, then, fuller sounding,
In the distance dies away.

Now the sad song of the lover
To his maiden false doth sigh
Forth its plaint from out his casement
Nightly to the starlit sky.

Now the moan of our great sorrow
Which these hundred years hath pained,
And, it this most anguished grieving,
Almost broke the chords are strained.

Hear the violin's voice, O hearken!
Now in glee, now in distress:
That within four chords such sorrow
Could be found one scarce would guess.

-0-

MY NATIVE COUNTRY'S CHARMING BOUNDS.

Charles Kisfaludy.

My native country's charming bounds,
Will I again behold thy grounds?
Where'er I stand, where'er I fare,
Mine eyes will still turn towards thee there.

I ask it of the birds which come,
If still doth bloom my native home? .
I ask it of the clouds on high,
Of zephyrs which around me sigh.

But none of these at all console,
But pass and leave me in my dole;
With sore heart am I left alone—
A grass-blade growing by a stone.

Delightful spot where I was born,
Far from thee I by fate am torn,
Far as a leaf caught from a tree
And borne by tempests to the sea.

IN MY NATIVE LAND.

Alexander Petőfi.

This landscape fills my heart with thrilling joy;
Here years ago I dwelt, a happy boy;
Here was I born, in this fair village-place;
I yet recall my dear old nurse's face;
Her simple cradle song sounds ever near,
And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly"* still I hear.

When still a child I went abroad to roam;
Now, a grown man, again I seek my home;
Ah! twenty years since then have passed away.
'Mid joy and sorrow, yea, 'mid toil and play.
For twenty years it echoed in my ear,
And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

*"Mayfly, yellow Mayfly," the opening lines of famous popular song, a translation of which is found elsewhere.

My early playmates all, where now are ye?
If one of you 'twere mine again to see,
Most lovingly I'd clasp him to my breast,
The thought that I grow old would be suppressed.
Yet this is now my five-and-twentieth year,
And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

As fleet-winged birds flit round from bough to bough,
So do my restless thoughts flit backward now;
As sweets are gathered by the honey-bees,
So do my musings call glad memories—
Each pleasant spot of old to me is dear—
And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

I am a child, I am a child again;
I romp about, whistling an old refrain—
Upon a hobby-horse I ride, my horse
Is thirsty, to the trough I ride of course.
It drank enough, now "go" I say with cheer
And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

The sun has almost run his daily course,
Tired are rider and his hobby-horse.
Yes, I go home. Upon my nurse's breast
Her lullaby half lulls to drowsy rest,
As from her lips I catch the cadence dear,
And "Mayfly, yellow Mayfly" still I hear.

THE DREAM.

Alexander Petőfi.

The dream
Is nature's gift to man most dear,
His fondest hopes fulfilled appear;
The poor man dreaming, feeleth not
That he enlangued is or cold;
In purple dressed he thinks his hut
A mansion, filled with wealth untold.

The king in dreams
Can neither judge nor grace bestow,
In sleep, alike are high and low.
The youth, while dreaming, rolls in bliss,
His sweetheart gives and takes sweet kiss;
But when I dream it seems to me
I fight for the world's liberty!

THE HOARY GYPSY.

Michael Vörösmarty.

Come, gypsy, play; thou had'st thy pay in drinks,
Let not the grass grow under thee, strike up!
On bread and water who will bear life's ills?
With flowing wine fill high the parting cup.
This mundane life remains for aye the same,
If freezeth now, then burneth as a flame;
Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows?
Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
With wine and gloom are filled the cup and heart,
Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart!

Thy blood should, like a whirlpool's waters boil,
Thought after thought thy active brain should
throng,
Akin to brightest stars thine eyes should gleam,
More thunderous than the fierce storm be thy song
And wilder than the winds which bring the hail,
Which ruins harvests, so that men bewail.
Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows?
Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
With wine and gloom are filled the cup and heart,
Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart!

Aye, learn thou from the raging storm to sing,
Hark how it sighs and groans, and shrieks and
swells:

It sends to death not only beasts, but men;
Destroys the sailing ships and high oaks fells.
All o'er the world wars rage; in blood we trod,
And on our dear home rests the bane of God.
Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows
Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
With wine and gloom are filled the cup and heart,
Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart!

Whose howls and shrieks are heard above the storm
Whose was this half-suppressed, heart-rendin'
sigh?

What, like a mill grinds audibly in hell?
Who doth with thunder smite the heavens on high
A broken heart, minds which in darkness grope,
A routed army, or a forlorn hope?
Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows
Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
With wine and gloom are filled the cup and heart,
Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart!

As if again we should throughout the land,
The cries of men in fevered frenzy hear;
Of murderous brothers see the daggers gleam;
On orphans' cheeks behold the flowing tear;
Should hear the falcon's pinions soar on high;
Endless Promethean agonies decry.
Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows
Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
With wine and gloom are filled the cup and heart,
Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart!

The stars above this earth—all sorrows' home—
Leave them in peace, their woes let them endure
From sin and stain by rushing of wild streams
And tempests' fury they may yet grow pure.
And Noah's ark of old may come again

And in its compass a new world contain.
 Strike up! How long thou yet wilt play who knows?
 Thy bow-strings soon will wear out, I suppose.
 With wine and gloom are filled the cup and heart,
 Come, gypsy, play, let all thy cares depart!

Strike up! But no—now leave the chords alone;
 When once again the world may have a feast,
 And silent have become the storm's deep groans,
 And wars and strifes o'er all the earth have ceased,
 Then play inspiringly; and, at the voice
 Of thy sweet strings, the gods may even rejoice!
 Then take again in hand the songful bow,
 Then may thy brow again with gladness glow,
 And with the wine of joy fill up thy heart,
 Then, gypsy, play, and all thy cares depart!

RAGGED HEROES.

Alexander Petőfi.

I also could with rhythm and rhyme
 My poems clothe and deck them out,
 Just as a dandy it behooves
 To dress for some gay ball or rout.

But then these cherished thoughts of mine
 Are not like fashion's idle toys,
 Who find, beperfumed and begloved,
 In fancy garb their chiefest joys.

The clash of swords, the cannon's roll
 Have died in rust; a war begun
 Is now without a musket waged—
 But with ideas shall be won.

I, too, the gallant ranks have joined,
 And with my age am sworn to fight,
 Have in command a stalwart troop,
 Each song of mine a valiant knight.

My men, 'tis true, are clad in rags,
But each of them is brave and bold;
We gauge the soldier not by dress
But by his deeds of valor bold.

I never question if my songs
Will live beyond me; 'tis but naught
To me; if they are doomed to die
They fall at least where they have fought

Even then the book shall hallowed be
Wherein my thoughts lie buried deep;
For 'tis the heroes' burial place
Who for the sake of freedom sleep.

A BURIAL IN FOREIGN LANDS.

Géza Zichy.

They are carrying the soldier
Into the graveyard's square.
Where's his father, where's his mother,
Where his sweetheart fair?
All of them are away
In far-off Magyar-land,
And at his grave no friends
In tearful mourning stand.
One of the officers, although
Not bound, follow'd the bier;
The poor lad and himself had been
Comrades many a year.
And he and I his earthly clay
Then to the grave we bore.
Poor Magyar lad, thy burial
Had touched me to the core.
Into thy grave cold clods of earth
Are by the diggers thrown;
Cold earth, strange earth, o'er Magyar boy
To throw I can't, I own.

If ever I return I'll tell
Thy mother that one word
Which from thy dying lips, poor, lad,
Ere thy soul flew I heard.
Thy hoary father I will tell—
He may be proud of thee:
That thou wert brave, thy soul was pure,
And must not weep for thee.
And to thy sweetheart I will say
"A tear was in his eye;
The tear which shall to thee, poor girl,
His true love testify."
Standing beside the grave of this
Poor Magyar lad, I wrote
These Magyar rhymes upon a leaf
And with a kiss, devote,
I put them in the grave; his sleep
From it will all the more
Peaceful and blessed be. He was
A Magyar to the core.

FAREWELL.

Joseph Bajza.

The wanderer turns from the hill;
Below lies stretched his lovely home,
Before him smiles the charming plain;
But in the ear of him that goes
The sad fond words of parting swell;
His heart still bleeds in deepest pain,
"O, exile, wanderer, farewell!"

The hill is passed, in valley's deep
He sees but clouds from o'er his home,
And vanished is the charming plain.
But, ah! his sadness leaves him not.
His heart still bleeds in deepest pain,
He ever hears the echoes swell:
"O, exile, wanderer, farewell!"

Even hill and vale are also lost,
No clouds from home he now can see;
A vision is the charming plain,
His pains pursue him like the sky.
His heart still bleeds in deepest pain,
In deepest grief his wail does swell:
"O, beauteous fatherland, farewell!"

The years roll by, his hair is gray;
He is forgotten long at home.
But ever will the charming plain
Before his soul in splendor stand.
His heart still bleeds in deepest pain,
I hear his dying accents swell:
"O, beauteous fatherland, farewell!"

WANDERER'S SONG.

(The Kossuth Song.)

Kunoss.

My trembling arms I stretch to hold
My land in fond embrace,
My fatherland! The tears like rain
Course down thy true son's face.
Untrue, unfaithful was thy race,
But, dearest home, naught can efface
Thy faithful love, thy gentle grace.

Accept the filial vow I make
Now that I go away,
Thy picture sweet with me I take
To keep it green for aye!
I swear beneath this azure sky,
That e'en when in my grave I lie,
E'en then, a true Hungarian I!

That sweeter be the dreams in death,
Before I leave, I take
A handful earth from Magyar heath,
A pillow soft to make.
On Magyar earth, beloved and blest,
Where'er I die I shall find rest
In death e'en thus my love attest.

TO THE AMERICAN HUNGARIANS.

(Nos partiam fugimus.)

Emil Ábrányi.

Migrating birds go to a richer clime
When valley, grove and field begin to fade,
However, with the first smile of springtime
They come back to the orphaned nest they made.
They all return, the distance though be great,
Naught keeps from its beloved next the bird,
Here is, my friends, a course to imitate,
Who have your home to other lands transfered.

Well! emigrate if your own Magyar land,
Because she is so poor, supports you not;
Seek fortunes, while to work with brain and hand
In factory, or mine's depths be your lot.
But when good fortune smiles upon you there;
Abundance comes to you who rich have grown;
Come back into your native land and share
With our dear fatherland the wealth you own.

Live thus in your new home, though far away,
During your exile's dreary, dismal years,
That on the Magyar name you, day by day,
But honor cast, the world our race reveres.
We had enough of party strife and fight,
Of envy, hatred, vengeance and things mean:
Though midst of strangers be, Magyars unite!
Be truer patriots than we have been.

Work, work with zeal! all honest efforts steel
Your strength, endow the heart, improve the mind!
For not an hour though forget to feel
How small the number is you've left behind.
Count us, few Magyars left, with zealous care
As a poor widow counts her last few pence.
Oh! don't exile yourselves! This is our prayer,
Don't make our beggar—state still more intense.

'Tis true, the Niagara has no peer,
It is of all the waters' thundrous head.
Yet thousand times more pleased I am to hear
The brooklet Tar's sweet murmuring instead.
No Red River can be so dear to me
As tiny Bodrog and its reed—grown shore,
For this I'd long, forever long to see
My beauteous Magyar land which I adore.

Migrating eagles, who have built your nest
Out there on proud, rich cities' mighty walls,
If rude foe would our nation's life molest
Would you remain away when duty calls?
No, No! I know, with eager zeal you'd heed
The nation's call and you will cross the seas
To join your brethren here, to fight, to bleed,
To die for Magyar land's sweet liberties!



INDEX.

	PAGE.
Preface	3

Poems of love.

At the end of September. Alexander Petőfi.....	6
Forgotten Song. Alexander Endrődi	7
A flower I would say. Paul Gyulai	8
To a lady. Paul Gyulai.....	9
In Wilhelmine's album. Francis Kölesey	10
My love. Alexander Petőfi	11
The Maiden's Sorrow. Michael Vörösmarty ..	12
Haide. Alexander Endrődi	13
O, Judge me not. Alexander Endrődi	14
Good-by. Anthony Radó	15
In the forsst. Alexander Petőfi	15
I am weary. Paul Gyulai	16
If my tears. Coloman Tóth	16
Dying Love. Michael Vörösmarty	17
Love songs. Alexander Kjsfaludy	18
To Mary. Paul Gyulai	19
My Wife and my Sword. Alexander Petőfi....	20
The Rosebush Trembles. Alexander Petőfi....	21
From secret songs. Louis Csáktornyai	22
Glory. Louis Dóczy	23
A song. Géza Zichy	24
I long to see you once again. Paul Gyulai....	25
What is a kiss. Louis Dóczy	26
Fair Maiden of a Village Fair. Alexander Petőfi	27
Although not fair. Charles Szász	28
Revery. Michael Vörösmarty	29
Blue Violet. Gregorius Czuczor	29
Pretty Girl. Gregorius Czuczor	30
Remembrance. Paul Gyulai	31
Yea, be proud. Charles Szász	33
The tresses of thy jet black-hair. Charles Szász	33
Woe him. Joseph Komócsy	33

INDEX.

	PAGE.
Wonder not. Paul Gyulai	34
The kiss. Joseph Kiss	35
How I should like to die. Johanna Wohl	36
To forget. Joseph Lévy	37
A complaint. Alexander Vachott	38
Lov's Memory. Joseph Lévy	38
Lenke's song. Joseph Bajza	39
I still love. John Bulla	40
Sweet dream. Julius Rudnyánszky	40
To a young girl. Andrew Pap	41
Why conceal? Victor Dalmady	42
The dark eye. Michael Vörösmarty.. . . .	42
Ye stars. Julius Kéri	43
Midnight hour. Joseph Hevesi.....	43
Hussar song. Gabriel Döbrentei	44
Songs. Nicklas Markus	45
Approaching steps. Emerich Gáspár	46
God does not forbid. Julius Szávay	46
Hair, lip, eye. Michael Vörösmarty	47
Songs. Ladislaus Inczédy	47
She was beautiful. Géza Udvardy	48
Love. Julius Szentessy	49
Serenade. Samuel Nyilas	50
A sweet sound. Béla Szász	50
A city romance. Charles Berecz	51
The flowers withered. Aladár Benedek	51
There is no hell. Gerő Szász	52
Farewell serenade. Count Géza Zichy	52
Ah! this moment. Gerő Szász	53
Love me. William Györy	54
The sun's rays loved her. Géza Udvardy	55
I do not watch. Nicklas Szemere	55
Sound of music. William Zoltán	56
Songs. Joseph Csukási	56
Songs...Louis Palágyi	57
Longing for spring. Julius Sárosy	58
Maud. Michael Szabolesska	58
A song. John Dengi	59
I see thee. John Vajda	59
How I love you. Louis Tolnay	60

	PAGE.
Your kerchief 's red. John Erdélyi.....	61
Why wert thou not born? Michael Szaboleska	62
If by frail maiden. -Louis Bartók	62
When she departed. Paul Gyulai	63
Book-lore is yours. Coloman Tóth	64
Only me. Ladislaus Torkos	65
If I were rich. Hiador	65
Songs. Julius Rudnyánszky	66
Glory and love. Stephen Rónay	67
You said... Pásztói	67
One year later. Béla Szász	68
What do you care? John Bulla.....	68
The wind has ceased. Charles Zilahi	69
Remain as the rose. Louis Csáktornyai	69
The first kiss. Victor Dalmady	70
A song. John Erdélyi	71
Resignation. Edmond Jakab	71
My last will. Joseph Eötvös.....	72
To forget.... Cornelius Ábrányi	73

Poems of Life, Fancy and Sentiment.

The poet. Alexander Vachott	76
My songs. Alexander Petőfi	77
In memory of little Ellen. Charles Szász	78
Birthday thoughts. John Arany	79
An old story. Augustin Greguss	81
Solitude. John Vajda	81
Song of sorrow. Nicklas Markus	83
On the death of a little child. Michael Vörös- marty	84
Longing for death. Alexander Petőfi	85
To my boy...John Arany	86
True poetry. Paul Dömötör	87
Curse and blessing. Alexander Petőfi	88
Fifty years. Charles Szász	88
A tear. Joseph Lévy	90
Sweet joy. Alexander Petőfi	91
The maniac. Alexander Petőfi	92
Song in the night. Charles Szász	94

INDEX.

	PAGE.
A prayer. Daniel Berzsenyi	95
A migrating bird. William Györy	97
The good old landlord. Alexander Petöfi	99
Two little stories. Louis Pósa	100
I am. Emil Ábrányi	101
At the bier of a girl. Joseph Komócsy	102
Aunt Sarah. Alexander Petöfi	103
Death. Coloman Tóth	104
Nameless heroes. Cornelius Ábrányi	106
Two brothers. Alexander Petöfi	108
The minstrel's sorrow. John Arany	110
Apotheosis. Maurus Jókai	114
On my own birthday. Julius Sárosy	116
Advice. Paul Gyulai	117
The unbidden guest. Joseph Lévy	118
Good Friday. Emil Ábrányi	120
At the end of the year. Alexander Petöfi	122
At the hamlet's outskirts. Alexander Petöfi ..	123
The magyar noble. Alexander Petöfi	125
The Slav student's song. Michael Vörösmarty	126
The imprisoned lion. Alexander Petöfi	128
If born a man, than be a man. Alexander Petöfi	129
Pale woman. Coloman Tóth.....	130
My wife is dead. Alexander Petöfi	132
Vanitatum Vanitas. Francis Kölcsey	133
A dreamy song. Ladislaus Inczédy	135
A broken toy. Julius Vértessy	137
A feeting song. Ladislaus Buday	137
Abou. Anthony Radó	138
Royal wedding. Emil Ábrányi	139
The woman, cold. Andrew Kozma.....	141
My own statue. Eugene Heltai	142
The tragedy of a poet. Edward Pap	143
Desire. Michael Vörösmarty	145
A quiet song. John Arany	146
A child's dreams. Alexander Vachott	147
My oath. Coloman Tóth	148
A last sigh. Paul Bozzay	149
Poetical is... Paul Dömötör	149
The end. Emil Makay	150

	PAGE.
I am happy. Nicklas Szemere	151
My verses. Zoltán Balogh	152
To hope. Otto Herepei	153
Revery. Aladár Benedek	154
When I am dead. Joseph Lévy	155
Smiling. Emil Ábrányi	156
The good old song. Charles Szomory	156
The Muse. Anthony Radó	157
To my beloved ones. John Földváry	157
The tears. Emil Makai	158
Parting. Andrew Tóth	158
Farewell. John Vajda	159
When once the grave's. Joseph Komócsy ...	160
First meeting. Joseph Prém	160
A story. Andrew Kozma	162
Deep in thought. Alexander Endrődi	163
Too late. Alexander Endrődi	163
Confession. Fruzina Szalay	165
My share in life. Daniel Berzsenyi	166
Teach me. Iduna	167
Come death. Julius Rudnyánszky	168
At night. Julius Varsányi	169
A white dove. Joseph Lévy	170
In the graveyard. Joseph Lévy	171
Visions. Iduna	171
Let them respond. Andrew Tóth	172
Morn and eve. John Arany	173
The Winter. Charles Szász	174
The laurel tree. Emil Ábrányi	175
The captive stork. John Arany	177
On the Danube. Alexander Petőfi	178
Village hours. Michael Tompa	179
Evensong. Francis Kölcsey	181
Autumn days. Coloman Tóth	182
The bush and the wind. Edmund Jakab	183
The clouds. Paul Gyulai	184
Spring song. John Erdélyi	185
Voices from Eger. Alexander Petőfi	186
Autumn song. Joseph Bajza	188
In a village. Paul Gyulai	189

	PAGE.
At home. Alexander Petőfi	190
The beauteous flower. Michael Vörösmarty ..	191
Bird voices. Michael Vörösmarty	192
In the evening. Coloman Tóth	194
What use? Alexander Petőfi	196
Song of the dogs and wolves. Alexander Petőfi	196
Nightingale's song. Charles Szász	198
The forest home. Alexander Petőfi	198
For whom this mourning? Stephen Rónay	200
The ruins of the inn. Alexander Petőfi	200
Streamlet and stream. Alexander Petőfi	203
'Tis night. Alexander Petőfi	204
The bird to its brood. Michael Tompa	204
The child and the rainbow. John Arany	205
The bitter cup. Michael Vörösmarty	209
Death. Géza Zichy	211
From afar. Alexander Petőfi	211
Look not on me. John Arany	212
Memento. Alexander Szabó	213
It is not then. Victor Dalmady	214
Twilight. Alexander Petőfi	214
A grave. John Kiss	215
Wolf-adventure. Alexander Petőfi	215
The evening bells. Gustav Lauka	216
The Cypress. Michael Tompa	217
On autumn eve. Michael Szaboleska	218
The blessed house. Edmund Jakab	219
When roaming in the forest. Louis Bartók ..	220
Sere leaves. Julius Szávay	221
Thou vale. Louis Bartók	221
In the Campagna. Anthony Radó	222
The evening. Alexander Petőfi	224
Night and star. Michael Vörösmarty	225
Winter twilight. Charles Szász	226
In the forest. Louis Palágyi	228
The wind. Alexander Petőfi	229
End of autumn. John Arany	230
The comforter. John Arany	230
The west. Ladislaus Torkos	231
The desert willow. John Arany	232

	PAGE.
At a Vintage. Paul Gyulai	234
Time flies. Julius Rudnyánszky	235
Evening song. Fruzina Szalay	237
Autumn greeting. Ágost Greguss	237
The summer's eve. Victor Dalmady	238
In the forest of Váál. John Vajda	239
The alföld. Alexander Petőfi	240
Swan-song. Andrew Pap	242
Autumn scene. Michael Tompa	242
From the grave. John Vajda	243
From the "cricket songs". Alexander Endrődi	245
God bless thee. Paul Gyulai	246
Autumn-song. Alexander Endrődi	246
On a railroad. Alexander Petőfi	247
Spring. Otto Herepei	248
Winter and summer. Paul Dömötör	249
Wintertime, summertime. Michael Tompa ...	249
My dreams. Alexander Petőfi	250
The imprisoned bird. Andrew Kozma	252
In the street. Julius Rudnyánszky	253
Animal-literature. Coloman Tóth	254
Hortobágy, my Hortobágy. Michael Szaboleska	257
The death of the butterfly. Emil Ábrányi	258

Folk-songs.

Of many a girl	262
The star is but a star	262
My little flute	263
Were I brooklet	263
My hat I pulled	264
I curse thee not	265
The bobolink's nest	265
I would come to see thee	266
In morning's down	266
Thy image	267
How I would like to plough	267
The raven on Good Friday laves	267
Warning	268
The starry sky	268

	PAGE.
My father 's dead	269
In forest and in meadows green	269
Three stars are in the sky	270
You cannot bid the flower	270
Not a mother	271
To sleep, to sleep	271
Strike up Gipsy!	272
Mary, dear!	272
Körösher Maid!	273
Thee I love	273
I will yet see the day	274
The leaf is falling	274
Beauteous, brightly	275
Nine it has struck	276
The maid I loved	276
Swallow beat against he pane	277
Into the kitchen I strolled	277
O'er all the globe	278
In my garden	278
They have laid his corpse	279
Through the village	279
Down into the corn-field	280
A mouse-hued steed I had	280
In the lowland	281
Its raining	281
Through the woods	282
The lowering clouds	282
Look, my rose	283
How bright the stars	284
On Tisza's shore	284
Dainty, sweet forget-me-not	285
Danube's waters, Tisza's waters	285
The rosebush on the hillside grows	286
Mournful is the day	286
Thou art, thou art... ..	287
At the funeral	288
Rosy, rosy, rosy	288
The swallow swiftly flies	289
Forest, forest	289
How vast this world	290

	PAGE.
Come in, my Rose	290
In all the world one sweet girl	291
On an ass the shepherd rides	291
Bargain	292
It's after Easter	292
Marosh river gently flows	293
A cap of red velvet	293
Beauteous is the forest	294
The sun gives life	295
All night long I drank	295
Love is a dark pit	296
Louis Kossuth sends us greeting	297
Fair Exchange	297
High in the air	298
In the churchyard of Ormód	298
Weeping-willow twigs	298
Happy night	299

Ballads and Romances.

The Legend of the Wonderful Hunt, John Arany	302
The bards of Wales. John Arany	308
After death. Alexander Endrődi	312
Beautiful Helen. Michael Vörösmarty	319
Minstrel and king. Joseph Eötvös	323
Ladislauş V. John Arany	324
The second wife. William Győry	327
The frozen child. Joseph Eötvös.....	328
Mistress Agnes. John Arany	330
Call to the ordeal. John Arany	334
Bor, the hero. John Arany	336
Judith and Holofernes. Eugene Rákosi	338
Clara Zách. John Arany	340
A midnight visit. Paul Gyulai	343
Christ in Rome. Anthony Várady	344
Midnight duel. John Arany	349
Burial. Michael Tompa	352
Kont. John Garay	354
The romance of the bee. John Arany	357
Judith Simon. Joseph Kiss	359

	PAGE.
The last charity. Alexander Petőfi	362
The stepdaughter. Louis Tolnai	364
The hero's grave. Michael Vörösmarty	365
Christ. Joseph Kiss	367
The stone saint...Ladislaus Torkos	368
The ruby peak. Ladislaus Névy	369
The bells of Strassbourg. Anthony Várady ...	370
The King and the Poet. Cornelius Ábrányi jr..	372
Miss Agatha. Joseph Kiss	374
A modern Delilah. Gregory Szász	377
In the confessional. Alexander Szabó	378
The Mother of Matthias Hunyadi. John Arany	380
Coriolanus. Bela Joseph Tárkányi	383
The veteran. John Garay	386
The sorrowing husband. Charles Kisfaludy ...	391
The song of the sewing machine. Joseph Kiss	392
The fire is all ablaze. Alexander Csizmadia....	417
Christ before Pilate. Charles Szász	419
Icarus. Michael Tompa	421
Rachel's lamentation. John Arany	423
Jehovah. Joseph Kiss	425
The death of Pan. Julius Reviczky	436

Patriotic Songs and Hymns.

The living statue. Michael Vörösmarty	442
My fatherland. Alexander Petőfi	444
The stork. Michael Tompa	445
Sweet fatherland. Coloman Lisznyai	447
The fallen statue. Alexander Petőfi	447
The God of the Magyars. Alexander Petőfi ...	449
Mohács. Charles Kisfaludy	450
Rákóczi March	455
A summons. Michael Vörösmarty	455
National song. Alexander Petőfi	457
The forsaken mother. Michael Vörösmarty....	459
One thought torments me. Alexander Petőfi ..	461
Farewell. Joseph Eötvös	462
Apotheosis. Joseph Bajza	463
Hymn. Francis Kölcsey	466

	PAGE.
Beggar song. John Arany	468
Dear Captain mine. Paul Gyulai	470
Mohács. Joseph Eötvös	470
The Magyar lady. John Garay	471
The Magyar poet. Michael Vörösmarty	472
The homeless. Michael Vörösmarty	474
A sigh. Joseph Bajza	475
War song. Alexander Petőfi	476
The pilgrim. John Garay	477
Solomon's curse. Michael Vörösmarty	478
If God... Alexander Petőfi	480
The song from Fót. Michael Vörösmarty	481
Farewell. Alexander Petőfi	485
A hymn. Michael Vörösmarty	486
I am a Magyar. Alexander Petőfi	487
A holy grave. Alexander Petőfi	488
To my fatherland. Charles Szász	490
Forward. Coloman Tóth	491
On a sick bed. Paul Gyulai	492
I dream of gory days. Alexander Petőfi	494
To Francis Liszt. Michael Vörösmarty	495
Drunk for the country's sake. Alexander Petőfi	497
Who would believe. Alexander Petőfi	498
Hungarian music. Charles Szász	499
My native country's... Charles Kisfaludy	500
In my native land. Alexander Petőfi	502
The hoary Gipsy. Michael Vörösmarty	503
Ragged heroes. Alexander Petőfi	505
A burial in foreign lands. Géza Zichy	506
Farewell. Joseph Bajza	507
Wanderer's song. Kunoss	508
To the American Hungarians. Emil Ábrányi ..	509

ERRATA.

Page 4. 3rd line from below, instead Where read There.

Page 31. 1st line of 3rd stanza, instead more read mere.

Page 52. 8th line 2nd stanza, instead for read far.

Page 128. 18th line erase the words "him in".

Page 137. 3rd line 3rd stanza, instead Have read Then.

Page 161. 4th line from above instead he read be.

Page 235. 4th line, 3rd stanza, instead soys read sighs.

Page 328. 2nd line 6th stanza instead breege read breezc.

Page 336. 4th line of last stanza in the call to the Ordeal instead dwelt read dealt.

Page 341 3rd line of 4th stanza instead theer read her.

Page 345. 7th line from below instead raising read rising.

